March 23, 1935

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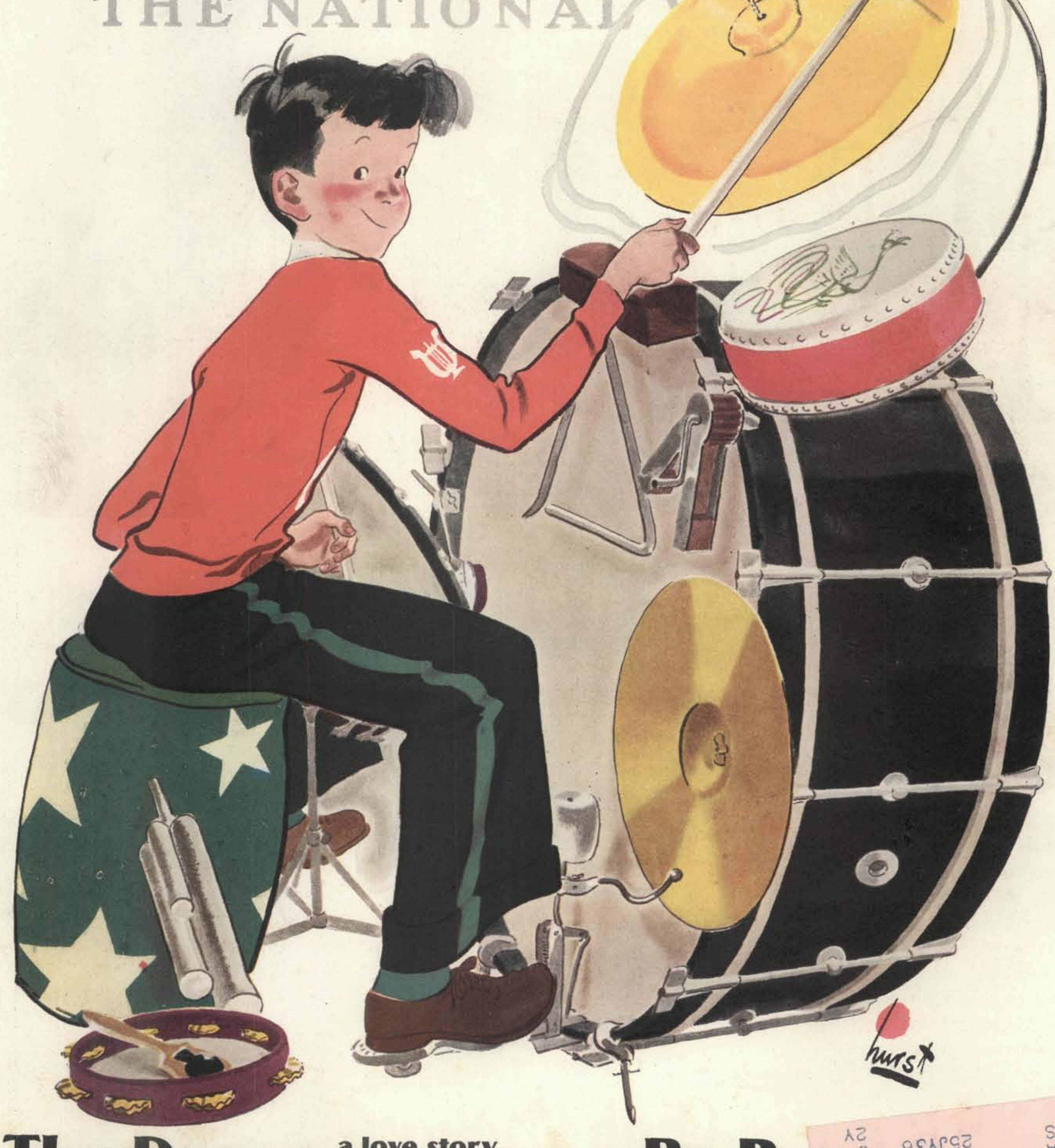

The Dance a love story of modern Shanghai **By Pe**

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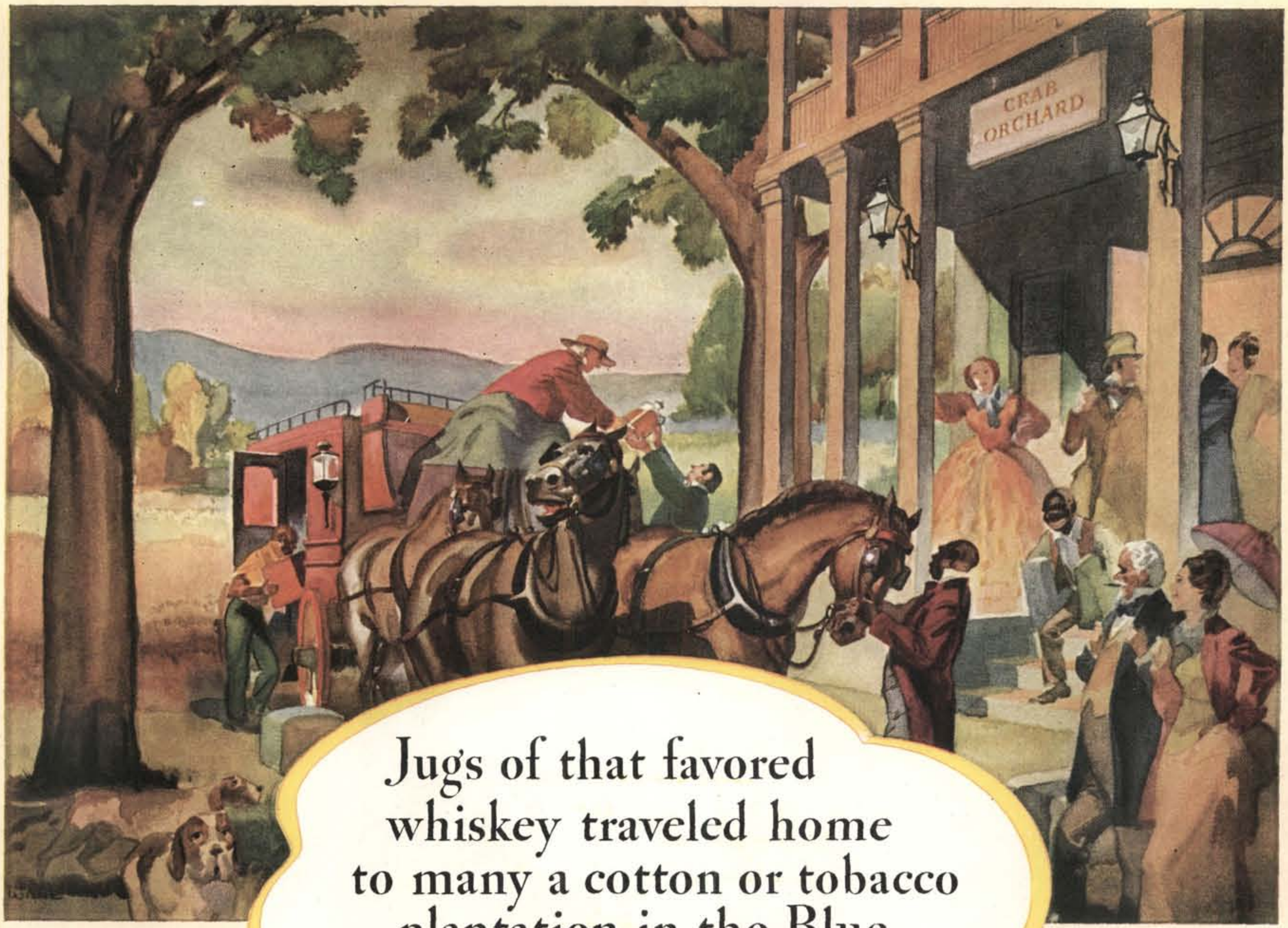

Jugs of that favored whiskey traveled home to many a cotton or tobacco plantation in the Blue Grass country

DEPARTURE from the quaint old hotel in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, was an event to be long remembered.

As they rolled away, guests might recall, with misty-eyed reminiscence, the golden-brown fried chicken, the crisp pone sticks, and other good old southern delicacies that had made Crab Orchard cooking known from Cumberland Gap clear up beyond the lazy Ohio.

They might look back and long for the clear, healthful waters of Crab Orchard's famous limestone spring.

But the menfolks took one memento with them. Grinning darky boys tenderly deposited, beside the master's feet, a jug of that rich red Bourbon which helped the tiny town of Crab Orchard spread its fame.

For this local whiskey was not only rich and red and mellow—it was economical, and that was also important in those days shortly after the peace of Appomattox.

It was that same reputation of goodness combined with economy which suddenly lifted Crab Orchard to national fame, more than sixty years later.

There had been another war, then prohibition, then repeal.

People were searching for a straight whiskey made the good, old-fashioned way—at a price they could afford.

And suddenly they discovered Crab Orchard! Almost overnight, a demand began to grow, which swept across the country. And this local favorite of other years is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay

NATIONAL DISTILLERS *This Emblem Protects You*

Crab Orchard

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GET AFTER SORE THROAT WITH LISTERINE

Safe antiseptic brings quick relief, also fights colds. Kills bacteria in mouth and throat

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Fortunately for Mankind, however, most cases of sore throat are mild infections heralding the coming of a cold. Bacteria multiply in the throat, irritating its membranes, then move either upward into the nose, or downward to the bronchial tubes.

Doctors know, and you undoubtedly realize, the importance of keeping such bacteria under control—of killing as many as possible before they move to near-by tissues. You can see the advantage of using Listerine, notable for its germ-killing power. Reductions of bacteria in the mouth and throat ranging to 98.7% have been noted after the use of this safe antiseptic.

Even more interesting is this practical proof of Listerine's germ-killing ability: Those who gargled with Listerine twice a day caught *fewer* colds and *less severe* colds than those who did not gargle.

Listerine, to many, is that "ounce of prevention" so useful in combating Mankind's greatest nuisance and Mankind's greatest menace—the common cold. Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE amazing wall paintings in the rock tombs of Egypt are so remote from natural light that they can only be appreciated by the use of magnesium flares. What light was used by the painters?

When Paddy Rorke returned from Egypt he had the answer to that question. He had secured a fragment of the Book of Thoth, describing a system of lighting about which the modern world knows nothing. Close on his heels came Mohammed Ahmes Bey and the Lady Hatasu, descendants of the ancient Egyptians and guardians of the Light.

That was the signal for combat in which the science of today strove to recapture a secret from the past, a combat carried on in unnatural darkness and unnatural light to the sinister rustling of the wings of bats. And the struggle that began for science ended in the search for a lovely and mysterious lady. Sax Rohmer writes "The Bat Flies Low."

ABOUT a year ago the United States government marched in and took possession of Wall Street. It hoisted the American flag over Wall Street, declared it to be part of the United States and enacted laws for its government. Ferdinand Pecora, the man who conducted the sensational Senate investigation of the Stock Market, and who was until recently a member of the Securities Exchange Commission, tells us what we may expect from the Securities and Stock Exchange acts in "Wall Street Under the Flag."

DURING the war Germany found out all about the word *Ersatz*. It meant something you had to put up with when you couldn't get what you wanted. Now the word is current once more. Germany has decided to strike back at the boycott by refusing to make purchases abroad. All her ingenuity is bent upon making wool out of the bark of trees and gasoline out of coal, and coffee out of anything that comes to hand. Some of the results are fine and some are not so fine—as, for instance, the suits that turn to pulp and rub off when it rains. T. R. Ybarra, from the heart of Ersatzland, sends you the story in full.

W. B. COURTNEY introduces you to the first woman to fly the air mail. Ernest Haycox writes the Short Short Story. George Creel, Collier's Washington staff writer, tells about the coming fight on our new foreign trade agreements. Lucia Alzamora, E. Phillips Oppenheim, W. R. Burnett, Frederick MacIsaac, Freling Foster and others complete the program. We can hardly wait.

This Week

●

March 23, 1935

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

PEARL BUCK
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T. R. YBARRA
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WALTER DAVENPORT
Pennsylvania—of All Places. Liberalism in Harrisburg—shades of Penrose! Page 10

W. R. BURNETT
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ERNEST HAYCOX
Make Me Behave. Love on a mountaintop. Page 14

RUTH CARSON
Greatest of Ease. Ho-hum, let's relax. Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Watch the Birdie. Badminton, a game born of champagne and nourished on wisecracks. Page 17

ALAN LeMAY
The Smoky Years, Conclusion. Roundup. Page 18

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Another Gold Band. Jealousy on the bridge. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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KYLE CRICHTON
Out of Character. Guy Kibbee and Frank McHugh, actors at ease. Page 30

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Kaleidoscope. Page 33

EDITORIAL
Opposition—Left and Right. Page 70

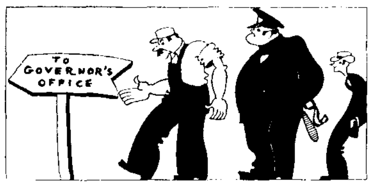
●

Any Week

WE ARE accused of a lack of modesty. Miss Luella B. Jennison of Springfield, Massachusetts, assures us that it is a "becoming virtue which should be simulated if it is not native." These, we think, are prim words and we thought of ignoring both her indictment and the advice until, coming to the end of her letter, we were halted by: "Please tell me in so many words what reasons you may have for not being modest and even humble."

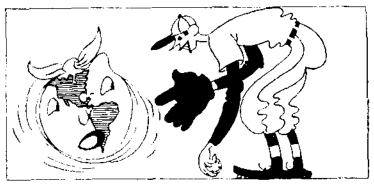
WE OFFER the lady a line from Mr. Joseph Lassiman of Sacramento, California. "I have decided," says he, "that your magazine fully repays me for the trouble I had learning to read and write."

IN OUR humble way we find ourselves responsible for a lot of things which may or may not do us credit. For example, the Honorable Harry O'Brien, member of the North Dakota legislature, accuses us of "materially aiding me in my successful campaign last spring." And now that it's spring again Mr. O'Brien reminds us that "this is a particularly auspicious time to enter politics in North Dakota, inasmuch as we have recently installed our fourth governor in less than seven months. I figure," says Mr. O'Brien, "that my turn should come about June 17th. There are only two guys ranking ahead of me: a janitor and a bald-headed cop."



SO IT may happen that we may become a North Dakota colonel—provided we can sidetrack a janitor and a cop. The janitor is apt to be troublesome. Without intent to pun, we find that janitors have a way of getting to the bottom of things. For example, Mr. Louis F. Losini of Detroit tells us that in addition to being janitor of a large apartment house he also "collects magazines from the tenants of six buildings and delivers them to the Salvation Army and other reading rooms." And nobody kicks, says Mr. Losini, except about Collier's. "The other magazines are okay," writes he, "but Collier's is always in bad shape. Most of them have pages missing and a lot of things cut out of them. Sometimes a whole article is cut out and that makes the boys down at the free reading-rooms sore at me, although I tell them that Collier's was cut like that by the people I get them from. Personally I ain't got much time to read."

REGRETFULLY we have to reject a literary offering from Mr. Oscar L. Sparging of Tampa, Florida. "I am not pitching in the big leagues this year just as I did not last year or the year before," says he. "But I will make it yet. In the meantime if you want I will write for you the story of how the world looks to a young and ambitious left-hand pitcher. This will be showmanship for me and you'll get your cut from the public."



WHICH makes us ineligible to publish the autobiography of Mr. B. Lowenberg of Chicago, Illinois. "I beg your pardon for not knowing what sort of a reading public you have," says Mr. Lowenberg. "I have been so busy writing my life that I have read nothing. But if you have a calm reading public I will be glad to place the story of my life in your hands for publication. It is not the kind of a story to be read by everybody but must be read calmly and easily so that the great truths sink in. Nobody who is belligerent or not at peace and even philosophical will do. If you are such I will let you publish."

SO WE had to tell Mr. Lowenberg that we cannot guarantee that our audience will accept him philosophically. Probably our hard luck, too, because, according to Mr. Bill Matches of Savannah, Georgia, there should be a demand for sound, reflective writing. "So many censorious horn-blowers," sighs Mr. Matches, "are unable to see that the trouble with the movies and a pile of the damned or undamned books is not sin but slush."

WE HAVE recently been advised by a prominent Kentuckian that "there was a time not long ago when Governor Ruby Laffoon was considering appointing you a colonel along with other amusing cusses like Rudy Vallee, Mae West and Louis McHenry Howe. But something you said irritated Governor Laffoon and, I am sorry to say, you must remain in the ranks."

TO SAY nothing of a garland from Mr. P. Raymond Mack of Erie, Pennsylvania: "I have been keeping a record of the number of times you're right and the number of times you're wrong," he reports. "I find that in one year you have been—" Tut, tut.

WRONG number.

No. 12 Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at
partment, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of
panion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell
he United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park
rietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.
ard; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President
sident; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President;
rkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts sub-
accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage
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(*Left*)—MRS. EUGENE C. LOWE, Miami, Fla., in a certified interview, here tells why she is glad she looked at "All Three"—and chose Plymouth.

(*Right*)—"ECONOMY'S ONE REASON we drive three Plymouths. Since becoming Plymouth owners, our gas and oil bills are surprisingly low."

"I'm glad I looked at All Three!"

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"Then, too, wherever I go I'm *proud* of my new Plymouth. For every reason I'm truly glad I looked at 'All Three'. . . and chose a Plymouth!"

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(*Above*)—"WITH THREE CARS in the family, it is a practical blessing that Plymouths cost so little to run."

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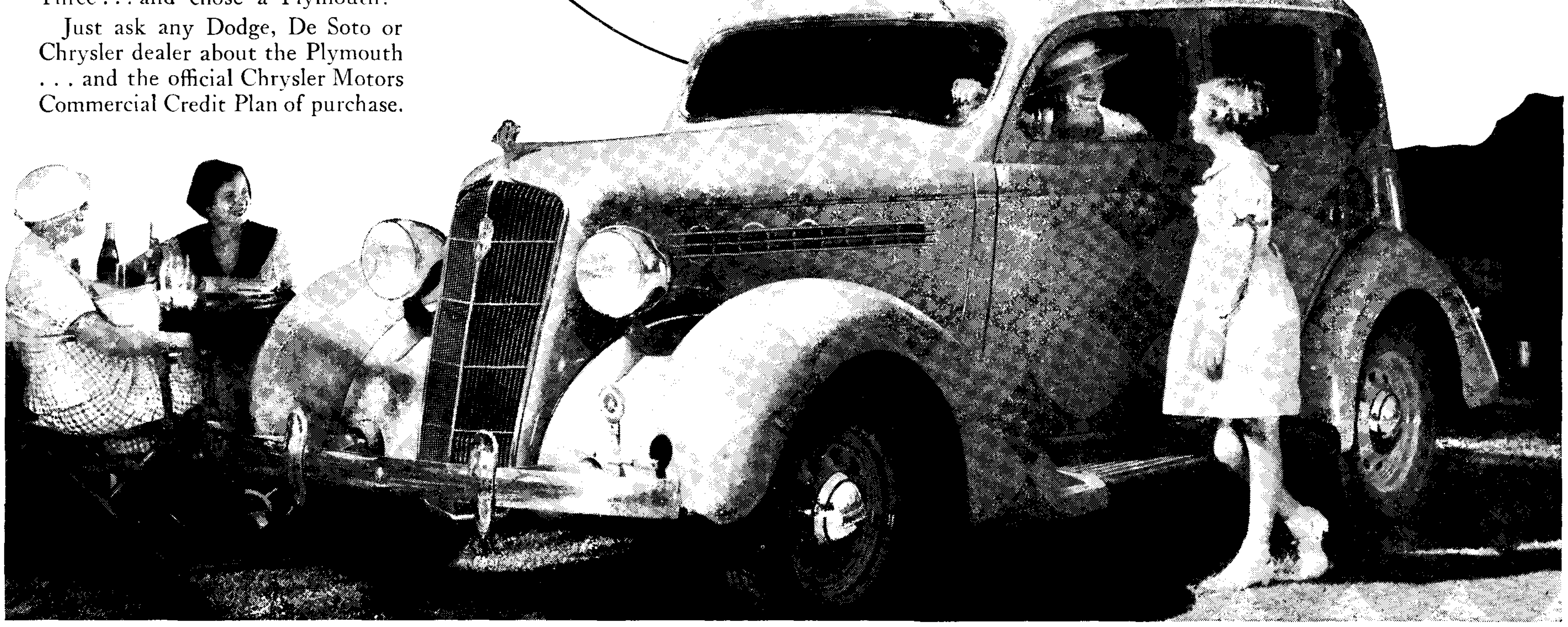

(*Above*)—"I'M ALWAYS SO PROUD OF MY PLYMOUTH . . . wherever I go." Mrs. Lowe at the wheel of her new Plymouth sedan. With all its extra value, Plymouth is still one of the lowest-priced cars built today!

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Wednesdays	CBS	9:30 P.M.	Burns and Allen, "Adventures of Gracie."	General Cigar Co.
Fridays	NBC	9:00 P.M.	Beatrice Lillie. Music.	Borden Sales Corp.
			HOME ECONOMICS	
Tuesdays & Thursdays	CBS	11:00 A.M.	Mary Lee Taylor.	Pet Milk Sales Corp.
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Thursdays	CBS	10:45 A.M.	Ida Bailey Allen, "Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen."	Best Foods, Inc.
Fridays	NBC	2:30 P.M.	Frances Lee Barton, "Kitchen Party." Music.	General Foods Corp.

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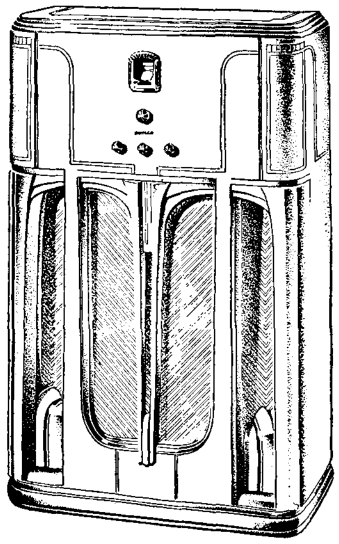

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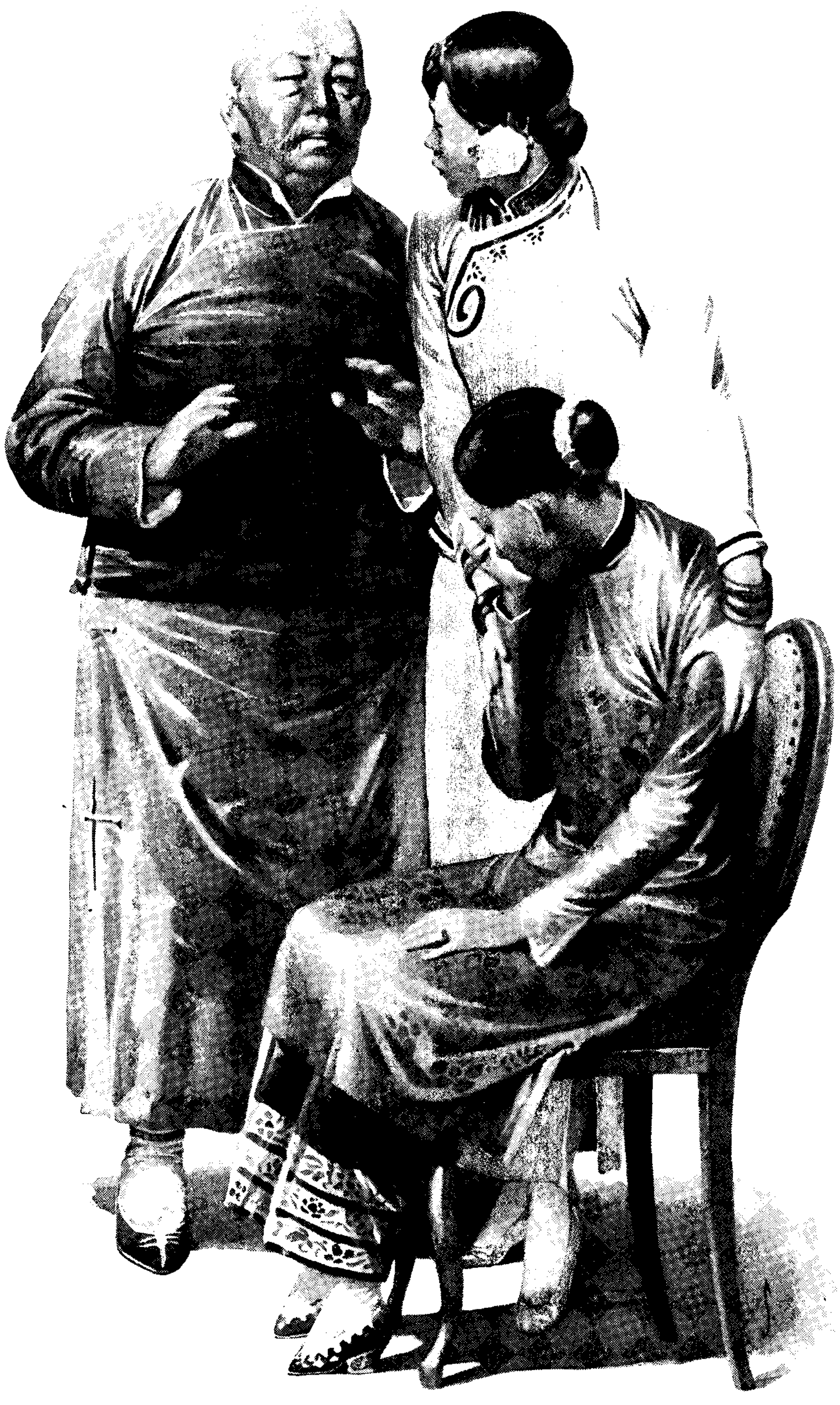
Collier's The National Weekly for March 23, 1935

The Dance

A fine story of modern China by the author of The Good Earth

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



"She is your wife." The girl cut ruthlessly into his speech

OLD MRS. LING sat with her back against the wall in the brilliantly lit dance hall of the French Concession in Shanghai. She sat immobile, dignified in her long robe of silvery satin, beautiful hands folded quietly in her lap. She was the figure of serenity and tranquillity. Nothing about her moved or was agitated. In the course of three hours no one had come to speak to her, but she had smiled occasionally with complete correctness and then resumed her tranquillity. Nothing of her moved.

Yet, if anyone had observed her closely, he would have seen that her eyes were moving. They were moving constantly, back and forth, up and down the dance floor, her following gaze threading in and out among the dancers. People of every race and nationality were about her, but she saw only one of them. Her eyes were fastened faithfully and anxiously upon an elderly, rather stout man in a long, dull blue silk robe. He was short and most of his partners were taller than he. But it seemed to make no difference to him who these partners were. He grasped them to him with equal fervor, impeded only by the rotundity of his own figure. Upon his round smooth face had sat now for three hours the same happy, slightly silly smile.

When certain of her women friends had come to Mrs. Ling in the quietude of her own court in the native quarter of Shanghai, and had told her that her husband was making a fool of himself, she had not at first thought it serious. Her husband was middle-aged and she knew from hours of languid talk among the women of the household that at middle age women must expect their husbands to behave with an unseemly skittishness for a short time. If a wife could be patient he would recover without consequences, especially if she ignored a temporary outside establishment. It would only be a short while, because respectable men, men like her husband, always came to their senses very soon and realized that their years were their years and that they had sons and grandsons watching them and snickering up their long sleeves, and this brought health to their souls.

THERE is nothing so restraining upon age as the ridicule of the young. Dignity is all that the old have left, and if they lose it they have no weapon at all against the young. The worst that could happen would be a young concubine, too young for the rest of the household and therefore inconvenient. When her husband prolonged his night absences she sighed and resigned herself to the thought of a concubine, hoping only that it would be a nice, simple, ignorant girl and not one of these modern educated hussies.

It was at this time that her friends called upon her, five of them. When they had drunk tea and eaten small cakes and played mah-jongg five or six hours she perceived they had come with a purpose, and that they had something upon their minds. So she invited them to dinner. And when all the maidens and unmarried daughters of the household were gone to bed, and there remained only her three sisters-in-law and an aunt and a few elderly cousins and some of the old women servants, they sat in privacy and she discovered what was wrong. Her husband was not behaving in the usual proper and permissible way of middle-aged men. He was not going to the good old-fashioned sing-song houses, nor was he paying court to some respectable established courtesan nor setting up a temporary apartment for some hired lady until his fever was over. No, the worst had happened. He had fallen a prey to the lowest possible form of vice. He was going to the dancing halls in the foreign concession, where went only modern women, white women, Chinese women, every sort of women, but all dangerous because they were modern and had as their aim the breaking up of stable and old-fashioned homes.

When Mrs. Ling heard this, she looked from one face to the other of the many faces about her. They were all pitying and sympathetic and none blamed her. They all knew that she had been the best of wives. She had been a very general in her management of the immense household; the slaves and servants were all contented; her daughters-in-law were devoted to her; and her husband respected her and never reproached her, since she had had five sons and none of them dead. By some stroke of extraordinary fortune the three children she had lost were all girls. She had nothing for which to blame herself. Yet this had fallen upon her.

At first she would not believe it. She said stoutly, sucking at her brass water pipe: "I do not believe it. He would have said something. He is as talkative as a child and if he had been wandering about in strange places and seeing strange things it would have leaked out of him. A woman he might have kept silent about, but not strange foreign sights."

Then of course there had been nothing to do except to tell her the truth. Old Mrs. Wu got out her large handkerchief and touched the corners of her eyes carefully and said: "The third son of my second son is a wild youth, and we are in misery about him. On the thirteenth day of this month he went to a place kept by a Russian for this dancing. He could not believe his eyes, but he saw the form of Mr. Ling there, walking about in this way they call dancing, and with a woman in his arms."

"What color of a woman?" asked Mrs. Ling.

"I dared not ask," said Mrs. Wu gravely, "but in these times it might have been any color."

THEN Mrs. Li took her turn and said: "Two days ago, in the evening, about midnight, at the foreign pleasure hall on the largest street in the French Concession, a place kept by a Russian for public dancing, the husband of a friend of mine, who is also ill with Mr. Ling's present sickness, saw Mr. Ling with a lady, undoubtedly foreign, since her hair was, he said, as red as a barbarian's beard, clasped against his own person, and he was also walking about with her. My friend's husband laughed a great deal about it and he made remarks of great disrespect to his wife about Mr. Ling, since, he said, the foreign lady was tall and Mr. Ling's face reached only to her bosom. It was a very peculiar thing to see."

At this the ladies all fell silent and looked delicately away from Mrs. Ling and there were a great many sighs about the room. Mrs. Ling thanked them all and remarked that she thought the next day there would be rain. Very soon thereafter her friends took their leave, having accomplished the thing for which they came.

But of course, although her relatives pressed their attentions upon her and although at their insistence she smoked a small pill of opium to make her sleep, she did not sleep. She lay awake for many hours, and when Mr. Ling came in very late and somewhat drunk she did not reproach him. She waited until he was asleep and then she leaned over him and smelled of him keenly. He did smell foreign. There was a foreign odor about him, an odor of a scent she did not know. So she knew it was all true.

This was how it came about that she herself now sat in this garish, noisy, enormous room. She had lain awake until dawn planning what she must do. When the next night came and Mr. Ling put on his best robes and smoothed down his few whiskers and said, "I go to play with a few friends," she answered calmly, "I hear you have been enjoying the foreign city. I have been wanting to go for a long time and see it. Take me with you."

HE WAS horrified—so horrified that his eyebrows flew upward and his mouth drew down and his eyes goggled at her. "My dear," he said, "you would not like it."

"Why?" she asked. "Are there no women there? If there are no women I beg your pardon."

He stared at her, reflecting, and she knew him well enough to know that he was trying to decide if it were safe to lie to her. So she said innocently: "I hear in the foreign city that the men and women play together like little children." Then he knew that he had better not lie, so he coughed and pretended to laugh and said, "By all means, come with me. I am delighted."

So she climbed into their big motorcar beside him and they sat immobile and intensely respectable behind their liveried chauffeur. When they reached the dance hall she followed him into the door, and sat down in the seat he called to have placed for her. She looked about her. There were no other women there of her own age. All the other women, and there seemed to be hundreds, were young and pretty, and looking strangely alike, in spite of the fact that they were of every race and their garb was very different. But they all contrived to have the same look, a look too painted, too eager, too pretty, too petulant, too greedy. She instantly disliked them all. But she only said to her husband, smiling pleasantly: "Go and find your friends. I shall sit here and drink tea and watch you. It will be a pleasure to me."

So he had departed, a naïve and dubious look on his moony face.

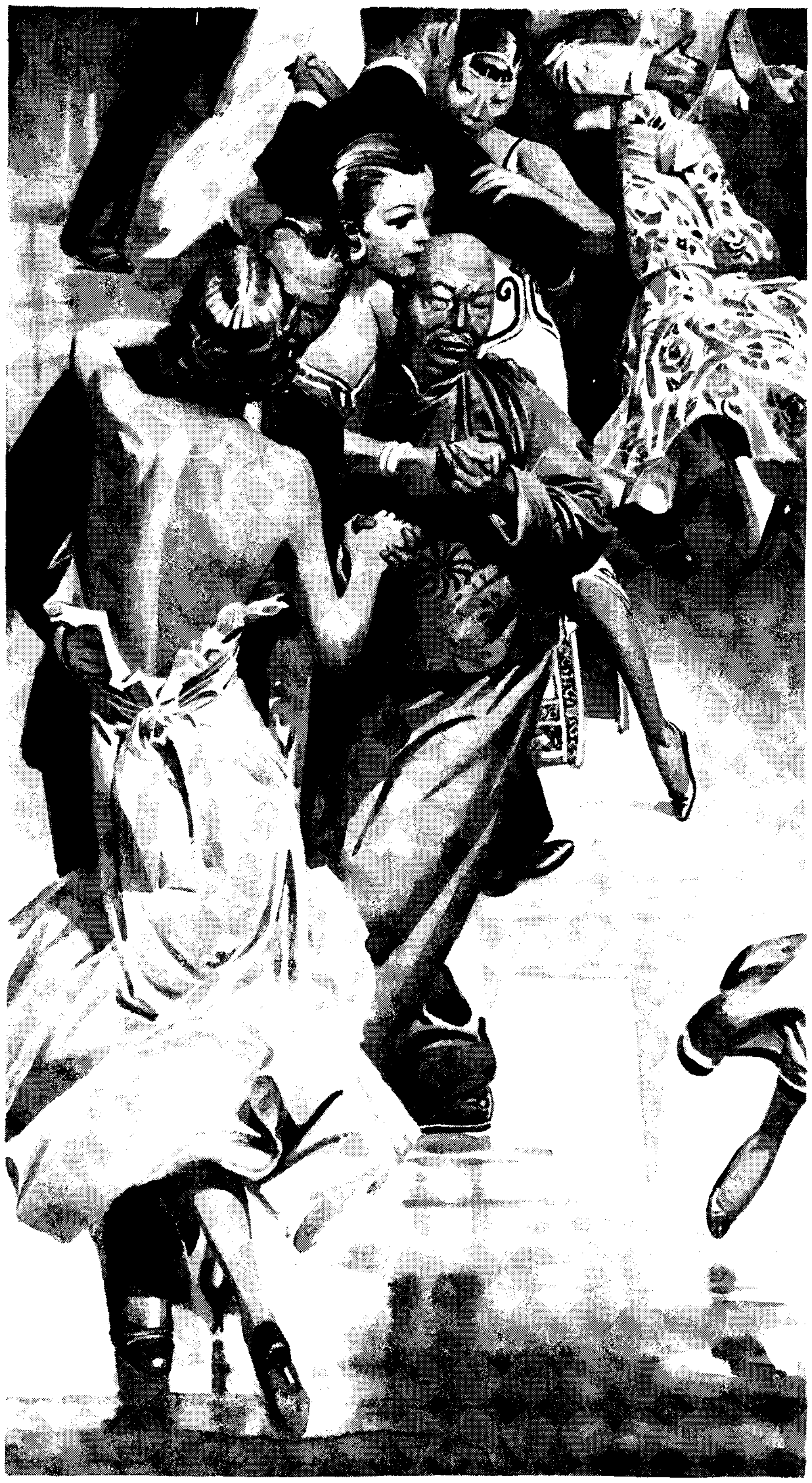
AT FIRST when he danced he had done so very decorously, stepping about slowly, his partner held at the length of his short arms. He had glanced frequently at his wife, and once he had come to her and said: "You understand this is a beneficial form of exercise. It is recommended for those who grow too fat as I have."

She concealed her horror behind her smile and said sweetly: "I can see it is very good exercise. Pray continue. It amuses me."

Plainly he did not know what to make of her, so he went away and drank heavily alone during a dance or two. Then he forgot her. Thereafter Mrs. Ling had the hideous spectacle of her beloved husband, an honorable man, one of the richest silk merchants in the native city, trundling about with the most absurd-looking women. It even added to her anger when she perceived that he danced very badly, and while she pitied him for his ridiculousness, she hated the women who danced with him, because she knew they could not know how good he was. They only thought he was a silly rich old man and they danced with him for money.

But soon her anger passed and she fell into great despair. Sitting beautifully erect and motionless against the wall, the hard white electric light falling upon her exquisite and delicately lined face, the tears began to shine in her eyes. She opened her eyes proudly and did not wipe them away. They gathered slowly and rolled down upon her stiff brocaded satin robe, which would not absorb them. Then they fell into small wet balls upon the dusty floor.

For what she saw now was her utter destruction. These women were not honorable and decent courtesans. They were not those women who humbly keep their place in the scheme of life and earn their living in quiet ways serving men. These were the women of whom she heard, the bold modern women, the women who clutch at a man and demand to be the only woman in his house and hold back their bodies and clamor and refuse until he has lost everything for their sakes, until he has divorced his own real wife, and sent her in shame away and put in her place this—this painted image of a woman. She stared at her husband, her face smooth, the tears gathering in her eyes.



She hated the women who danced with him; she knew they could not know how good he was

In his arms now he held such a woman, a small young girl with a bold, rosy face and bright black eyes. She was wrapped in a tight scarlet satin robe split to the thigh and showing her bare flesh. In her wifely place would this one be set. She was sure of it. She knew her poor old silly man. She knew that weak, trembling, fatuous look that was now upon his face. When he looked like that it was all over with him. Why, when she was young, she had even used it herself, once to get a pair of rubies she wanted, and once or twice to—several times, in fact. He always gave in to her when he looked like that. And even at her best she had never been seductive as this girl was seductive. They were dancing nearer and nearer. She did not move. She sat very proudly.

But she had not counted on what it would do to her to have her husband come so near. Out among the others she could follow his figure, mourning, but still he was one among others. But when he came near she saw him closely. She saw his well-known face and his fat old figure, and the garments she knew so well. She had even ordered them for him, choosing the satin, the shade of old blue suitable to elderly men. It matched very ill with this raw young scarlet pressed against it.

Now they were just opposite her. She looked piteously into her husband's face. He did not even see her. He was looking, his eyes shining and his mouth loose in a smile, at the small, lovely, careless face not six inches from his. The girl was looking at him, too, smiling, inscrutable, scornful, promising. Mrs. Ling forgot herself. She rose hurriedly and stared at them both and began to weep aloud, her hands clenched. But still her husband did not see her.

Then the girl saw her. She stared straight into Mrs. Ling's eyes, and her slender arms dropped from about the fat old man. She came the two steps toward Mrs. Ling, and Mrs. Ling heard a soft, hurried voice pouring into her ear: "Sit down—you are not well—what is the matter? What can I do for you? Why are you here?"

Mrs. Ling felt two firm little hands pressing her back into the seat and the voice hurried on: "Sit here. I will shield you so no one can see you. Tell me what is wrong."

Mrs. Ling looked up imploringly into the young face above her. It was unbelievably pretty and imperious and petulant. It was all she dreaded. But it was kind. To her astonishment it was kind!

"He is my husband," she faltered. "I beg you to spare him. He is my husband."

THE girl turned, astonished, and looked at the man, who had come up and was mopping his brow. "Go away," she said, "I want to talk to your wife."

Then in the midst of the dance hall Mrs. Ling heard herself pouring out all her fears to this girl whom she hated—how her husband had been coming here night after night and how she saw herself deposed and sent into the country away from her home, to die. So many old women were having to do that now, now that the young women came and took away their old husbands because they were rich. At this thought she leaned her head against the slight young body and wept afresh.

"Come here," she heard the imperious young voice above her call. She looked up. There her husband stood. It smote her afresh that here was her husband at this woman's beck and call. But it was all over, anyway. She was only an old woman. She ought never to have come here. She had no place here, no place anywhere nowadays. Men wanted women young and pretty, and able to read and write and above all to dance. She could never dance, not with her little feet that had been bound in childhood. . . . She wiped her eyes with her silk handkerchief, and then caught her hands together because they trembled. She heard her husband give a laugh, a meaningless, embarrassed laugh. He began to speak:

"Eh, this is—"

But the girl cut ruthlessly into his speech, her voice a silver dagger to stab him. "I know who she is. She is your wife. You are a silly old fat man. Go home with her and stay there. Do you think I love you? Who could love you? Your stomach is like a rice bucket. No one could love you except this wife of yours. She loves you because she remembers what you once were. But I have no memories of you. To me you must always be what you are—only a fat old man, a funny fat old man—very rich—but fat—fat—fat—and old—"

(Continued on page 57)

Premier Mussolini, dictator, diplomat, sportsman, directs all his efforts to attaining his main objective, a powerful, united Italy

So You Won't Talk!

By T.R.Ybarra

You have to get up early if you want to see Mussolini. Talk turkey. No fooling. He's a busy man. He doesn't give interviews. And he doesn't like questions. Having had an interview and asked him questions, Mr. Ybarra gives you a vivid picture of the dictator of Fascist Italy, the man upon whom the peace of the world depends

BENITO MUSSOLINI, supreme master of Fascist Italy, whose capacity for keeping his name on the front page of the world's newspapers is rivaled among Europeans only by that of his Teutonic pupil, Adolf Hitler, guides Italian destinies from behind a big desk which is almost the only piece of furniture in one of the biggest and finest rooms in the world.

This room, a marvel of proportion and coloring and grandeur, is in the Palazzo Venezia, a gaunt brown structure more like a barracks than a palace, fronting on the Piazza Venezia, one of the principal squares of Rome. The desk, being placed in a corner far from the door through which visitors enter, affords Signor Mussolini an excellent chance to give them the once-over while they are on the long journey toward him.

A flunky in grand livery led me into the Italian dictator's presence. Then, with a click of his heels and an impressive Fascist salute, that flunky vanished, closing the door behind him. Far across a vast expanse of polished floor—which looked awfully slippery—I could see Mussolini awaiting me, with a severe look on his face. The distance separating us seemed enormous.

As I walked it, the magnificent audience chamber manifested itself to my consciousness as a blur of spaciousness and height, paint and mosaic, curtains and mirrors, gorgeous ceiling and tapestried walls. No doubt about its magnificence! As for its size, it struck me as the equivalent of a considerable chunk of Central Park. It isn't, of course—but it certainly appears that way to those who make the crossing of it, steering for that remote desk in that remote corner where—straight, stern and remote—the autocratic overlord of Italian Fascism stands waiting.

At last I came to a halt in front of him, with nothing but the desk between us.

He did not ask me to sit down. Nor did he sit down himself. He just stood there, gazing at me moodily, out of dark, piercing, luminous eyes. He did not seem to be enjoying our meeting.

As nonchalantly as I could I opened the conversation by asking:

"Do you prefer to speak in French or English?"

"Let's speak French," said Mussolini gloomily.

Questions Must Be in Writing

Then, suddenly, his eyes flashing as if in anger, he looked straight at me, thrust forward his right arm almost threateningly and, leaning on his right hand which was clutching the corner of the desk, he rapped out, in English:

"No interview!"

He pronounced it with the accent on the last syllable. I registered acute disappointment. But he was firm.

"No inter*view!*" he repeated.

It seemed final. I bowed slightly. Then, prompted by some imp of defiance, I continued—quite as if he had not just flung forth that ultimatum:

"It is difficult for me to know what questions to ask you. I don't want to be indiscreet, yet, at the same time—"

Whereupon he, prompted, in his turn, by some imp of inconsistency, suddenly exchanged his frowning gloom for a light and casual manner.

"Listen, Ybarra," he said, in French, after taking a few steps on the other side of the desk. "Suppose you submit to me a list of written questions. If they are indiscreet, I will not answer them. If they are not indiscreet, I will answer them. When can you give me such a list?"

"Right now. I have it in my pocket."

For the first time a flash of entire approval lit up Mussolini's face.

"Good!" he exclaimed, delighted. His arm shot forward like a piston rod. His fingers stretched out to grasp the sheet of paper which I had drawn from my pocket.

He took it and, bending over his desk, he stood there reading my questions, one finger slowly moving along the lines of typewritten words.

Were All Indiscreet?

I got uncomfortable. You see, some of those questions were, to put it mildly, direct—in fact they were raw, altogether too raw to be put up suddenly—just like that!—to the temperamental and fiery ruler of a great and touchy people. They had been prepared entirely for my own guidance. The idea had been to slip over all or some of them casually (if at all), in case my talk with Mussolini was progressing pleasantly. They had been jotted down merely to refresh my memory—never had I foreseen their coming, in that raw typewritten state, under the eyes of the great dictator. I shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

Mussolini read the questions from start to finish. Not one did he miss. As he read, he mumbled them aloud, his strong Italian accent giving the English words a most outlandish sound. One question made him look up at me and grunt scornfully. Another caused him to shoot at me a scorching glance, as if to say: "The nerve of you, to ask me that!"

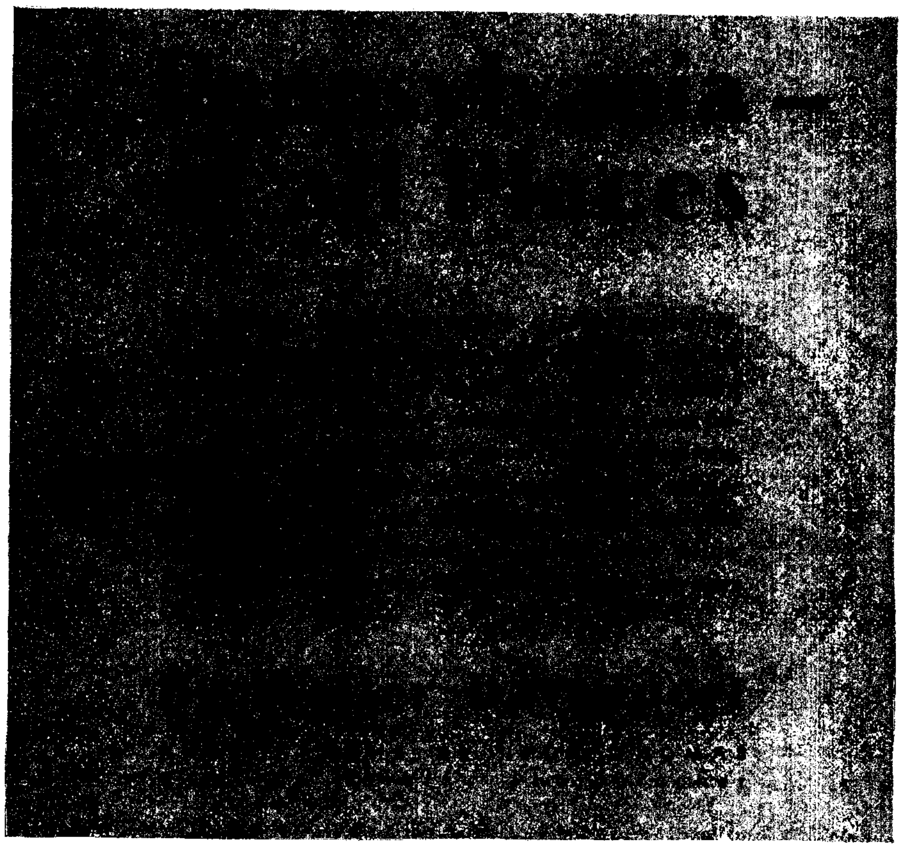
Having read through the list, he again raised his eyes and regarded me sternly.

"I hope they are not *all* indiscreet," I ventured.

His face was enigmatic.

"You will answer them, won't you?"

(Continued on page 58)



THERE are people in Pennsylvania who don't believe it yet. Several of these bemused citizens (veterans of the days when to be poor was a major crime in the Keystone state, punishable with heavy taxation) were discovered talking it over in a peculiarly appropriate spot—at the foot of the dismal statue of the Honorable Boies Penrose on Capitol Hill in Harrisburg.

There was, they assure us, some catch in all this. Nobody was going to tell them, much less make them believe, that any state bossed by the Honorable Joe Guffey of Pittsburgh and Washington was going to fall for any of this socialism Frank Roosevelt was trying to put over. No sir; not a chance. Listen: Ever meet this Joe Guffey? Know anything about him? Well, we'll tell you: This Joe Guffey's from Pittsburgh, nephew of old Jim Guffey, who was in the oil business before him. Old Jim was the biggest Democrat in the state, like young Joe now, only old Jim didn't get anywhere with it.

Old Jim, they told us, was a catcher. A catcher in politics is like any other catcher in any other game: he grabbed what they threw his way. And a good, agile catcher never had to worry, provided he didn't try to snag things that weren't thrown at him. But he seldom went to bat except around election. And even then he never tried to hit the ball, never tried to get on base or in office. Just got up there and took three whimsical swings at the ball and went back to catching. The Republican team, comprising such .400 sluggers as Penrose, the Magees, Vares and Reeds, and managed by such colossal strategists as the Mellons and the Honorable Joe Grundy, the Connie Mack of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, took care of all the rest.

Nope, there was some catch in this set-up somewhere. Did you ever hear of a guy named Yingst—Gus Yingst—down near Mt. Joy, near Lebanon? Well, Gus was a guy to whom the folks down there had a way of going when they couldn't make up their minds for themselves. And one day last fall, after the Democratic candidate for governor had been there, making a pretty good impression, they went to Mr. Yingst and asked him how he was going to vote and why.

"Well," said Mr. Yingst, "it's like this way: The Democrats is been Republicans so long, the difference ain't."

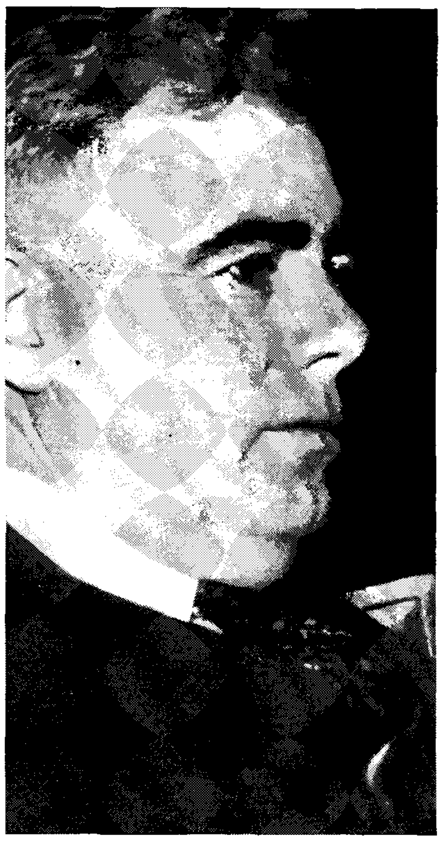
Which, they assured us, is exactly how it will all turn out in Pennsylvania. Look up this Joe Guffey while you're here. Pittsburgh-born and -trained. Broke into politics behind old Jim, his uncle, who was as good a Republican as the Democrats ever developed. Old Jim used to say (and it's likely he told young Joe when Joe broke in): "If you're making politics your business don't try to crowd onto the front seat. There are always too many people up there. And where there's so much crowding something's always falling off for the alert young fellow on the running board to grab. The fellows out front don't always get the biggest wages."

You see? No guy attending a school like that, with Old Jim as his schoolmaster and the Magees, the Flinns, the Olivers and the rest of the Pittsburgh crowd on the board of education, is going to upset any apple cart. Also, when Joe Guffey got into trouble with the government about the money he banked as sales director of the Alien Property Custodian's office, who went to the front for him? The Democrats? Who put up the dough for him to make good with? Democrats? And was it a Democratic administration that nolle-prossed the Guffey indictment? Look it up, brother, look it up. Republicans lent him the dough. Republicans threw the case out. Look it up. Of course we will say this about it: The Republicans were the only ones to have any money in those days. He'd have been a sucker to go to his fellow Democrats.

Background of a Reformer

And this guy Joe Guffey put in up in the Capitol as governor—George Earle. Listen: We all heard what he said in his speeches and what he said when he was inaugurated. That's okay. But this new governor—this young fellow Earle—well, where did he come from? His old man was one of Boies Penrose's best friends. One of the richest men in Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, maybe in the country. And he didn't get rich calling the Mellons, the Grundys, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the United Gas Improvement Company a bunch of crooks, did he? Like hell he did. Listen: This new governor of Joe Guffey's is like his old man in a lot of ways. His old man, George Earle, Jr., was a lawyer and a banker and made most of his dough—millions, see, a lot of millions—fixing up sick businesses for the big boys. When something went wrong with a big corporation that ought to be turning out big profits but wasn't, they'd hire George Earle—this new governor's old man. He was a wizard. Before he was through, oil was gushing out of the windows. And they didn't forget who did it for them either.

Of course he was a lousy politician, this new governor's old man. Penrose picked him to be mayor of Philadelphia back about 1911 and he'd have been elected even if Penrose and the Vares (Remember? Ed and Bill, both dead and gone?) weren't getting along so hot. But being a banker, lawyer and big business man and not a politician, he went down into South Philadelphia where the Vares voted them by the block and said what he thought about the Vares and anybody who voted for them. And what he thought ruined him. He took a terrible licking from an old guy named Rudolph Blankenburg, a reformer who talked like Gus Yingst. Funny thing about that: According to this governor's father's way of thinking, this Blankenburg was a dangerous socialist and a Red. But compared with this new governor of Joe Guffey's, this George Earle III, old Rudolph Blankenburg was a pint of skim milk. Look it up.



Senator James Coyne, bellwether of the Pennsylvania state senate. It required two juries to keep him out of jail

One more thing before you make up your mind. Don't pay too much attention to what you hear from Guffey and this new governor, George Earle. Both owe all they got and everything they know to the Republicans. Wait for six months or a year, maybe. You'll see. And don't forget this: The state senate is still Republican. You ain't going to find experienced guys like Senator McClure of Delaware and Senator Jimmy Coyne of Pittsburgh going haywire and changing our constitution, abolishing the steel police, cracking down on Joe Grundy's Manufacturers' Association, and putting over a graded income tax. Look 'em up.

It Looks Like Ingratitude

And excellent advice it was—to look them up. At the very moment we received it from the doubting ancients huddled at the feet of the bronze Penrose, Pennsylvania's new governor was addressing himself to his legislature. Now it was not unusual for a new governor to appear before the legislature immediately after his inauguration. But with few exceptions the new executive was wont to limit his words to a set of trusty platitudes which had been visaed by his Republican sponsors. Having done that, he retired to the tall and somewhat chilly chamber set aside for Pennsylvania's governors and devoted the rest of the day to hoping he hadn't annoyed anybody.

With very few exceptions these governors were poor men or relatively poor. One or two of them left office still poor, having found it a little too much to ask of themselves always to be looking the other way when the legislature started to work on the state treasury. But the majority of them, being men of dignity and reason, left office with no fear of subsequent financial embarrassments. If they were ever called upon, in office,

BOIES PENROSE
1897 — 1921

The legendary Boies Penrose is immortalized in brass at the scene of the carnage in Harrisburg

U. S. Senator Joseph F. Guffey will bring his peculiar political talents to the New Cause

George Earle III, new governor of Pennsylvania, and author of the political heresies which startled the Old Guard

to explain a piece of brigandage, they had but to call upon the Messrs. Vare, McNichol, Magee, Oliver or other Republican mahouts for advice. And while the forthcoming reply was never wholly satisfactory, it was the best the anxious citizen could get. In time he came to know that he was exceedingly lucky to get a reply at all. Of course, now and then variety crept in.

There was, for example, an extraordinary old gentleman sitting in the office occupied now by Mr. Earle, who insisted upon answering everybody in his own way. His name was Samuel W. Pennypacker. From a frightened resident of Clarion County came a demand to know whether and to what extent the electorate was being robbed. "That you are being robbed, my dear sir, is undeniable," wrote Mr. Pennypacker. "Of how much you are being robbed I have no idea. Last Wednesday I was brash enough to put your question to Senator ———, who promised to look into it. I did not discover until I retired that evening that my purse was missing."

But here is a rich man, the inheriting heir of the multi-millionaire George H. Earle, Jr., the banker-lawyer-manufacturer, friend of the now almost legendary Boies Penrose, telling a Pennsylvania legislature that friends of his father were robber-barons, political corruptionists, oppressors of the poor. Here, the first Democratic governor in forty-one years, a dark, youngish Quaker of forty-five, was asking a New Deal House and a hangover Senate to rewrite the laws and the constitution and to share the wealth. No wonder the old-timers yonder stopped short of belief. No wonder they insisted there must be a catch somewhere. Why, the Honorable Matt Quay himself—Matt Quay, the political sire of Boies Penrose—wrote this constitution. And a remarkable document it was too. It guaranteed the little fellow nothing, on the theory, doubtless, that he had nothing worth guaranteeing. It ignored all such nonsense as broad principles. It merely told the common folk what they might not do, which amounted to approximately everything that might irk their betters. Mr. Quay was a successful if not popular author, it being said that he got at least ten dollars a word for his literary gem. And this is the constitution of which Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, Chairman of the Republican National committee, spoke recently with such emotion. Mr. Fletcher, addressing a small gathering of Republicans in New York, deplored the federal government's influence in current state legislation and went on to fear that such amendments as Pennsylvania may attach to Mr. Quay's constitution "will also be handed down from Sinai to us." His audience wrung its hands.

Why, if it hadn't been for that constitution of Matt Quay's—the constitution this rich squirt was condemning—this new governor wouldn't have inherited millions, couldn't have been the international playboy he was, couldn't have been the seven-goal polo player he turned out to be. Think of it! Listen to him:

A Long List of Heresies

"Life must be made more secure for those millions who, by accident of birth, are left at the mercy of economic forces. I see no just reason for the relative present security I personally enjoy, by the grace of chance, while most of my fellow *citizens are never at any time separated* by more than a hair from want and misery.

"This administration," cries the grave son of one of Pennsylvania's great bankers, "will take neither direction nor advice from this powerful banking clique which in the past has had so much to say about the operation of this state government. For the next four years (and I hope I speak loudly enough to be heard in Wall Street) it's Hands Off Harrisburg. The same banking group that shudders at a federal expenditure of four billion dollars is the one that sent your fourteen billion dollars over to Europe and down to South America never to return. From behind the backs of widows and orphans these brave grenadiers of high finance are firing their propaganda of so-called economy and budget-balancing against the unemployed, the helpless, the downtrodden."

Here the new governor of Pennsylvania is forced to pause by the ceiling-bulging applause. As he adjusts the cuffs of his hundred-dollar-a-dozen shirt and resets the collar of a suit that would have paid the interest on a back-county farm mortgage, you can observe that the House, led by red-headed and terrifically vocal Honorable Hi Andrews of Johnstown, is cheering like May Day in Moscow. The Senate applauds too, but with somewhat less abandon. Yes, even Senators Coyne and McClure are demurely patting their hands. Both of them realize that they are singularly fortunate to be present at all. It took two juries to keep Senator Coyne out of jail, but thirty-six states collaborated in the freedom of Senator McClure. Presently order is restored and the unsmiling, brooding governor, obviously impressed by his new duties, proceeds to tell them what he asks for his people:

"We advocate the abolition of child labor; social justice through regulating the hours of labor, especially for women; a minimum wage; elimination of industrial police and privately paid deputy sheriffs; absolute right of collective bargaining and unionization of labor; a comprehensive workmen's compensation law; outlawing of sweatshops; anti-injunction laws in labor disputes; penalties for non-payment of wages; annual *registration of industrial establishments*; codes of fair competition and against the wage chiseler; unemployment insurance; old age assistance and annuities; appropriations for dependent children; maternal and child health and welfare.

"We are all bound by sacred and solemn pledges to enact such legislation. But even if we were not so bound, we would nevertheless be morally obligated to put to an end the exploitation of our own people by these parasites of business. Look about you on every hand and see the thousands of victims of avarice and greed. These victims are your fellow citizens, your neighbors. And by a twist of circumstances tomorrow they may be your own flesh and blood."

Why, they used to arrest men for talking like that in Pennsylvania. Not so many years ago a country editor reddened his editorial page with the opinion that a mine in which a man worked ought to pay taxes commensurate with those imposed upon the house he lived in. When the deputy sheriffs got through belaboring this vile radical, who, as any good American could see, was intent upon overthrowing the government, he swept out his office (which had been wrecked by the patriotic, constitution-defending deputies) and, supervised by a full sheriff, wrote that it was nobody's business what taxes the mine operators paid. The wretch had a large family to support.

It may come to pass that the gaffers who cling to Penrose even in death will see their skepticism vindicated. Perhaps the old tradition has rendered Pennsylvania's soil incapable of producing an adequate crop of social reform and political emancipation. The New Deal, having at last reduced this Verdun of toryism (its handsome victory accomplished by deserters from the conservative lines), appears to have the situation well in hand. But it has a long way to go and a lot of hallelujah choruses have got lost on the long, long trail from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia.

Joe Guffey—Right-hand Man

However, the rich amateur who now occupies the governor's chair in Harrisburg will not want for expert political advice. At elective officeholding the Honorable Joseph F. Guffey, Pennsylvania's new senator, too, has just broken into professional ranks. But in every other political department Mr. Guffey has long been expert. At the moment Mr. Guffey, the politician, is in complete accord with Mr. Earle, the convert-idealist. So smoothly has Pennsylvania's new machine started to churn that Mr. Guffey did not seek to name a single member of the new governor's cabinet. And anybody assuming that Mr. Guffey would take upon himself the distribution of federal and state patronage should be informed that it was at his suggestion that all the jobs at his disposal and which Pennsylvania's twenty-three (out of thirty-four) Democratic representatives would ordinarily dispense were pooled in the offices of the Democratic State Committee and assigned by that body. Thus, you see, personalities are submerged and the organization welded. It also squelches those bouncing opportunists who might annoy Mr. Guffey. Of course, it is not to be supposed that the Democratic State Committee will fail to respond to Mr. Guffey's suggestions concerning the proper men for the right places. After all, Mr. Guffey, to all intents and purposes, is the Democratic State Committee.

Even as you and I, Mr. Guffey has his imperfections; but you may not reasonably accuse him of a lack of perspicacity. As the old-timers we collided with at the Penrose statue told us, he was a *Democrat from the outset, having learned his* political reading and writing from his noble uncle, Colonel James M. Guffey. But whereas the colonel was a mere catcher, depending Lazarus-like for sustenance upon the bits that fell from the Republican banquet table and therefore dying in relative poverty, young Joe preferred to pitch—and grow rich.

Success Formula in Politics

Therefore, he bided his political time, plunging discreetly into every important surge of revolt that rose but never forgetting where the life preservers were kept. And while he waited he made himself rich in oil and public utilities, taking advantage of the happy days these industries enjoyed under the forcing methods of the Republicans. And he discovered that there is more profit in aggression than in submission. Folks don't pay much attention to you if you stand still.

(Continued on page 50)

Dr. Socrates

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

BANDITS—led by the notorious Red Bastian and his aide, Lefty Croker—hold up a bank in the little city of Broken Bow, take $6,000, and ride frantically away. Shortly afterward, they roar through Big Bend, a small town eighty miles away; and Big Bend is tremendously excited.

But young Dr. Cardwell, a recent arrival, is not in the least disturbed. Book in hand (he always carries a book), he calmly enters Stevens' Drug Store and orders a soda. . . . Cardwell is an enigma to his fellow townsmen. And he is far from popular. No one knows his story—a tragic one. A young physician, in Chicago, he had suffered a nervous breakdown (which leaves him subject to strange trembling fits), due to the sudden death of the woman he had loved. Longing for peace and forgetfulness, he had come to placid Big Bend. There, he had seen a comfortable, assured monthly income, from his dead father's estate, dwindle to an occasional check. . . .

Seated in the drug store, he is greeted by a fellow practitioner, "Doc" Ginder, a jovial giant who refers to him (behind his back) as "Dr. Socrates." Cardwell returns the greeting curtly; frosty words are exchanged; then—"You don't like me," says Ginder. "Well, it's mutual. But I wish you'd pay your bills—you're giving our profession a bad name."

"Mind your own business," Cardwell snaps—and goes out. At his home, an old structure presided over by his housekeeper, Ma Ganson, he finds a grocery bill that *must be paid;* and one from the milk man. He has just three dollars. What to do? Pondering the problem, that evening, at his home, he receives two unexpected callers: a rough, flashily dressed young man, and a woman—a large, coarse, platinum blonde.

The man is Lefty Croker, the bandit! He has been shot in the arm. He demands that the "Doc" treat the wound. "This," says Cardwell, "must be reported." "It's not *going* to be," Croker snaps, drawing an automatic. "Go ahead—operate. We boys pay well, you know." And Cardwell reluctantly obeys.

Later, alone, with a large roll of bills in his hand, he stares thoughtfully into his mirror. What an experience! What a nightmare it has been! But—oh, well; now he can pay his bills!

II

CARDWELL'S emotions were mixed as he walked up Main Street in the direction of the Odd Fellows Hall. That morning he had got a letter signed by both Dr. Willis Ginder and Prof. Brown Talbot of the Big Bend High School, requesting his attendance at a meeting of "representative citizens" to discuss a matter of "grave moment" to the people of Wayne County. Ordinarily he would have thrown the letter into the wastebasket and thought no more of it; he did not consider himself a representative citizen and he was pretty sure that the people of Big Bend felt the same about it. But he had heard rumors that afternoon that Doc Ginder and a few other men were going to try to organize an unofficial militia, a sort of modern version of the vigilantes, and his curiosity was aroused.

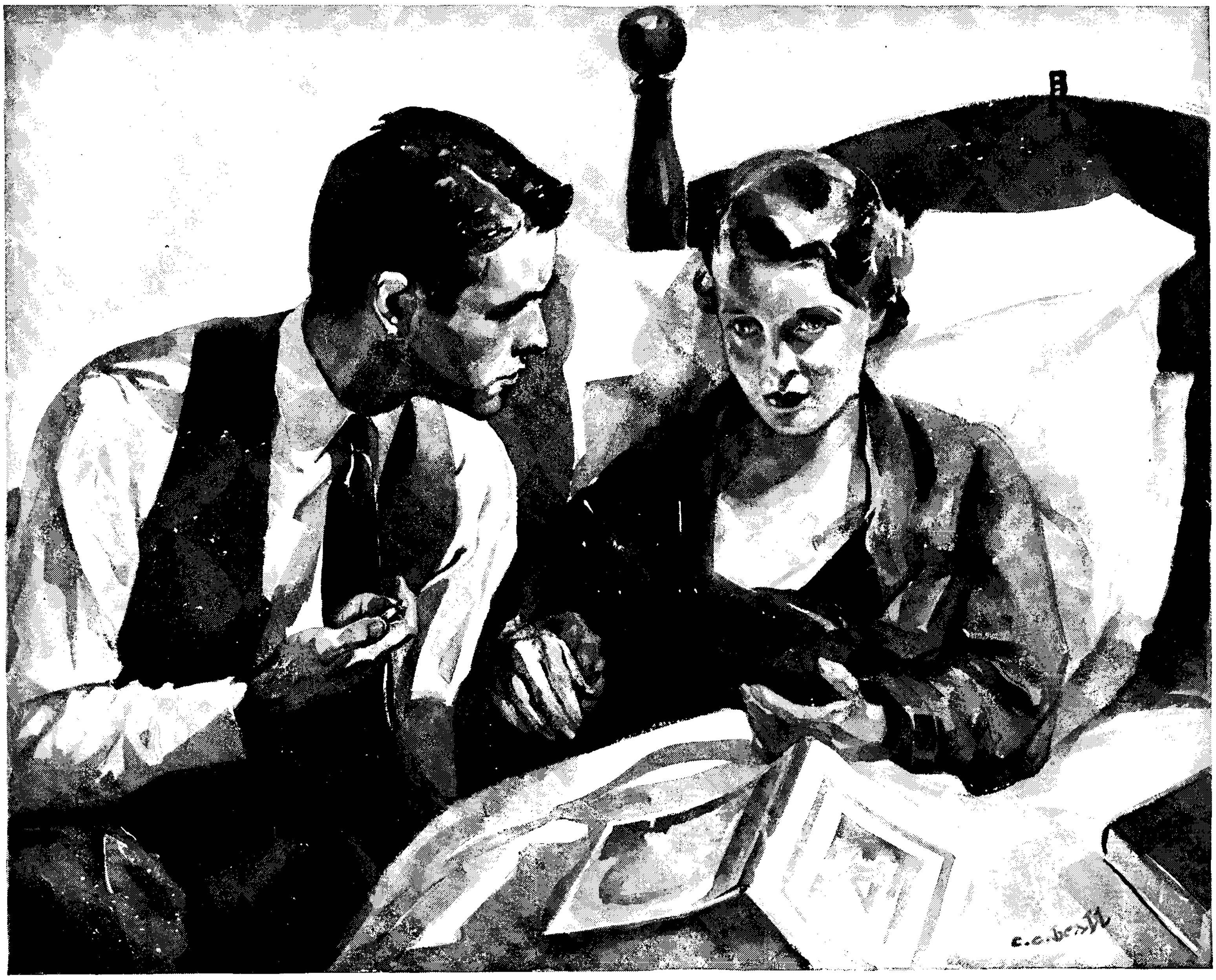
The county newspapers had made such a noise over the Broken Bow bank robbery that a lot of the citizens—merchants, bankers and real estate dealers—had begun to complain loudly that they were inadequately protected and that their district was getting a bad name. Cardwell had seen at close range one of the men responsible for this condition, Lefty Croker, and he was rather anxious to hear what the "representative citizens" had to say.

HE HAD no feelings in the matter whatever. Since his illness, he had been growing more and more indifferent to the concerns of the people about him, preoccupied with his own crises. He lacked very definitely a sense of responsibility. However, the irony of the situation amused him slightly.

When Cardwell entered the hall, Professor Talbot was already speaking. Most of the seats were taken and the men were listening attentively. Cardwell sat down in the back of the hall, unnoticed.

". . . It's not an unparalleled situation by any means," Professor Talbot was saying. He was a thin little man, with a long, pale face and small, pale blue eyes distorted by his thick-lensed glasses. He was almost completely bald and the top of his head had a bright sheen to it under the garish lights. "We've had these scoundrels before, overrunning our fair community, and we'll possibly have them again. The gangster is through, the racketeer is through. The repeal of the prohibition amendment fixed that. The day of the foreign criminal is over. Capone is locked up; a good many of his kind have been killed; all have been scattered. No, friends, we don't have to worry about that sort of rat any longer. They are practically extinct.

"But we've got something far worse now. We've jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. America is developing a new brand of criminal or, rather, the real old-fashioned lawless American type is having a . . . I was going to say renaissance, but that word seems a little out of place. To put it briefly, Jesse James and Billy the Kid and men of that kidney are riding again. And, gentlemen, they're riding in high-powered cars; they're equipped with the most modern and most deadly of weapons, the machine-gun. They're bold and resourceful. Have you ever heard of anything like the robbing of the Broken



She sighed. "I'll be on my way, if I haven't got myself into a lot of trouble"

Bow Bank? It was no clandestine hold-up. These young criminals took over the town like an invading army. They drove up to the main corner in broad daylight, got leisurely out of their cars, hauled out their weapons and began to shoot. They could have gutted the town if they'd wanted to. Broken Bow, as the mayor admits, was helpless. . . ."

The little professor mopped his forehead and poured himself a drink of water. The men stirred uneasily in their seats and glanced with some concern at one another. Cardwell sat with his legs crossed, somewhat interested in what the professor was saying but perfectly indifferent to its implications. Through the open window he saw a big yellow new moon hanging above the black trees of the park. A gentle breeze was stirring the curtains slightly.

"HELPLESS!" cried the little professor. "What a confession from the mayor of a modern town. That's anarchy, my friends. When a few bold men can completely disrupt the life of a town it's time something was done. We've got a problem before us we've got to solve. Let's take a look at the facts.

"I've made a special study of this problem and I hope you won't think me presumptuous if I talk like a teacher or a Dutch uncle. All right. Part of this condition is undoubtedly the fault of the depression; part of it can be blamed on the general restlessness of our times. Boys aren't satisfied to make a lowly beginning and work up any longer. All the restless ones leave the farms and the small communities. They want to see the sights; they want quick money. Almost all of the most dangerous of the new criminals are farm boys or small-town boys. There are few exceptions.

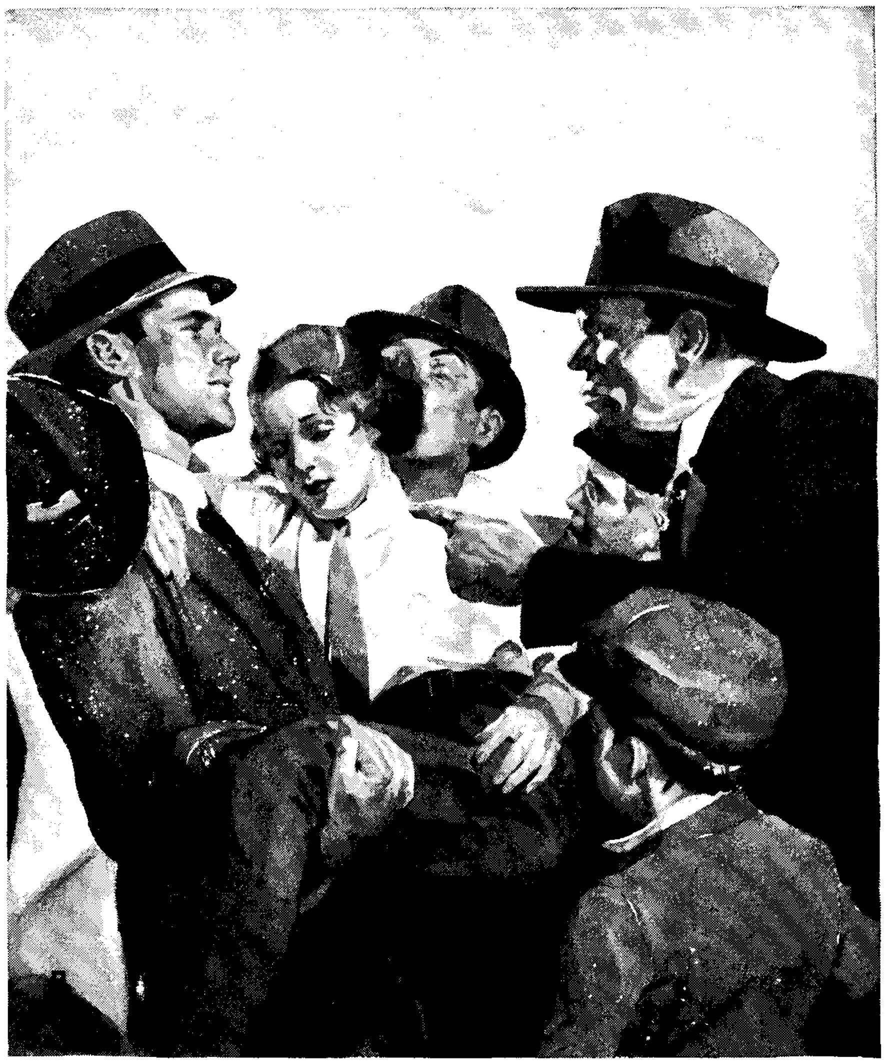
"Think of it! Take our latest newspaper hero: Red Bastian. All of us, I think, know his people. A hard-working and God-fearing lot, most of them. But Red wanted easy money; he's getting it. He'll also get his death shortly and I hope I'm in some part instrumental in bringing him to book. He's a bad example. All the boys in my high school talk about him incessantly. They admire him. He's a very definite menace. But that isn't what I wanted to say.

"Here's the situation: From Wisconsin to Oklahoma and Texas there is a wide belt of land. This seems to be the breeding ground for our new criminals. There are hills and desolate areas to hide in; good roads for a quick getaway; plenty of automobiles to steal; and the whole, huge territory so uninhabited in places that it is physically impossible to police it. It's a happy playground for the bandit, the kidnapper and the murderer. The somewhat isolated but prosperous little city, like our own, is helpless. A plum to be picked. Inadequately policed by a force inadequately equipped. Can you imagine our police force in a gun battle with ten tough youngsters using machine guns? It's laughable and tragic.

"I think I've made my point. We've got to organize. We've got to protect our community. . Dr. Ginder will address you in regard to the practical side of our organization."

The little professor sat down. There was some applause; then Doc Ginder got up, the boards on the stage creaking under his weight. He spoke dryly and at some length on the problem confronting them and assured them of the coöperation of the sheriff's office and the police department. The organization was to be called the Minute Men of Wayne County and was to get started at once. At the conclusion of his speech, a membership roster was passed around and they all signed the document, including Cardwell.

Doc towered above him, watching him sign.



"You turn her over to me. She's going to jail"

"Going to make one with us, eh, boy?"

"Why not?" said Cardwell without looking up.

"I clean forgot you myself," said Doc, winking. "But Professor Talbot put your name in."

Cardwell said nothing. Doc picked up the roster, then he said:

"Got a gun?"

A few men snickered.

"No, but I can get one."

Doc grunted.

"We'll assign you to the hospital unit, I think."

"Along with yourself, I suppose."

Doc flushed slightly. Some of the men looked at Cardwell with interest.

"No, I figure to do a little fighting."

Cardwell glanced up, his face serious.

"Yes? Well, the boys could use you as a sort of breastwork."

SEVERAL men slapped their thighs. They'd heard this young doctor was the next thing to a sissy but they had evidently heard wrong. Baiting Doc Ginder!

"Young smart aleck," said Doc.

Cardwell walked down the stairs to the sidewalk with the other men, feeling better than he had felt for years. Usually, during a conflict, even the slightest, he was seized by a fit of trembling; tonight his hand was steady. Was it possible that he was slowly emerging from his nightmare? Was this brief show of force the beginning of a return to health, or merely an episode, which would be forgotten tomorrow? He was afraid that it was the latter. But the warm spring breeze felt good on his face and the sights and sounds of Big Bend for once did not repel him. He felt friendly and turned to talk with Mr. Hartman, the cashier of the Drovers National Bank, and little Mr. Harris, the grocer. After a while Mr. Harris took him aside.

"Dr. Cardwell," he said, "I understand that Carson, my head clerk, was a little nasty about that bill of yours. That won't happen again, I assure you."

"It was paid this morning," said Cardwell, drawing away slightly and losing his feeling of complaisance.

"I know. I know. Sorry if there is any ill feeling."

Cardwell turned away. The sights and sounds of Big Bend were all right, and the moon was beautiful, hanging there in the indigo sky, and the breeze was refreshing and made you think of summer nights and gardens in bloom, but the men of Big Bend were impossible. He started home, but Professor Talbot called to him. He turned. The little professor was very much agitated. Cardwell saw Doc Ginder rubbing his hand over his heavy red face and looking perplexed. A group was talking in excited whispers.

"Look," said Talbot, shoving a dirty piece of paper at Cardwell, who held it up to the street light to read it. It was a note written with pencil in a bold, immature hand:

"Listen stuffed-shirts:

"I no all about you and your meetings. you better never git up no militia in this mans town or Ille sick my boys loose on you and then youle see some fun. why you dum bunnys have not got guts enough to hunt robbins. if I say the word Lefty and a few others will turn little bertha loose on you and shel spit led so fast youle think its hale take my advice if you git up that militia ile make monkys out off you.

"yours respectfully

"Red"

Cardwell smiled.

"Where did this come from?"

"Why," said the little professor, visibly trembling, "it was stuck up on the inside of the door. I can't make up my mind whether Red Bastian wrote it or whether some practical joker . . ."

A tall, dark man with a heavy, handsome face stepped up and said:

"Let me see that, Mr. Talbot. I used to have some cattle dealings with Red Bastian and his pa and maybe I can enlighten you."

"All right, Bob." The man took the note, but, instead of reading it, looked inquiringly at Cardwell. "Mr. Talbot, I don't believe I know this gentleman here."

"Oh, excuse me. Mr. Catlett, this is Dr. Cardwell." The men shook hands. Catlett's hand was warm and strong. "Dr. Cardwell's sort of a newcomer here, Bob."

"Pleased to meet you. I live out beyond the creek and don't get in town much. I just happened to be in tonight and the professor asked me to come along. Let me see. Yes, I think Red wrote this, Professor, but it's probably all just bluff."

"WE'LL have to take this up with the sheriff's office," said Doc Ginder. "He ought to know about Red being right close by."

"He sure ought," said Catlett, shaking his head.

The professor stood undecided, very preoccupied.

"Well," he said at last, "this is serious, mighty serious."

Gradually the men drifted toward their homes. Catlett waved good night and got into a rickety old car parked at the curb.

"I wouldn't worry about that none, Mr. Talbot," he said as he drove off.

Professor Talbot walked part way home with Cardwell. He talked about Red Bastian and his family for a while, then he began to tell Cardwell about the Catletts.

"Bob is the last of the lot, except for a cousin or two," he said. "They used to have nearly a thousand acres and were the richest family in the county. When I was a boy they used to keep open house. They're from Kentucky originally, although they've been here since the Sixties. The old Catlett house was the biggest and grandest house I ever saw in my life. Twenty-five rooms and the ceilings so high you can't see them. It's one of those colonial houses, with huge white pillars in front. It's all gone to rack and ruin now, though Bob still lives there with a few hired men. He's got about a hundred acres left, but not a dime. The main road doesn't even go past his door any more. When they built the new Drury Post they took it another way. He lives on a dirt road that nobody uses. When it rains he's marooned. Sad case."

WHEN Cardwell got home he found Ma Ganson sitting on the front porch in an old rocker.

"Just getting a breath of fresh air," she said. "What a lovely spring night."

"Very nice night. Fine, in fact."

"I'm glad you went to that meeting, Dr. Cardwell. It's right you should get out and meet people. It all helps."

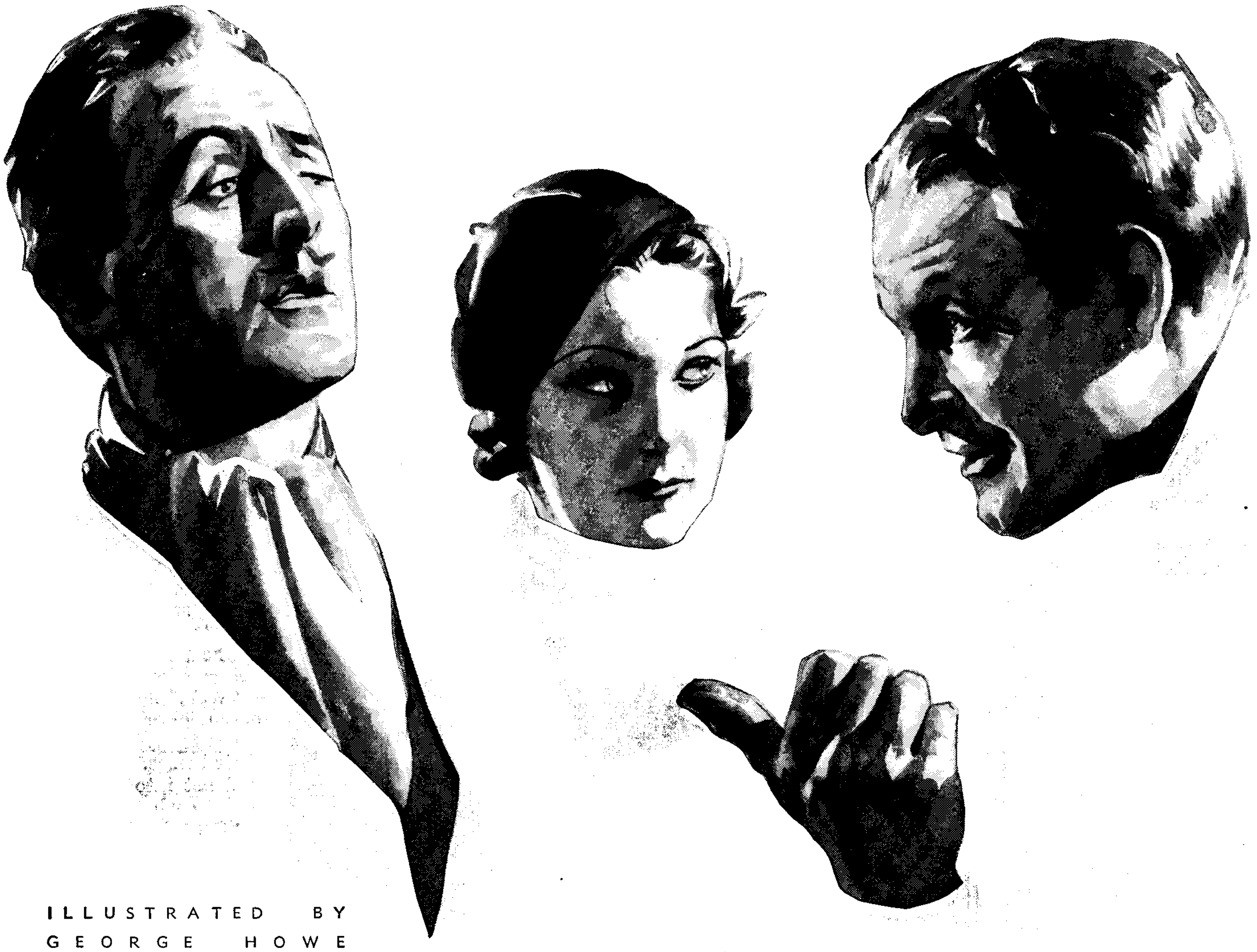
Cardwell sat down on the top step. For some reason he the thought of his room, his books, his nightly solitude with distaste. The air was pure and mild and he could smell growing things. A bird chirked in the front yard.

"Listen to that," said Ma Ganson. "Oh, I love the summertime; always did. It won't be long now until we'll have all the windows open. You'll feel better then, Dr. Cardwell."

Would he? He wondered.

The next day about one-thirty Cardwell drove into town from the south, feeling as elated as it is possible for a man suffering from nervous depression to feel. He had been on his first important call. Old Tom Suggs, one of the richest as well as one of the

(Continued on page 65)



ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

He said, "Have you a servants' entrance?" Duveen arched his eyebrows to express puzzlement; and then decided not to bother

Make Me Behave

The story of a girl who watched two men in a dangerous spot—and learned enough to choose the right one

By Ernest Haycox

UTTERLY unconscious of his presence below her, she came barging down the snow-slope in an autumn brown winter sports ensemble, with a definite this-is-the-end expression on her face. Bill debated momentarily whether it was best to move or stand still, and decided to shove his snowshoes a yard forward. It was, he instantly discovered, the wrong thing, for motion attracted her inexorably. She said, "Go 'way," in a remote voice and made a pushing gesture with her hands; and then, traveling at fifteen miles an hour, she did incredibly painful things to him. One of her skis neatly cut his feet from under him and as he fell the other ski slapped him smartly across the left cheek. He performed a lovely ground loop and came down with exactness on his face, hard enough to print an intaglio life mask in the snow.

When he sat up, he saw her anchored loosely to the landscape. Her eyes, he noted, were an indigo shade; inner wrath flushed her cheeks and her voice dripped with venom.

"It would have been a beautiful telemark—the first one in a whole morning's work. Why couldn't you keep out of the way?"

A good-looking kid with the careless mark of breeding sticking out all over her—yelling at him. He said: "Look. This is no way to promote the amity and concord of nations. I did move aside."

She said bitterly: "Then you should have stood still."

Her beret had fallen off and her hair—a kind of rich mahogany red—did something spectacular to her face, which was smooth and grave.

He stood up. She tried to. But one of her skis anchored her and threw her back. She said: "You big lug, you might help."

"I'm not the chivalrous type, Poison."

A man's voice, enormously patient and self-assured, rolled down the slope. "Helen—no. It is a matter of balance, as I've told you. Look."

Bill Cole watched the girl forget to be angry. She turned obediently on her elbows and became a still, attentive shape—observing the fellow who slid down the slope with a superb indifference. He shot abreast of them and did something to his hips and knees; and turned a semicircle in a little flurry of snow. He tracked over to the girl and gave her a hand up. It was, Bill Cole admitted distantly, a nice exhibition—timed like a boxer's punch.

The man said: "What are you afraid of? You should be limber, coming down the hill. You should be all joints. When you want to turn you simply drop your knees a little. You say 'I turn,' and that's all of it. You turn." It seemed to occur to him as a wholly inconsequential afterthought to look at Bill Cole. He said, without much voice inflection: "How are you, Cole?"

"WHEN you're teaching members of your harem to ski, Van, you ought to tie them on the end of a rope and retrieve them before they bang into cash customers."

Humor was one of the few things Providence had forgotten to give this Van Duveen. He had practically everything else, either by inheritance or by assumption. It was technique that separated the plug from the master artist always, and reluctantly now Bill Cole admired this guy with the blond hair and small, close-fitting ears. If there had been a Junior League for young male socialites, Van Duveen would no doubt have been a charter member. He was a physician who condescended to practice when his main interest didn't interfere; and his main interest seemed to be that of popping in and out of the socially proper places. He didn't need to be a striver because he had money and the right connections. His manner was just two degrees south of implying, "My good fellow, how are you?" His ego made it necessary for him to do all things well.

He dropped his chin half an inch, which terminated the interview. He said to Helen, "Come along. We've got to get this thing right," and started back up the hill. Bill Cole understood perfectly that he had been put in his proper place. Duveen had effectively indicated the servants' entrance for him. The girl was supposed to have caught that.

She had shaken off the snow and picked up her ski sticks. Bill Cole's jaw felt no better. He bent toward her, murmuring: "Be very respectful and appreciative. The big shot is personally condescending to teach you.

Don't forget to applaud in the right places, which he will indicate."

He had been irritated. But presently he was completely outraged. For, without saying more, she turned and humbly followed in Van Duveen's ski marks. He said, "Nerts," and pushed his snowshoes along the thick, fresh fluff. It was twelve o'clock and people in assorted costumes had begun to struggle along the trail that led to the ski jump on Multorpor Mountain. He reached the highway and stopped to remove his webs. Cars were parked solidly for a half-mile along the road and all of five thousand people roamed the beaten slush of Government Camp, pretty well herded by a group of state police in snappy blue. Above timber line Mt. Hood lifted its folded, glittering slopes in beautiful symmetry toward an eleven-thousand-foot spire now hidden by a cloudy, wind-driven cape of snow spume.

Once, he considered, this lovely mountain had been a long journey made only by the faithful. But there was a modern highway now that cut the fifty-mile climb from Portland to an hour and a half's fast driving, and merchants had put on a winter sports campaign. It stimulated business to have a lot of people buy a hundred dollars' worth of assorted junk, burn ten gallons of gas and two quarts of whisky on the trip, and buck a solid line of traffic all afternoon. In reality the mountain had become an accessory to the sports goods departments of the Portland stores.

Probably, he decided, it was the smack across the face that had left him still a little pettish. He was standing beside a parked car that bore a California license, mutely enduring the yammer of a loud-speaker hooked to a near-by sound truck. Captain Harry Thorvane, of the state police, came around the California car and gave it a detailed scrutiny.

BILL COLE said impatiently: "If a man was running from California would he be so dumb as to use a car that's been described over all the radios on the Pacific Coast? Anyhow, this isn't a green Silvo sedan."

Thorvane stared. "All right, bright boy. I'm just going through the motions. LaFranche is too smart to try to go east on a mountain highway that's blocked with snow. We're both wasting our time here. He's either hit for Seattle or else gone up the Columbia gorge. What's the matter with your face?"

"It was just a simple little game. A gal made me in par one." Bill sloshed his way across the ankle-deep mixture of snow and mud. A couple of guys from the sheriff's office were standing on the steps of the hotel. Inside, in the utterly jammed rustic lobby, he found Thad White, plainclothes from the Portland force, supporting the wall in customary style. Pushing his way toward the dining-room, Bill Cole reflected that the Cossacks were all represented—and all of them bored from what they considered a thoroughly bad guess. He wanted to call his paper, but a guy was in the phone booth, trying to eat the mouthpiece; so he went on and found himself a table and sat down. He ordered himself a hamburger with coffee. Somebody got up and left the opposite seat; and somebody sat down. It was the Helen girl again.

She said to the waiter: "Baked ham and apple pie and some coffee—right now."

"So"—Bill gave her a hard stare—"you have deserted the great man's training table. If you expect to get on with Van Duveen you'll have to play the game better."

She put her elbows on the table and dropped her chin into supporting palms. "How do you play the game with him, Bill?"

"So I'm Bill, now?"

"IT'S the feeling of sympathy and kindliness that radiates from you," she told him. "You big egg, how do I get on with him?"

She simply raked up his least chivalrous instincts. He said: "It's a screwy business, Poison. But—be proper. Play each situation with him according to convention. And never, never take the spotlight away from him."

The food came. She said: "Why do you hate him?"

"Hatred is too strong a word. Your friend is one of my lesser enthusiasms, in a class with dripping water faucets and petition shovers and fried eggplant. It's the gals that break their pretty necks trying to join in with his private extravaganza that give me moments of local distress."

She was mad again. She was, he observed, much prettier for being ready to murder him. Her brown-scarlet beret was a bit of art; it pointed fingers at her oval face. She had some sort of distinction he couldn't quite define. Well, she could get away with any act. Ski suit or pajamas or swim suit or evening dress—she had a body designed to handle any costume in this silly piece of vaudeville. Vitality, that was it. Vitality and a sort of dogged determination.

They were on the pie when a distressing thought occurred to him. "It couldn't be that," he said aloud. "Beautiful girl, born in poverty on the south side of the tracks, determines to climb to the colonial halls on the Heights. The Horatio Alger theme—rags to riches in the good old democratic tradition."

She said evenly and wickedly: "You're disappointing me, Bill. Van told me you were clever."

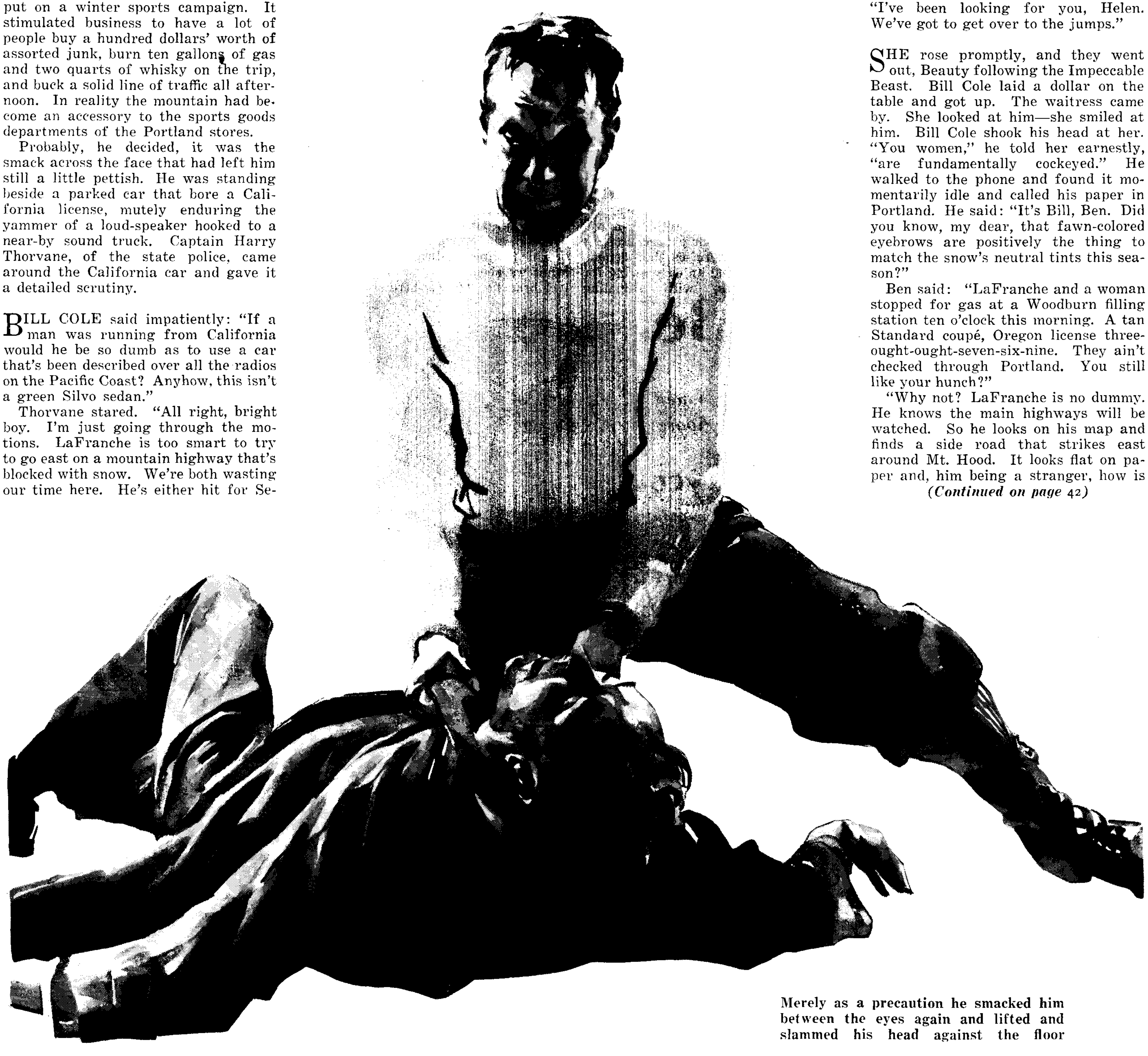
Precisely then Van Duveen came down into the dining-room. He said, carefully modulating his disapproval: "I've been looking for you, Helen. We've got to get over to the jumps."

SHE rose promptly, and they went out, Beauty following the Impeccable Beast. Bill Cole laid a dollar on the table and got up. The waitress came by. She looked at him—she smiled at him. Bill Cole shook his head at her. "You women," he told her earnestly, "are fundamentally cockeyed." He walked to the phone and found it momentarily idle and called his paper in Portland. He said: "It's Bill, Ben. Did you know, my dear, that fawn-colored eyebrows are positively the thing to match the snow's neutral tints this season?"

Ben said: "LaFranche and a woman stopped for gas at a Woodburn filling station ten o'clock this morning. A tan Standard coupé, Oregon license three-ought-ought-seven-six-nine. They ain't checked through Portland. You still like your hunch?"

"Why not? LaFranche is no dummy. He knows the main highways will be watched. So he looks on his map and finds a side road that strikes east around Mt. Hood. It looks flat on paper and, him being a stranger, how is

(Continued on page 42)



Merely as a precaution he smacked him between the eyes again and lifted and slammed his head against the floor

Greatest of Ease

By Ruth Carson

It's too bad stretching and yawning are frowned on in polite society—they're so refreshing. More relaxation, that's what we all need, and here are some easy ways to get it

"WE CAN learn a lot from a cat," said Eva Le Gallienne, tumbling the five kittens that inhabit her back office. "I watch these kittens by the hour. Look at that easy grace, none of the tense jerkiness that afflicts humans. It's tenseness that wears us out. Rushing to do this, straining to do that, when taking it easy would actually accomplish twice as much.

"People work so hard at golf, toss themselves to sleep, back-seat drive, tie themselves up in knots over their jobs—what a lot of wasted energy! What they really need is a good cat-stretch," and Miss Le Gallienne indulged in a contagious one.

"More freedom, that's it, ridding yourself of tensions that get in the way and burn up energy. Watch a boxer—he's loose and easy until the impact and then what a wallop! It's the same in fencing, swimming, painting—in fact, I can't think of a thing that isn't better for less straining at it. An actor couldn't exist if he let himself get tied up in knots over everything. And what is acting but everyday life intensified? If people would only take a little time out from their rushing to learn the tricks of taking it easy, there'd be fewer cases of the jitters and more accomplishment and fun in this world."

And Miss Le Gallienne, whose accomplishments run to such heights as directing thirty plays in repertory, acting in most of them and surviving to tell the tale brightly, should be respected as an authority.

"I'm a natural-born relaxer," she confesses, "but ability to relax can be acquired. And it's a perfect fountain of energy—I can go out from a rehearsal any time, flop on the floor and get ten minutes' refreshing sleep. And before making my entrance in a play I slump, relax completely. That renews my energy and keeps me going.

Relaxation Isn't Always Easy

"I'm sure people can find different ways of shaking off tensions, ways that suit their own particular needs. Blanche Yurka may be caught almost any time standing on her head, you know. You might try that when you feel the need of stirring up your circulation and washing away any tenseness. Or swing through a few exercises—Ruth Page, ballet mistress for the Chicago Opera Company, gives her dancers special exercises if they don't loosen up properly. When I used to find myself getting tense sometimes in acting—maybe my arms refusing to function, or my feet clamping to the stage—then I concentrated on driving out that tension. Strange to say, relaxation is a form of concentration, of making yourself let go. But however you accomplish it, it's a life-saver."

So I went out in search of more ways to achieve this saving grace, and came upon Louise Irwin in one of New York's smart clubs, stretching and swinging a group of young society women into a perfect state of relaxation, slimness and grace. There they were down on their knees being polar bears, bucking broncos and the like, swaying and stretching and bending this way and that, intent on being sylphs in the end. And pretty certain to achieve their goal, this enthusiastic young lady assured me. For these exercises, devised in England by Mrs. Bagot Stack and a doctor, Sir Frederick McCoy, to meet the particular needs of the feminine figure, are aimed at the free and rhythmic movement that comes from elastic muscles and loose joints, exercises that depend on a long stretch and an easy swing for their effectiveness, with slimming achieved by redistribution to the proportions that nature, instead of the easy chair, intended.

"Relaxation?" said Mrs. Irwin, snuggling into a chair in her apartment afterward. "It's absolutely essential to leading a busy life, to doing anything well. And it's a part and product of these exercises. In fact, relaxation is a natural by-product of any well-managed exercise, so allow plenty of time for your favorite sports and watch the rest of life looking up. But to get the control and freedom that will help us in sports and everything else, we need a few downright daily exercises. None of your jerky, devastating, old-time setting-up exercises, but jolly, rolling, swinging, rhythmic exercises that will loosen our stiff old joints and give us freedom and buoyancy and a top-of-the-world feeling. More abandon, that's what we need."

I broached the cat-stretch idea.

"That's exactly the idea. It's too bad stretching and yawning are frowned on in polite society—they're so refreshing. For after every stretch comes relaxation. And once you are able to control your movements so that they are a steady flow of stretch and relax, stretch and relax, you will be free and graceful instead of tense and jerky. But to get that control you must first stretch, stretch, stretch till your muscles no longer bind you and your joints are loose. Here's a good stretcher"—and she kicked off her shoes and sprang up to demonstrate.

"Stand with feet slightly apart, abdomen in, tail bone tucked under, arms straight over the head and hands locked. Look up into your hands and stretch to the ceiling, feeling the pull in your knees, your waist, elbows, shoulders, neck. Then bend over, making a right angle at your waist. Swing up and over again, all the way this time, touching the floor with your locked hands, knees and elbows straight. Swing up, twist at the waist toward the right, swing over halfway, up, down all the way, twist left and repeat. No cheating—if it doesn't hurt at first, you're not pulling enough.

Reach for New Energy

"And when you're doing that favorite exercise of lying on the floor and raising the legs alternately and slowly to the ceiling, don't do it with pointed toe. Aim the ball of the foot and heel upward instead, and feel that good stretch in the ankle and knee.

"Once you are thoroughly stretched, with every joint and muscle free, I promise you you will be amazed at the ease and sense of control you feel through your whole body. Then move with a stretch and a swing, and you will radiate the energy you conserve.

"Our bodies get tense and tight, often as not, through lack of use. And tight shoulders are one of our worst ailments, pulling forward and in till our backs are humped and our chests are narrow. But to stretch those chest muscles and loosen the shoulders so that they can hang free, swing your arms in circles, high and wide, elbows straight, all the movement in the shoulder. Then clap them high over your head and swing down and back long and low behind, trying to strike the backs of the hands together and keeping the elbows always straight. Why, doctors even send their arthritis patients to me—that's how important exercise is to chase away tightness."

She paused and sniffed at the breeze blowing in the open window from over Central Park, then flung her arms over her head for another demonstration.

(Continued on page 32)

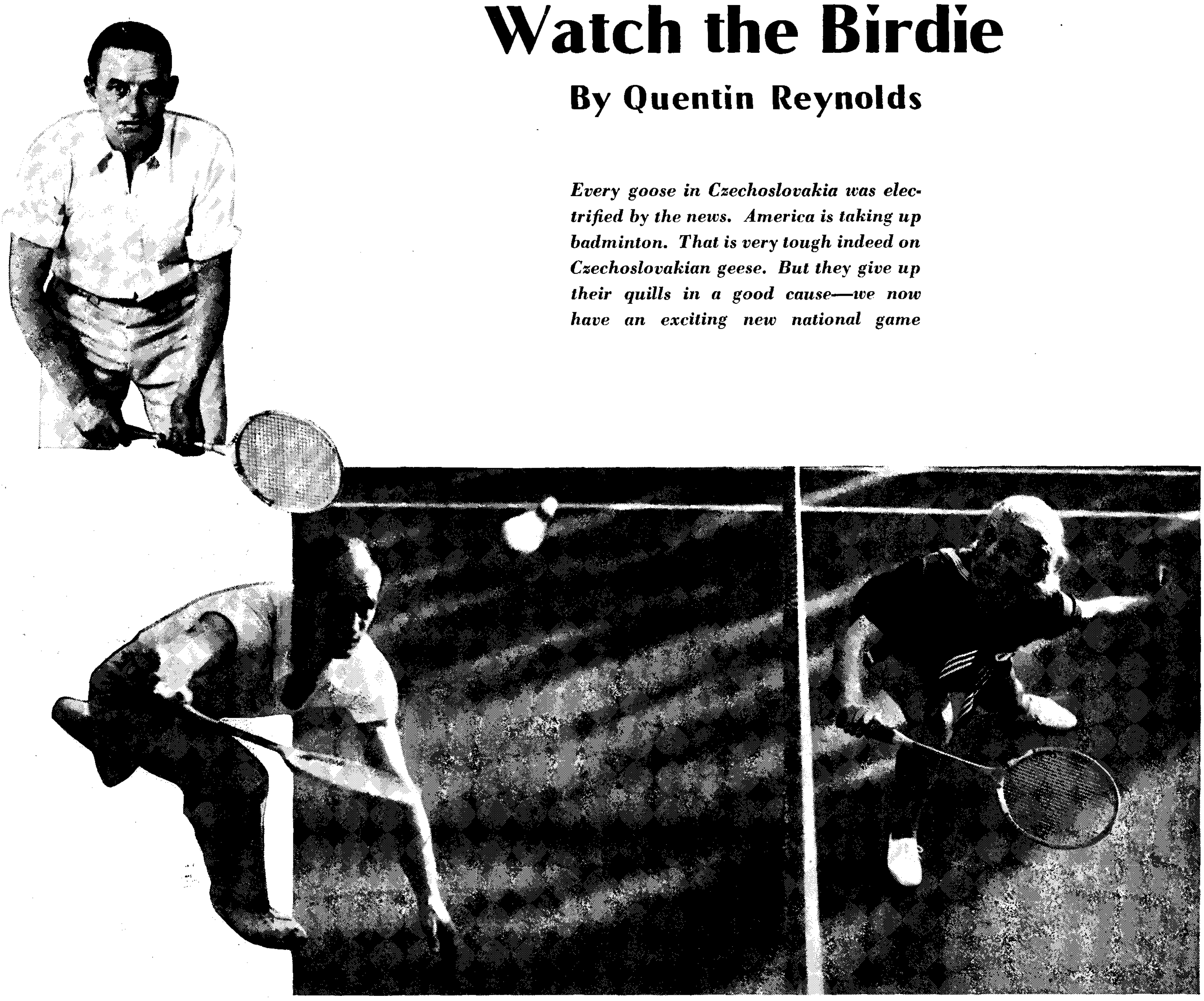
Emulate your cat, creature of easy grace and nine long lives, who has learned to relax perfectly

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Watch the Birdie

By Quentin Reynolds

Every goose in Czechoslovakia was electrified by the news. America is taking up badminton. That is very tough indeed on Czechoslovakian geese. But they give up their quills in a good cause—we now have an exciting new national game



WIDE WORLD

You need stamina, speed and skill for badminton. Above is world's champion Jack Purcell of Canada. Below, American champion Jess Willard

BADMINTON is probably the only game in the world that was launched with the help of a bottle of champagne. It was back in 1872 that a group of English officers on furlough from duty in India gathered at Badminton, the home of the Duke of Gloucester, for some waffles and some wine. Over the wine the officers regaled the lords and ladies present with tales of army life as lived in India. They told, among other things, of a game called poona, which was played by the natives, and of its adoption by the officers under the name of battledore and shuttlecock.

Perhaps the duke's wine was strong and perhaps the officers were none too articulate, but their explanation of this new game was not too lucid. So the officers demonstrated.

They took the cork from a champagne bottle, stuck a few goose quills into it and said, "That is the shuttle, or bird."

Then they improvised a couple of wooden paddles and batted the bird back and forth over a table. The guests were enchanted by the possibilities of this game and they joined in. They named the game badminton after the duke's estate, and badminton it has been ever since.

Those officers certainly started something. At present some 250,000 men and women belong to badminton clubs in the British Isles, and nearly 100,000 play the game in Canada. During the past three years badminton has swept over this country, and now there are hundreds of clubs organized, with Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, New York and—of all places—Hollywood being the chief centers where the game is played.

Every indication pointing to the fact that badminton is on the verge of becoming another national menace along with golf, tennis and bridge, it might be a good idea for us to learn something about the game and to meet the world's champion—Jack Purcell of Canada. Purcell is perhaps the greatest champion we have today in any sport.

It's Tougher than Tennis

As champion, he is so far above the rest of the field that he has virtually run out of competition. As an example, not so long ago he defeated D. C. Hume, the then English champion, by a 15-3, 15-10 count, and he followed this up with a smashing win over Jess Willard, the American champion, 15-10, 15-2. Not even Max Baer towers over his domain to such an extent as does Jack Purcell. Let's tune in on Purcell as he talks of the game.

"Badminton is no namby-pamby game," Purcell says. "A singles match at badminton will take perhaps a third as long to play as a singles tennis match, yet it will take a lot more out of the player and give him even more exercise."

Purcell should know. He was one of Canada's best tennis players before he relinquished what would have been a Davis Cup berth, to concentrate on badminton.

"As to the relative merits of golf and badminton as concerns the physical benefit to be derived from the game, there is no comparison. Not," Purcell added apologetically, "that I want to knock either tennis or golf."

Purcell should know about golf too. He was one of Canada's best golf players and even now he holds the course record at his home club, the Guelph Golf and Country Club. He stepped around there in the sizzling figure of 66—six under par.

"Badminton is strictly an indoor game, although Douglas Fairbanks has introduced a modified outdoor version of it in Hollywood. Being an indoor game, it has no quarrel with golf or tennis. It is a grand game for tennis and golf players to take up during their off season. It not only keeps one in great shape but it keeps a player from losing his sense of timing."

Badminton, to begin with, is related to tennis and court tennis but only in that it is a court game in which a net is used. The court itself is twenty feet wide and forty-four feet long and at the net there should be a clearance of at least twenty-five and preferably thirty feet, for high lobbing is an integral part of the game.

The Low-down on Badminton

The rackets, or bats, used look something like squash rackets, but they are much lighter. A racket weighs between five and six ounces and costs about as much as a tennis racket. The racket head is strung with either gut or Japanese silk. It is a fragile affair and quite apt to warp unless kept in a press when not in use. As in tennis, there are three ways to grip the racket and, again as in tennis, the so-called Eastern grip is most widely used. Just shake

(Continued on page 34)

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

DUSTY KING, a kindly cattleman, is murdered by three enemies: the notorious cattle baron, Ben Thorpe, and two of his aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner. To avenge his death, Bill Roper, his adopted son, hires a band of outlaws and attacks Thorpe's forces—first in Texas, where, fighting Cleve Tanner, he finally kills him in a pistol duel; next in Montana, where, harassing Walk Lasham, he presently finds himself in a sinister predicament. . . .

Two girls are in love with the young cattleman: Jody Gordon, daughter of King's old partner, Lew Gordon; and a Mexican beauty known as "Marquita," whom Walk Lasham regards as his property. Engaged to Roper, prior to his wild operations, Jody has broken the engagement; she will have nothing to do with him—for a time. But, weakening at last, she goes to Montana. There she is captured by Lasham's men.

Roper promptly rescues her; in so doing, however, he falls into the hands of the enemy. Taken to Lasham's headquarters, he finds Marquita there. The girl, feeling sure that he is to be murdered, makes a futile attempt to enable him to make his escape; after which, standing by sullenly, she awaits developments. They come quickly. A rescue party—directed by Jody—attacks kills Red Kane and wounds Jim Leathers, Roper's two guards. And Roper, for the time being, is safe.

Unfortunately, Jody and Marquita have a talk. Madly infatuated with Roper, and aware that he does not care for her, Marquita brazenly misrepresents their relationship. "Well," Jody murmurs as the interview terminates, "I guess he belongs to you." Then, leaving the house, she makes her way slowly toward the corral. And Roper, of course, knows nothing of what has happened.

Conclusion

BILL ROPER and Bob Stokes—the King-Gordon cowboy whom Roper *had not known—had finished* their makeshift dressing of Old Joe's wound and were working on Jim Leathers by the time Marquita returned. Jim Leathers lay perfectly still; only his eyes seemed alive. Those gray, hard eyes watched them while they examined him, but he made no attempt to speak.

"How's she feeling?" Bill Roper asked Marquita, without looking up.

"The Gordon girl? She's all right. She went out to look over the horses or something."

"The Cheyenne Indians have a special way of doctoring a chest wound," Bob Stokes offered. "They catch as many red ants as they can get hold of, and they shove as many as they can in the wound, and eat the rest."

"That's a real helpful suggestion," Roper complimented him. "Won't black ants do instead of red? Because we haven't got any black ants, either. Pull yourself together, Bob."

Old Joe had tangled with Jim Leathers before and hated him. "We'll send to Texas for some," he croaked. "What the hell? He's got plenty time."

Bob Stokes tossed over his shoulder to Marquita, "Get some more hot water, you."

"Bob, you better go see nothing's happened to Jody."

"I'll go in a minute, soon as we're through here."

But Jody came in of her own accord, before that. She went straight to Old Joe.

"Are you terribly uncomfortable, Joe?"

"I feel great," Joe said with spirit. "I been hunting for a vacation for fifteen years, and this is my first excuse!"

"I'm sorry, Joe. You'll never know how sorry I am. I tangled things up pretty badly, I guess."

"You done wonderful," Joe told her. "You saved Bill's neck, all right. They had him hog-tied like a mosshorn, and the girl too, when we busted in."

Jody shot Marquita a glance in which the only light was a faint contempt, but she did not comment.

"I'm riding back to Miles," she told Joe. "On the way I'll send help back, and everything you'll need. And I'll see that you're moved in a spring wagon, soon as you feel like moving. I appreciate what you've done, Joe; more than I can ever tell you."

She stooped over swiftly and kissed his cheek before she turned to Bob Stokes. "Bob, you're staying here. I'll send someone to help you as quickly as I can. But if they're not here tonight they'll come some time tomorrow at the latest. Good luck to you; I'm leaving now." And she kissed Bob Stokes, too.

"Hey, look," Bob Stokes began. "You can't be riding off like this in the middle of the night!"

"It's coming daylight fast. I'll be all right."

As the door closed behind her, Bob Stokes smothered an oath and started after her; but Roper stopped him: "You'll stay here."

"How come you to be giving orders?" Stokes flared at him.

"I give orders wherever I am."

Outside, in the gray light that seemed colder than the air, Jody Gordon had mounted as Bill Roper came to her stirrup.

"You mustn't go yet," he told her gently. "These boys are fixed as comfortable as they can be; there's no hurry to get help. You'll be wanting some coffee; and I have to talk to you, Jody."

"I'm not interested in talking to you," Jody said without expression.

"Why, Jody—look here—"

"I got you into this," Jody said. "I got you into this because I was a fool. So I had to get you out. That's all over now. I don't want to talk to you, now or any time."

ROPER, deeply puzzled, studied her gravely. "Jody," he asked, "tell me just one thing: Why did you come looking for me at Fork Creek?"

Jody's voice broke abruptly, under the pressure of an emotion he could not identify. "Because I was a fool, an unbelievable fool! Such a fool as I'll never be again. . . ."

She whirled her horse sharply, so that its hoofs, breaking the crust, sent up a scurry of dry snow; then she was gone, her retreat covered by the cabin as she swung toward the trail.

For a moment Roper stood looking after her. Then he stepped inside.

"You'll stay here, Bob," he said. Nobody ever knew—Roper himself did not know—why men who took orders from nobody else automatically took orders from him. "I'll saddle and ride after her; I'll see that she gets to Miles."

"Wait a minute," Old Joe said. "You got to wait a minute! There's something else you got to know."

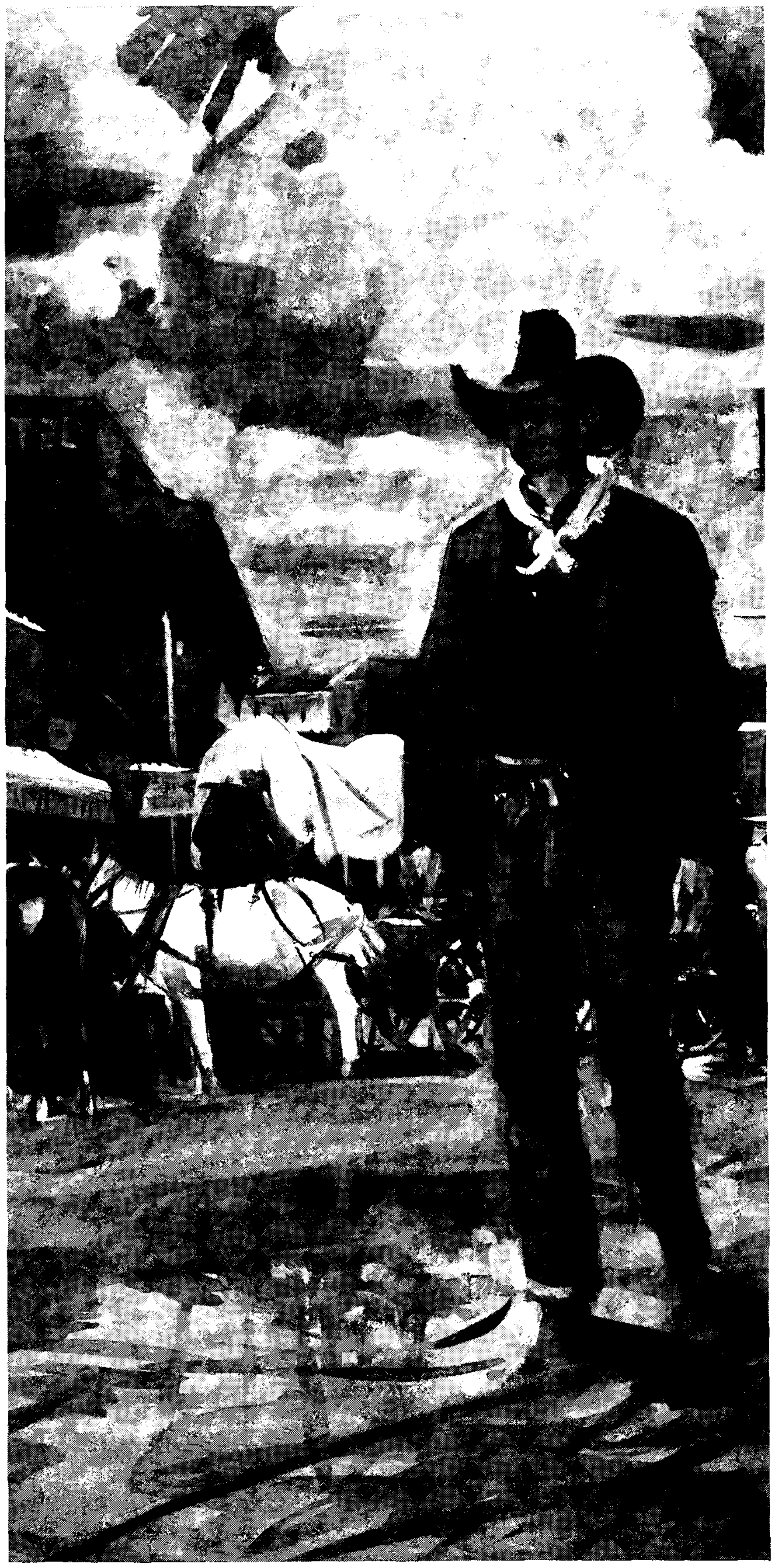
"There's nothing else I need to know."

"For one thing, every peace officer in Miles is waiting to lay hands on you, and you can't go there."

"I was going to Miles anyway," Roper said. "I want to talk to Lew Gordon."

"Lew Gordon ain't in Miles!"

"Then where the devil is he? His daughter—"



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

"Somebody—Jim Leathers, I guess—sent a note to Lew Gordon that his daughter was all right, but couldn't be sent home just yet. Nobody signed that note. But it was plain to be seen from it that some war party of Ben Thorpe's was holding her some place. So Lew Gordon—"

"How do you know all this?"

"I was pony-riding back and forwards with Lew Gordon's orders on how we should go about hunting for Jody; and I happened to be there when this note came in. Lew Gordon—well, you can imagine how Lew Gordon took it."

"He blew up," Roper suggested.

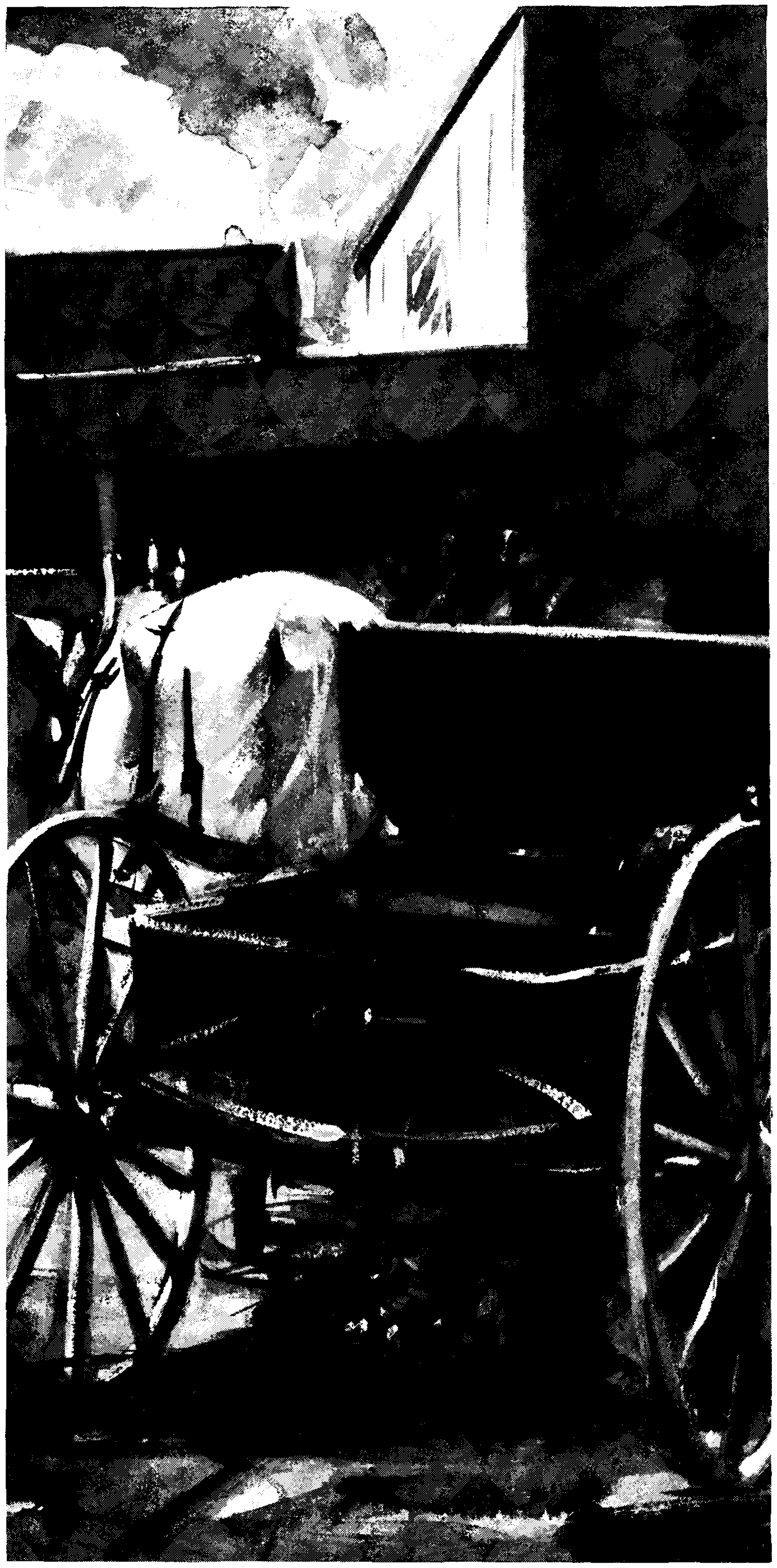
"Well, no—that was a funny thing. He didn't exactly blow up. He just sits quiet for a long time. Then he says, 'This is the last straw; this sure is the last straw.' And after a long time he sets out to cleaning that big old Betsy gun."

"You mean that Lew Gordon is going on the warpath himself? Hunting for Jody?"

"He's going after it straighter than that. Everybody knows Ben Thorpe is at Sundance. Lew Gordon has gone to Sundance to tie into Ben Thorpe, and his old gun is hammering away at his side."

"He figures to fight Thorpe?"

"Bill, it sure as hell looks that way to me. What's strange about that? Thorpe has punished away at Lew Gordon all his life. He's stole his cattle, and killed



He drew deep breaths of that air that was both crisp and wet, and he knew that he did not want to die

his trail bosses, and fought him in the market fit to break them both, and finally he kills Lew's partner, and still he keeps on." A dry twist of a smile appeared on Old Joe's leathery face. "I could have told Ben he'd better look out—some day he was liable to do something to make Lew mad."

"But if he walks into a fight with Thorpe, all hell can't save him! He's as good as dead the minute he walks in there!"

"That," said Old Joe, "is what I figured you ought to know."

IT WAS very early; the sun was only just breaking over the winter-starved prairie, that Sunday morning as Bill Roper splashed through the creek that runs by Sundance and rode into the little town. Overhead the sky was such a clear crystalline blue as Bill Roper had not seen since he left Texas, and underfoot his tired pony was sinking fetlock deep in the thawed mud. The mud itself was predicting a spring which Roper believed now he would never see.

Without sign from the rider, Roper's pony drew up before the Palace Hotel and Livery—a false-fronted building in a street of false fronts—perhaps attracted by no more than the smell of stored hay.

With some difficulty Bill Roper roused a sleepy and resentful individual upon whom the Missouri hills were written plain.

"Feed this pony, and feed him well."

Casually Roper strolled along the corral where stood the loose horses which were being boarded here. He was chewing a straw as he came back to the sleepy man who was now shaking down hay.

"I see you have a 9B horse there—a good one."

"Yeah?"

"I figured Lew Gordon rode that horse in?"

"And supposin' he did?"

"Where is he stopping?"

"How the hell should I know? This dump is good enough for his horse, but it ain't good enough for him. He went to sleep with some friend or something, out at the edge of town."

Roper produced his tobacco and papers and made himself a cigarette.

"I'll take a room facing on this street," he said.

"No you won't."

"Why won't I?"

"Last night was Saturday night. Rooms all filled up."

AT THIS point the argument was interrupted in a curious way. A tall and haggard man, in strangely nondescript clothes that were obviously not the clothes of a rider, appeared from the street. "You boys coming to church?"

"Church?"

"I've built a little church at the end of this street, in the name of the Lord; I carry the word of the Lord in this outlandish place. At the time of the service, you will hear its bell. . . ."

Roper remembered the ramshackle little hut to which the far-wandering preacher referred; he had seen it as he had ridden in—a pitiful edifice of crooked boards, with a little makeshift bell tower in which hung some lost bell that nobody else wanted.

Roper rummaged in his pocket and found a silver dollar. "Take this. Take this, and God help your work, and get goin' . . ."

"I don't know whether he hurts business or helps it," the sleepy stableman said as the fantastic figure ambled away.

Roper shrugged. "I'll take a front room on the street," he said again.

"They're all—"

"I don't care anything about that."

In the end, because this man always commanded others, a last night's drunk was carried out of a front room above the stable—the room which Roper wanted; and Roper sat at last with his heels caught in the window sill, resting as he regarded the empty street.

That Ben Thorpe was here was known to every cattleman in the north country. Ben Thorpe had been here many weeks; it was to Thorpe that Bill Roper was to have been delivered, here, if a kid horse wrangler following Jody Gordon had not shot Jim Leathers down. But, by the fine, hard-ridden 9B horse which Lew Gordon had ridden in, Bill Roper knew that Gordon had not been here long. He judged that he had got here in time.

Lew Gordon would hardly rest from the saddle without making his rendezvous with Thorpe. Presently Lew Gordon or Ben Thorpe—or both—would walk along this quiet street, under this clear blue sky, through this fresh atmosphere of spring that one of them was not to see again. . . .

Bill Roper sat there a long time. Seven o'clock passed, and eight, and nine, while he smoked and waited. He watched an old Mexican woman emerge from one nondescript house-front and take refuge in another. He watched a razor-back pig wander out into the mud of the street, and a cur Indian dog drive it away again. He watched the gaunt preacher at his unhopeful task of canvassing for strays who might be persuaded into the little church he had brought here before its time.

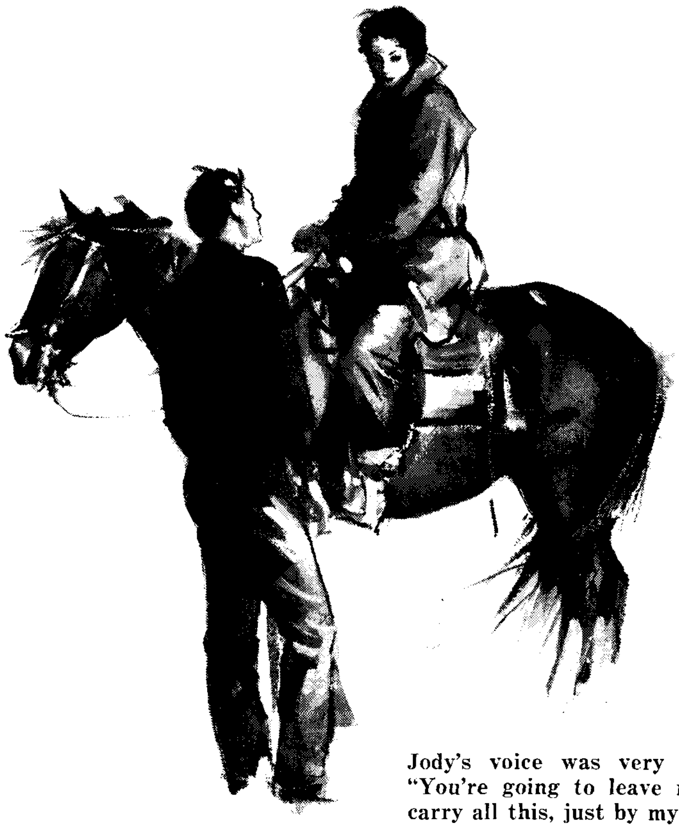
TEN o'clock passed, and ten-thirty. Then upon the quiet main street of Sundance appeared a figure that he knew—the one he had been waiting for.

It seemed to Bill Roper that Lew Gordon walked like a younger man than Roper had remembered. Bill Roper knew Lew Gordon by the flash of silver in his short beard, by the old hat, curiously like Dusty King's, which Lew Gordon had never changed. But he had to look twice to be sure that this man with the springy stride and erect bearing was the Lew Gordon he had known.

When he was sure, Bill Roper stood up and stretched; he filled his lungs with air and at last let it go again, with a whoof like that of a pony which knows that it has come to the end of a long trail.

He drew a last drag from his cigarette and strapped on the gunbelt which he had laid aside.

(*Continued on page* 39)



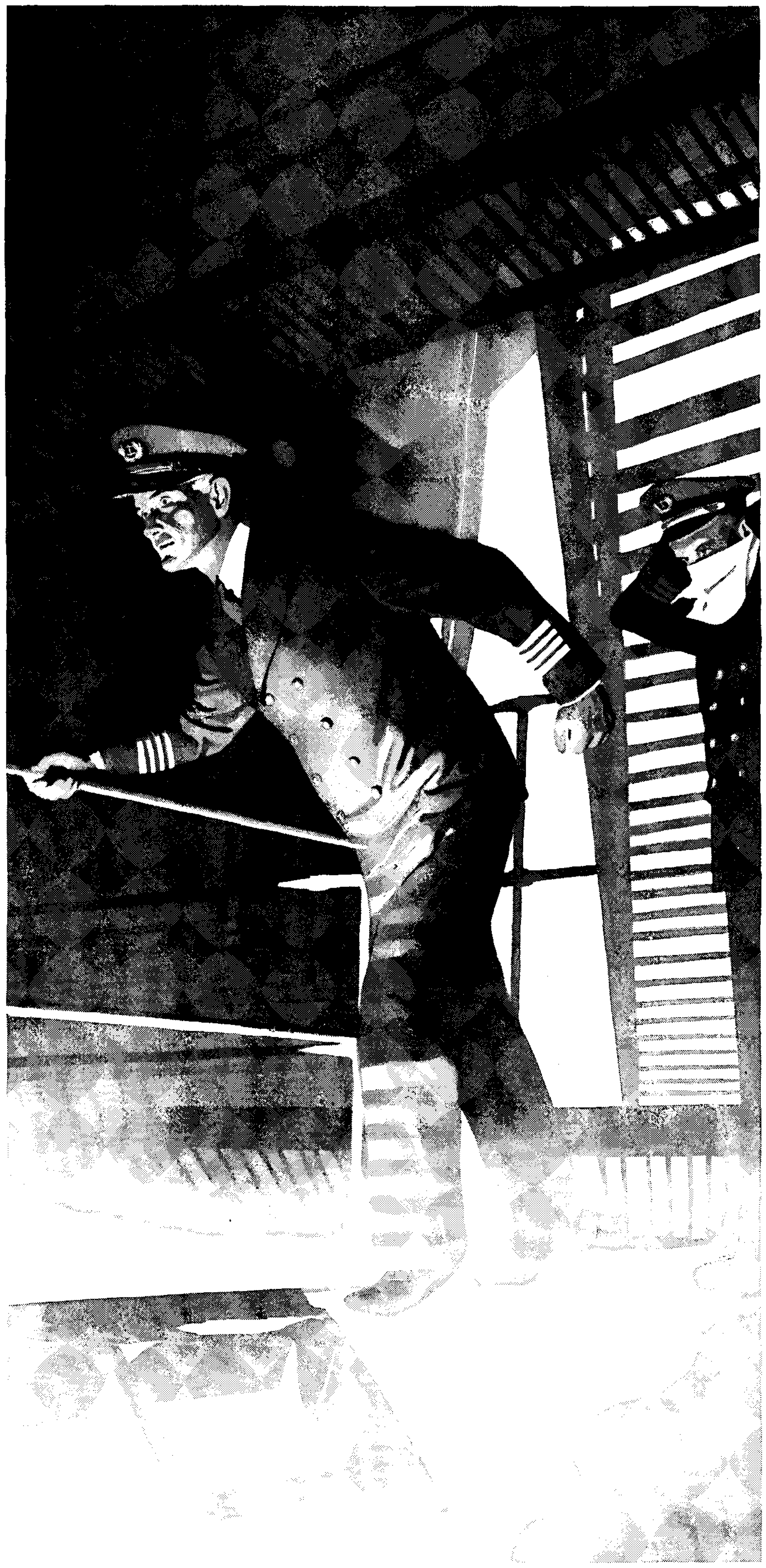
Jody's voice was very quiet. "You're going to leave me to carry all this, just by myself?"

Another Gold Band

A story of love and jealousy at sea, where captains are kings

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



He plunged into the scalding inferno of the engine-room

"GO ON, Tommy," urged Evelyn Marlowe. "All he can do is turn you down."

"There's not much doubt about that," said Mr. Thomas Harris, second mate of the Malcolm Star. "And there isn't any use seeing him. He'll bring up that collision with the Bannockburn as sure as fate. And I'll bet Captain Melrose hasn't done me any good."

"Now you go on," said Evelyn. "I'll wait outside for you." She powdered her nose and shut the vanity case with a determined snap. "If you don't talk to him I will."

"That *would* be something," said Mr. Harris gloomily, and because there was nothing much else he could do with a very lovely young woman daring him, he shouldered his six feet of sea-weathered muscle through the swing-doors of the Green Star Line's main office.

"Don't tell me, Harris," said Sandall, port captain of the Line, when the second mate was finally admitted to him. "I know what you want. Ames is leaving the Malcolm Star and you'd like his berth."

"I thought I might ask, sir," said Mr. Harris. He sat on the edge of a chair, looking across the broad desk, and made a shapeless mass of the soft hat he held on his knees.

"I'm afraid it's impossible," said the port captain brusquely. "At least it is right now."

"I should be in line for a lift to mate, sir," observed the younger man bitterly. "I've been with the company fourteen years. I've had my master's ticket for five, and right now I'm the senior second mate. Mr. Ames is moving to the Craddock Star and his berth on the Malcolm will be vacant. I've seen men with less service than myself get their lift, and I think it's time I was considered."

THE port captain nodded and drew down his gray brows.

"I know how you feel, Harris," he said, not unkindly. "But you know we don't consider seniority alone in this Line. There are other things. In the passenger trade we have to be careful."

Mr. Harris' bronzed face went bleak and a little white.

"You mean I'm not considered capable, sir?" he inquired. The port captain sighed and riffled over the papers of Mr. Harris' record.

"I mean something like that," he confessed. "You know, we go a lot by the captain's confidential report at the end of each voyage and, frankly, Captain Melrose doesn't seem to think so very highly of you."

"I've been with him only two voyages, sir," said the second mate through set teeth. "I know why we don't get along."

Something of grimness tightened the port captain's mouth. "I know, too, Harris," he admitted. "Miss Marlowe's the reason, I believe. First-class stewardess on the Malcolm. It's bad business getting interested in one of the crew."

The other nodded.

"Yes, I suppose someone told you, sir. But is Captain Melrose's report the only reason I don't get my step? I don't believe any other master I've served with has disliked me or found me incapable."

"As a matter of fact, they haven't," the port captain agreed. "Until Captain Melrose took over the Malcolm Star you had a good rating. Except, of course, for that affair of the collision with the Bannockburn two years ago. That put you under a certain suspicion of lacking efficiency, of being slow in an emergency. We can't take chances in the passenger trade."

"Slow in an emergency," choked Mr. Harris. "We collided with the Bannockburn on a thick night. I didn't see her until she was on top of me. I had five seconds to decide what to do."

"The point is, there remains the suspicion that you didn't do the right thing."

"I had five seconds," rasped the second mate bitterly. "Five seconds; and it took the courts five months to decide who was right or wrong under the particular circumstances."

"I know," the port captain soothed him. "The courts split the blame, and that's why the suspicion remains. Now I have Captain Melrose's report that you're not as capable as you might be, that at times you are also insolent and, in spite of any bad feeling that might exist between you over Miss Marlowe, I can't believe the captain would deliberately turn in a false statement. Why don't you ask for a transfer to another vessel?"

MR. HARRIS hesitated and then shook his head.

"No, sir," he decided. "If you don't mind I'll stick it out."

The port captain frowned:

"By rights I ought to transfer you anyway to prevent friction. Still, it's your funeral and I'll give you your choice. But remember, if I get another bad report I'll either have to set you back as third on one of our tramps or else discharge you. So you understand, Harris, why I can't give you Ames' berth on the Malcolm? Without the master's approval I wouldn't anyway, and as it is, by strict rights, I shouldn't ask Captain Melrose to sail another voyage with a second mate he objects to."

"I understand, sir," agreed Mr. Harris evenly. He rose and straightened out his crumpled hat. "And thank you very much, sir."

"Good luck," said the port captain. "And keep out of trouble. I think you're a good man and I like you, and that's why I'm stretching a point and letting you remain with the Malcolm. But if you take my advice you'll ask for a transfer. I can send you out with the Hilo Star next week."

Mr. Harris only scowled at that and passed gloomily from the office. The port captain sighed.

"It's a stupid thing to let them sail together again," he muttered. "But they're both good men and they might reach a better understanding after another voyage. If they don't it'll be a problem. I don't like to have the officers at loggerheads all through the Line. Darn women, anyway. They shouldn't be allowed on shipboard."

"WELL," demanded Evelyn Marlowe briskly. "Did you get the berth?"

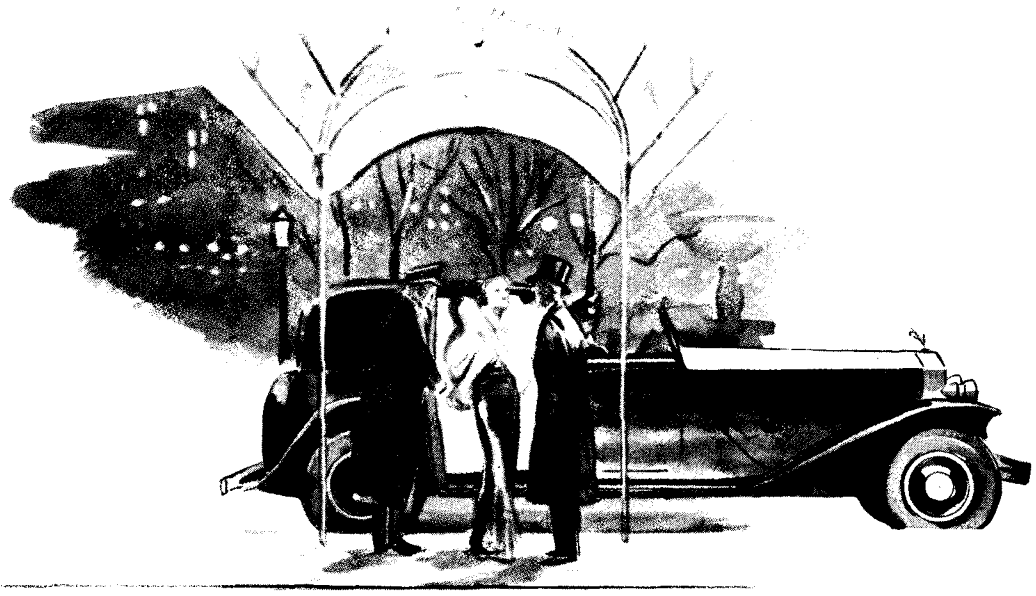
"I did not," stated Mr. Harris irritably. "Melrose turned in a poor report on me. It seems I'm inefficient and Sandall wanted to transfer me to the Hilo Star to save further trouble."

"It might be a good idea," said Evelyn. "Why didn't you agree?"

"Why didn't I agree!" Mr. Harris glared at her. "Have you lost your senses? If I went on another ship and you stayed on the Malcolm I'd see you how often? Once a year, maybe not even then."

"Well, you needn't bite my head off, Tommy dear. I was just thinking it might be best. Did you find out just what it was Captain Melrose reported you for?"

"Of course you wouldn't know," observed the second mate with sarcasm. "In the first place he's a crank for efficiency and thinks that any man with a black mark like mine over the Bannockburn affair should be stepped on. And in the second place I suppose you don't understand why he's been cornering you on the promenade deck of nights, and taking you ashore whenever you'd go with him, which was pretty often, it seems to me."



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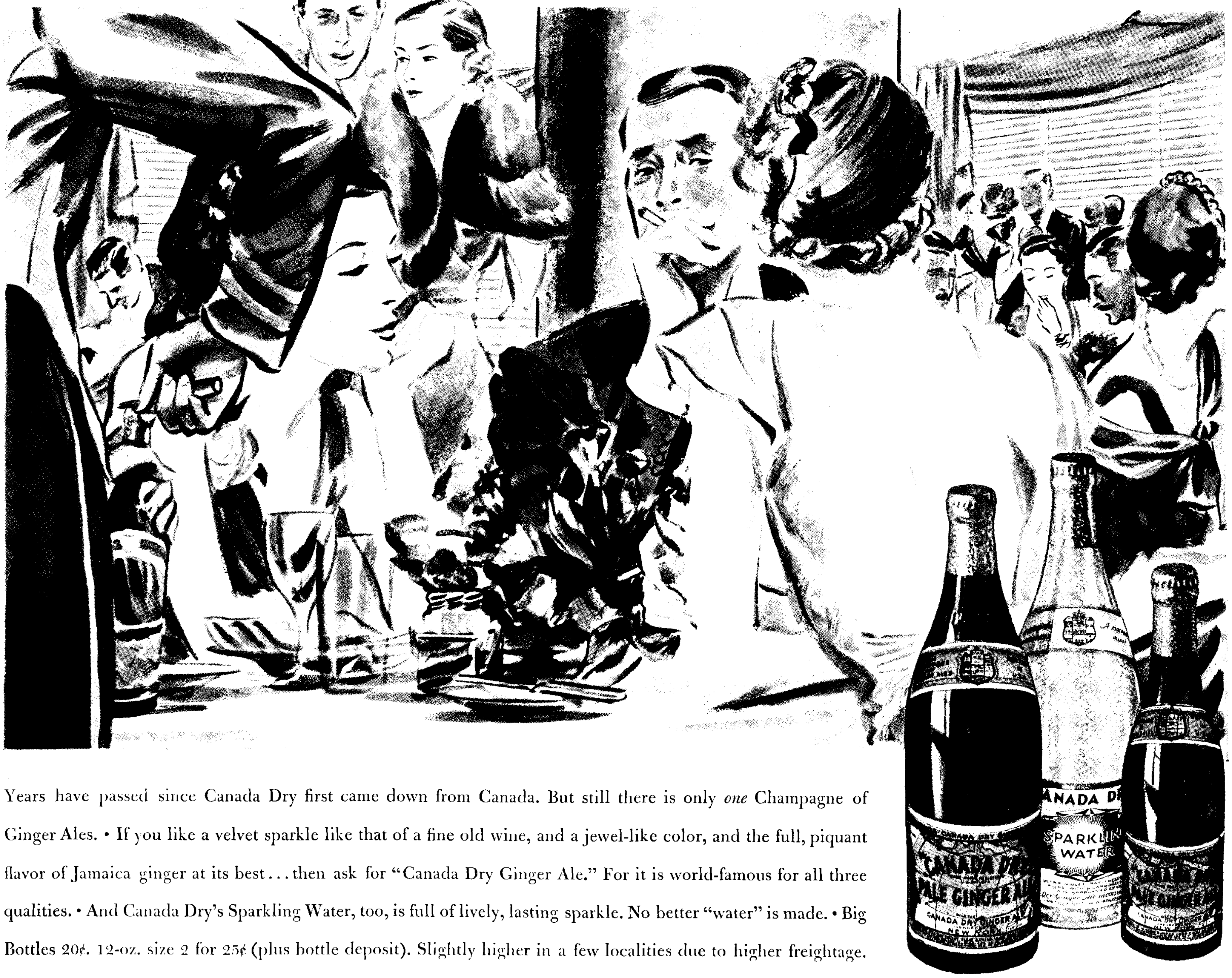

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"Oh, you're impossible!" said Evelyn. "Can I help it if Captain Melrose thinks he likes me?"

"Maybe you can't help it but it's eating him because he thinks you like me more." He jammed his hands in his pockets and scowled. "Sometimes I doubt if you do!"

She surveyed him thoughtfully, and with a faint smile. She approved of him so much, of his crisp blond hair, his blue eyes and the strong set of his jaw, a little sulky-looking now. There were times, she decided, when he was like a spoiled boy and needed someone to look after him. It was just annoying that Captain Melrose should think he wanted to marry her. She had been rather flattered at first, until Tommy found out and then he'd been horribly jealous. As if he could think for a moment she would leave him. Why, everyone in the Line knew she was Tommy Harris' girl, and had been since they had first sailed together on the Raven Star, six years before, when he had been a very young third mate, and she had been in the steerage learning her business as stewardess.

IF TOMMY hadn't been so horrible about it she could probably have used Captain Melrose to help him along, but Tommy had been simply unbearable and she had more than a suspicion that he had in many cases antagonized the captain out of sheer jealousy. It was quite a problem.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy gloomily. "If you really did love me you'd marry me now and get it over with."

"I said when you were a first mate, and I mean it," Evelyn said firmly. "I'm not going to—"

She stopped abruptly. Captain Melrose himself was standing before them, his hat lifted and his hard gray eyes intent upon Evelyn's face.

"How are you, Miss Marlowe?" he was saying smoothly. He flicked a glance at his second mate. "I've been looking for you, Harris. Ames has gone for the day and they're going to start loading that Sydney stuff in an hour. You'd better get back to the ship and take charge."

Tommy's eyes widened.

"But Mr. Ames told me he was staying on board until tomorrow, sir. I asked him especially about the day off."

"I said get aboard and take charge," Captain Melrose repeated coldly. Evelyn bit her lip, her face flushed.

"Really, Captain . . ." she began, but he waved her to silence and smiled with what for him amounted to geniality. Tommy glared at him, his own face white with anger, and then he touched a hand to his hat.

"Very good, sir. I'll go right on board."

He did not even stop to say goodby to Evelyn, nor to apologize, but moving to the curb he hailed a cab, slammed the door and sped toward the docks.

"I'm extremely sorry to spoil your party, Miss Marlowe," said Captain Melrose. "Perhaps I can take you where you wished to go. I'm entirely free today."

It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him just what she thought of him at that moment, but she remembered in time that he was Captain Melrose of the Malcolm Star, and that Tommy was his second mate, and that she was a first-class stewardess on board the same vessel. So she smiled instead and took his arm.

"Of course, Captain," she said serenely. "Shall we go somewhere and eat?"

Tommy reached the docks, slammed the cab door viciously again and paid off the man. He went up the Malcolm Star's gangplank in half a dozen leaps and then stopped short. Mr. Ames, the first mate, was standing by the saloon doorway, in his working dungarees, calmly sucking an orange and talking with the head stevedore.

"Well, I'll be blasted!" choked Tommy. "The dirty rat!" And when the astonished Mr. Ames looked at him he added hastily, "No, I wasn't speaking of you, sir. Just of someone else who told me you'd gone ashore!"

IT WAS a week later, about four bells in the afternoon watch, when Captain Melrose ascended to the upper bridge feeling remarkably pleased with himself and content with all the world.

He had been rather clever, that was certain. It was always a trifle difficult for a master to have any intimate dealings with one of his crew, embarrassing even when the person in question happened to be a young lady. He had never felt really at ease during the last voyage when he had been forced to parade about the promenade deck for a chance to see and speak with Evelyn Marlowe. For one thing, the hundred or so passengers kept bothering him with questions and urgings to play cards or have a drink or something. And for another he felt he was making himself slightly ridiculous in the eyes of his men. A master running after a stewardess! But now he had solved all that.

"Ah, Mr. Harris," he said pleasantly, as the second mate emerged from the chartroom and came to the rail to stare ahead. "Remarkably fine weather, eh? We should be making good time."

Mr. Harris stared at him suspiciously and jerked his uniform cap lower over his eyes.

"Yes, sir," he agreed. "Close to eighteen knots."

"Fine," said the captain. "Fine. Are you going to the fancy-dress ball tonight?"

Mr. Harris was distinctly startled.

"Well, sir," he hesitated. "I didn't think you approved of the officers dancing with passengers."

Captain Melrose waved airily and smiled.

"Once in a while, Harris. Once in a while. Tonight we'll make an exception. Go and enjoy yourself."

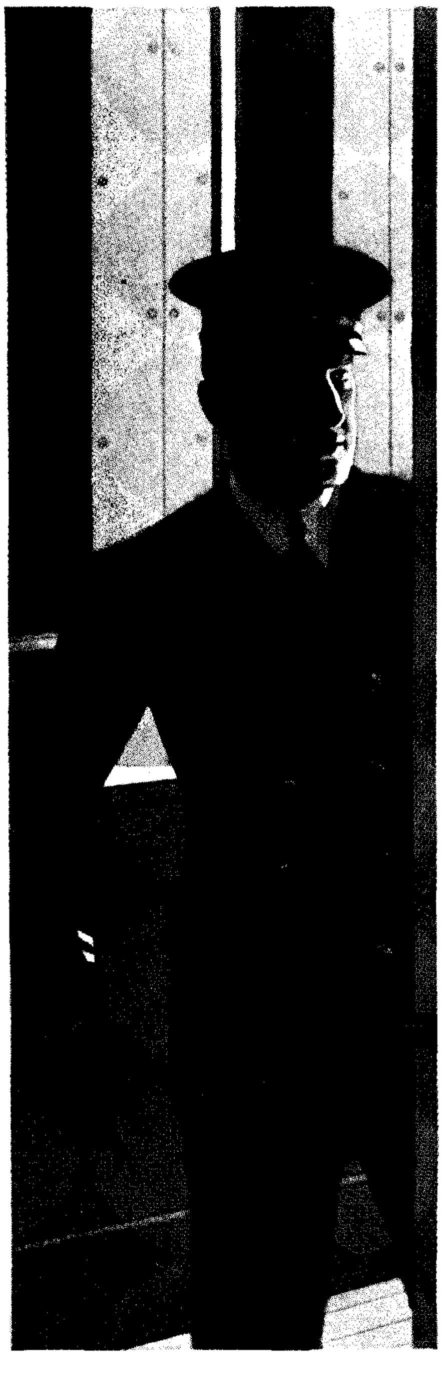
He strolled away into the chartroom and the second mate clung petrified to the rail. He was undecided as to whether the old man had gone utterly insane or was only drunk. He had never been pleasant before, not to anyone save shore officials and agents, and particularly not to Tommy Harris. Then why the abrupt change?

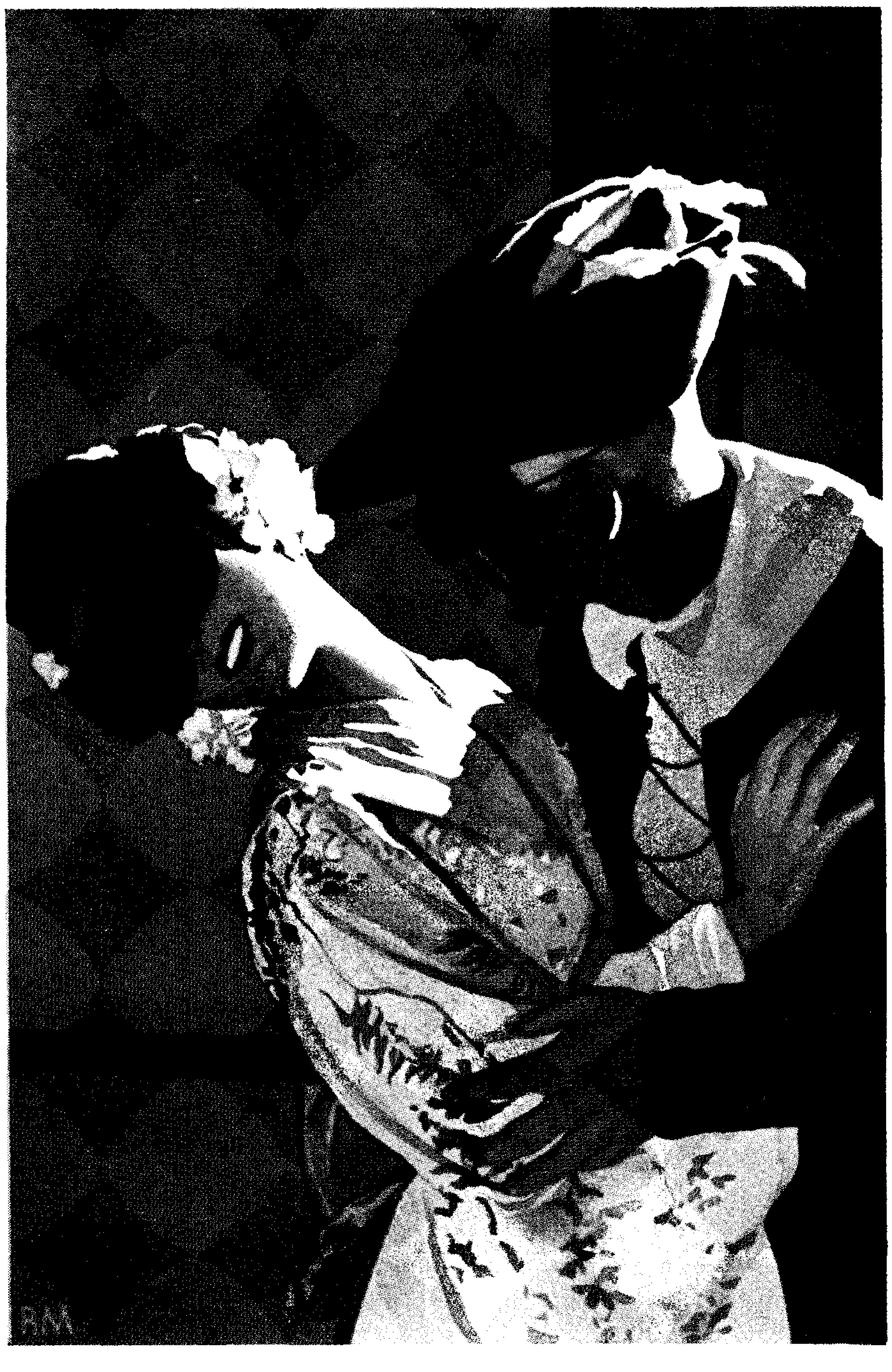
"He's got something up his sleeve," the mystified Tommy told himself. "This morning he was swearing he'd have me chased out of the Line because I hadn't noticed the quartermaster had the signal flags in the wrong pigeonholes. And now he invites me to the fancy-dress ball. What's the idea?"

He had a right to be mystified, knowing Captain Melrose; and Captain Melrose had a right to feel amiable, at this particular moment, anyway. For, to be honest, the captain was in somewhat of an awkward situation, and no one realized it better than himself. A man of forty-odd, not unhandsome in a stern way, gray but distinguished-looking, a strict disciplinarian and possessed of an impeccable record, he had been so unfortunate as to fall in love. He had been amazed at himself at first. He could understand that he should be attracted to a woman, but he could not understand why that woman had to be a stewardess on his own ship. It touched his pride a little. Why couldn't he have fallen for a woman safely ensconced ashore, or at least on his own social level, as he put it? But he had to admit the facts.

THERE he was in love and it seemed that nothing could be done about it. He had expected in the beginning (and he was a trifle condescending then) that Evelyn Marlowe would be overwhelmed by the honor. He had been irritated to discover she not only was not particularly overwhelmed but somewhat obviously preferred his second mate. And that not only touched his pride again but also roused in him a determination that surprised him. He had held command for so long he could not conceive of not having his own way, and his emotions became the stronger for having opposition. An unreasonable but entirely human jealousy sprang up in him. He realized with a twinge that Tommy Harris was still on the bright side of thirty, whereas he was forty-odd; and he understood that youth called to youth.

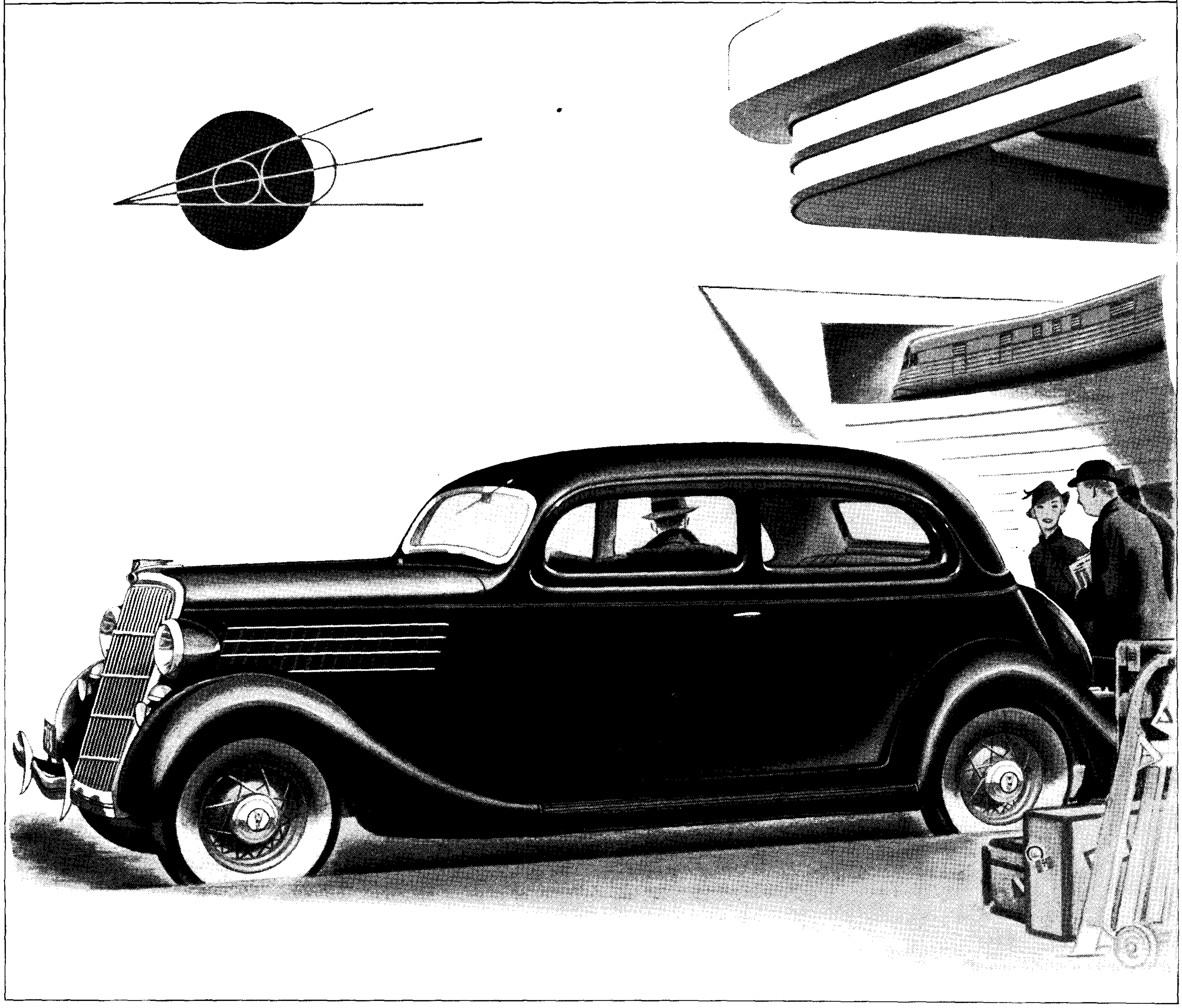
(Continued on page 60)





He was kissing her, or trying to, and she was laughing and turning her face

THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1935



—And More Room Inside

ALMOST every one who rides in the New Ford V-8 for the first time is surprised at its roominess. It is a big, substantial car so well-proportioned that you do not realize its full size until you study its dimensions. . . . All 1935 Ford cars are 112-inch wheelbase. All have an overall length of 182¾ inches—or more. This increased size—with the compactness of the V-8 engine, moved forward in the chassis—gives more room for your comfort inside the car. . . . The interior of the De Luxe Tudor Sedan (illustrated above) is 50½ inches wide at the front seat. The rear seat is 47 inches wide. Front and rear compartments have exceptional head room and leg room. There's a separate luggage compartment behind the rear seat. . . . The New Ford V-8 is comfortable all around. It has the physical comfort of size. The mental comfort that comes from driving a safe, easily handled car, powered by an 85-horsepower V-8 engine.

Came a Whisper from the Mountains

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THINGS had changed here in Discovery while Clancy had been away. Over the summer the little gold camps had been booming. His old diggings on Clancy Creek were doing well; drift-mining and placer-mining were producing good pay; they had just found a new streak north of the original strike, Sandy said. Everybody was making money in Discovery. Clancy gazed resentfully through the window of Sandy McVitty's store at the evident signs of prosperity all about him. Everybody but Clancy.

Clancy was feeling very bitter. He sighed and borrowed a plug of tobacco from Sandy. It made him feel bitter to have to be borrowing tobacco like that. Here he was the original discoverer of Clancy Creek, the father of this blinking camp, as you might say, the rightful one who should be owning the whole shebang right now; and yet at this moment he was probably the only man in Discovery who didn't have even the price of a plug of tobacco in his jeans. Sandy did not hesitate to mention the fact.

"And there's no one to blame but yourself," he prodded, returning the plug of tobacco to the safety of his hip pocket. "It might have been yours, every mite of it. I warned you last spring when you sold out your claim. You'd be a rich man today, if only them restless feet of yours would learn to stay put for a spell."

CLANCY glared accusingly at his feet. His boots were dusty and battered, the hobs worn flat, the soles eaten through by many long and weary miles. It was their fault, he knew. It was that everlasting itch in them to be always on the go. They had lured him away this spring from Clancy Creek, led him to abandon his claim and hit out for new claims beyond the horizon, led him a wild-goose chase all summer in the bleak hills far to the north, while Kahler and the rest of them had stayed here in Discovery and cashed in on his luck. It wasn't fair. It wasn't right.

"Lucky, indeed!" Sandy spoke with feeling. He had staked Lucky Clancy before, and this footloose quality in his erratic partner had long been a tender point with him. "Lucky for everybody else, you are. You make the strike, and the rest of them follow you and get the good of it. They tag around after you like a pack of wolves trailing a bear, waiting for you to make a kill so's they can rush in and have theirselves a feed after you've gone. Here's some that Kahler took out of your old claim just last week. Look at these!"

He took several dull yellow nuggets from his cash drawer, and rolled them across the counter. Clancy picked them up moodily. Sandy was right. He always made the find, and the rest of them followed him and got the good of it. Lucky Clancy, they called him, and no wonder. He weighed the wrinkled pieces of gold thoughtfully in his palm. It wasn't fair at all.

"And they ought to belong to you instead of Kahler," Sandy persisted. "Kahler's making money offen you, same's everybody else, account of you ain't got the sense to stay in one place long enough to take what's yours."

Clancy rattled the nuggets like dice in his cupped hand. Lucky Clancy, eh? He leaned across the counter. "Sandy," he began. His eyes narrowed craftily. "Would you be willing to stake me on a little hunch that I got?"

"I'd sooner stake an Eskimo to a piece of soap," said Sandy, reaching hurriedly for the nuggets.

"Just this handful here," pleaded Clancy, closing his fist over them. "Just this once more, Sandy. We'll go fifty-fifty on anything we get out of it. You see, I got a hunch. . . ."

FALLON'S roadhouse was crowded and smoky when he wandered in later that night. His arrival created a pleasant stir of excitement. Here's Lucky Clancy, back again! Glad to see you, Clancy! You're looking fine, Clancy! They grinned, pumped his hand, clapped him on the back. And what luck did you have this summer, Clancy? He grinned back at them and said nothing. Kahler stepped up and pounded on the bar. "I'm buying this round for Clancy," he shouted.

They lifted their glasses to him, and tossed down the drinks. "Another," said Kahler.

"Now, wait, now," said Clancy with a little show of feeling. "I ain't so poor but what I can be buying a round of my own." He rolled a big yellow nugget very casually across the bar. "Sorry I ain't got anything smaller," he apologized to the barkeep.

The shouts fell away to a whisper, the laughter died, they crowded around the bar in sudden silence. One by one they fingered the nugget, passed it from hand to hand, and glanced significantly at each other. "They don't come any smaller where I got these," Clancy smiled mysteriously.

Kahler wandered over and rested a hand on his shoulder. "You wouldn't maybe be tipping us off where that might be?" he murmured pleasantly.

Clancy downed his drink. "I'm no fool, not this time." He winked archly, and turned his back very deliberately on Kahler and wandered to a table in the corner. Slim Fallon was sitting at the table. Clancy knew Slim: you could not depend on him for much, but you could always depend on him to spill everything that he heard. "Hello, Slim," he said with sudden cordiality. "Have a drink, Slim." He rolled a couple of nuggets carelessly across the table and beckoned to the barkeep. "Let's have a bottle over here."

He watched out of the corner of his eye as they crowded around the barkeep and examined the bits of gold. There was a growing buzz of excitement in the air. Lucky Clancy had hit it again. He heard Kahler murmur: "They're as big as the ones I got last week." Clancy avoided their searching gaze, and continued to chat with Slim. "Have a nice summer, Slim?"

"Fair, Clancy, fair," said Slim. "How did it go with you?"

"I can't complain," said Clancy.

Slim's voice was soft and guarded. "You planning to stick around very long?" he inquired offhand, pouring Clancy another drink.

"Not me," said Clancy, gulping it down. Kahler was watching him. His voice began to sound dull and thick, and his head sagged heavily. He saw Kahler nod.

"Have another," urged Slim quickly, filling his glass again.

"No, sir, I'm only here until I can get some stuff together," Clancy mumbled vaguely, "and then I'm heading back to Rainbow Creek before—"

He checked himself in apparent confusion. Slim's face was poker-blank, but Clancy noted with satisfaction that his eyes were gleaming. "I got to be pushing along," said Clancy. "I got a lot of things to be doing tomorrow."

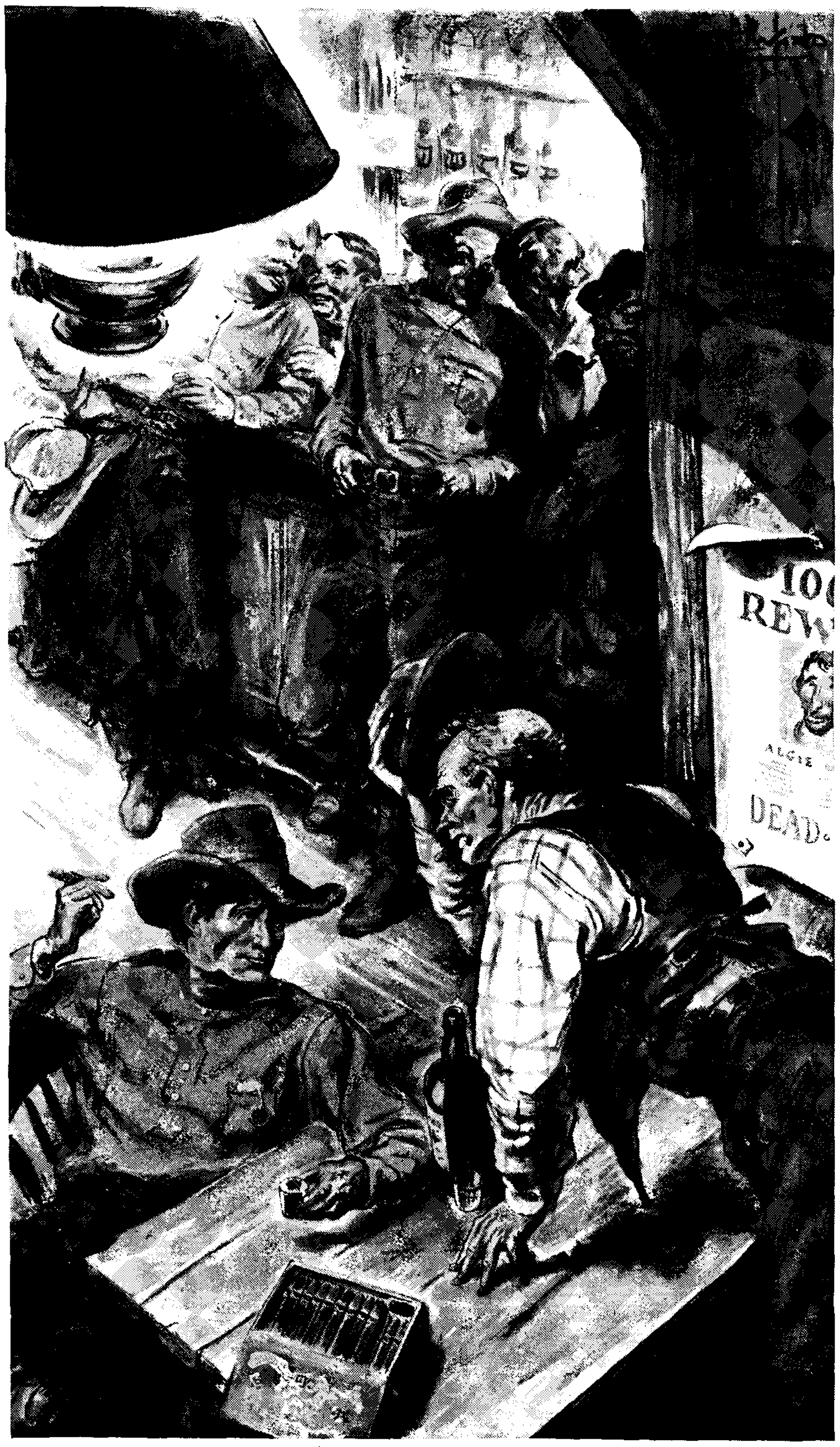
THE word spread like wildfire as soon as he had gone. Rainbow Creek! Slim repeated the name for the newcomers. They'd heard of Rainbow Creek, way down the Yukon. So that was where the old fox had been. And he wouldn't be letting them in on it, would he? A couple of drinks will do wonders sometimes. Poor old Clancy. Kahler smiled and fingered the yellow nuggets on the bar. One by one they began to tiptoe very casually toward the door of the roadhouse. . . .

Sandy's face was shining, and he clapped Clancy eagerly on the shoulders as he entered the store next morning. "It worked," he grinned. "They're all heading for Rainbow Creek like a herd of caribou. It's a stampede. Kahler sold me the best part of his claim here for grubstake and an outfit to make the trip. Half of it's yours, Clancy."

Clancy stroked his chin and looked down at his feet thoughtfully. "Sandy," he said at last, "would you take my share for a new pair of boots? Mine's pretty wore out to make a long trip."

"Where you going?" asked Sandy in amazement.

"Thought I'd be going down to Rainbow Creek myself," said Clancy. "Might be something in that rumor, at that."



"I got to be pushing along," said Clancy. "I got a lot of things to be doing"

They all wind up at the altar!

1. *Anne and I used to be just "once in a whiles."*

2. *But the "once in a whiles" became "one and onlys"—look at us now!*

And it's the same with SPUDS

1. *Same way, I used to smoke Spuds now and then.*

2. *But now old Spud and I are living in marital bliss! I'm going to smoke happily ever after.*

● Interesting, the way Spud has taken the country. Not like other cigarettes at all. Smoker after smoker tells us he started with Spud as an occasional smoke and wound up *marrying* the brand. For if a fresh, cool mouth is good to have when you're smoking extra heavy—*it's good to have all the time!* So why don't you and Spud get together and say "I do"—for keeps?

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

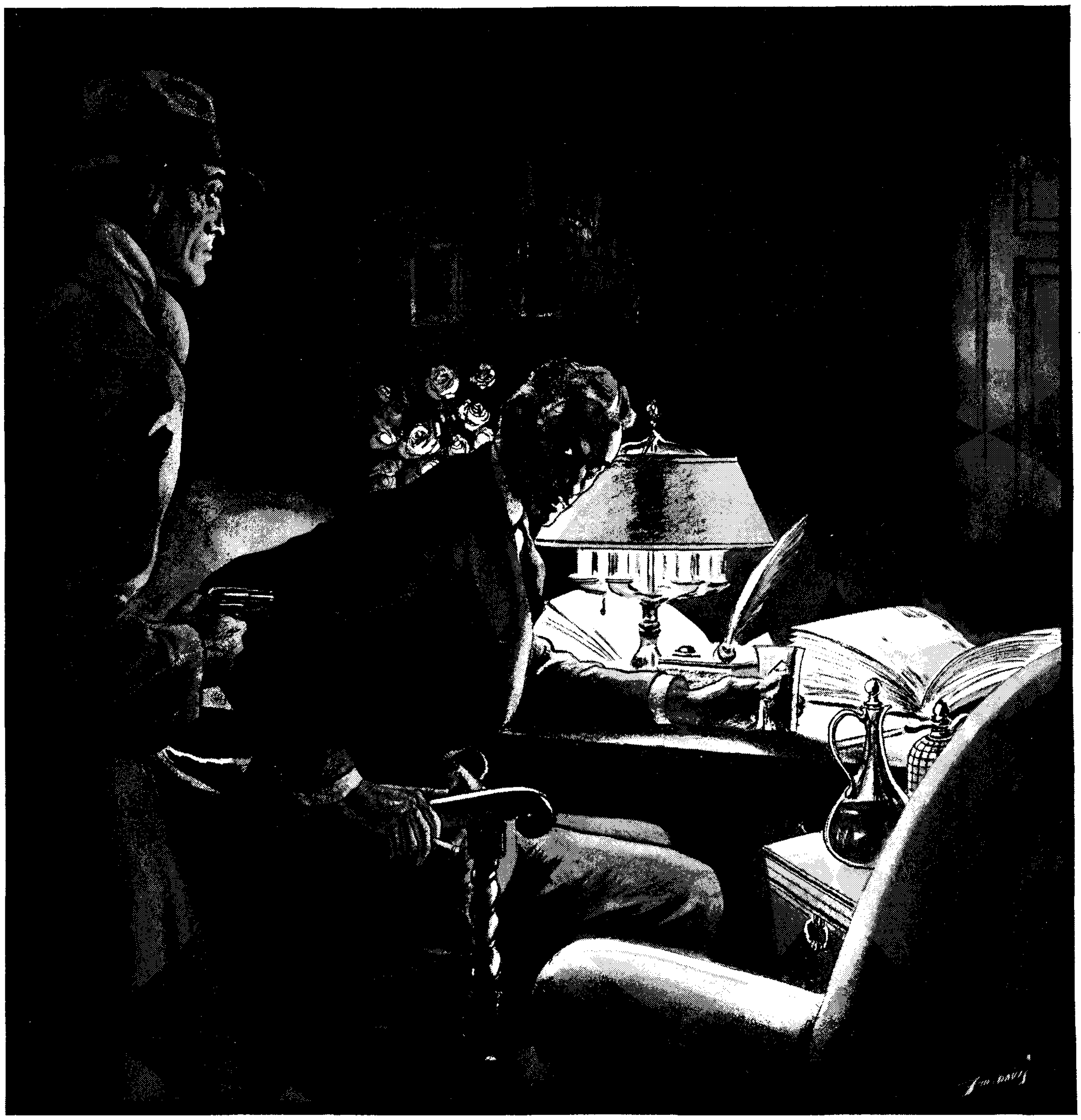
CORK TIP OR PLAIN · 15¢ FOR 20 · (20¢ IN CANADA) · *The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky*

First Catch the Girl

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

Detective Wragge's niece essays a perilous rôle, and demonstrates the wonders of radio — to Scotland Yard's entire satisfaction



Meredith leaned forward. "Why are you butting in like this?" he demanded

SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE had finished his breakfast, folded his Times for more careful perusal during the day, lit his pipe and accepted his overcoat from his very soldierly-looking butler. Still he seemed in no hurry to leave the house. His car was waiting outside and it was already five minutes past his usual hour of departure. Miss Mott looked at him speculatively.

"You have the air, Uncle," she confided, "of wishing to say something to me, or someone, before you leave."

"Amazing intuition," he grunted. "You are the victim."

She laughed across at him from her place at the breakfast table.

"I knew it," she exclaimed. "Well?"

"I'm still a little uneasy in my mind about you," her uncle admitted.

She looked at him with raised eyebrows and a smile of protest upon her lips.

"My dear man," she expostulated, "what can you do more, short of locking me up in a cell? I've come here to live with you and find myself in a fortress. That has to be for your sake as well as mine, I suppose. The commissionaire is an ex-Scotland Yard man, so is the elevator man, so is the butler. They are also expert gunmen, they are never off the floor without being relieved and I drive the little way to my office escorted always by one of them. What do you mean—you are not comfortable about me?"

"YOU'RE all right here," her uncle conceded. "What I'm always afraid of is that you'll tumble into some faked business through applicants at the office."

She laughed scornfully.

"I've had my warnings, haven't I?" she asked. "And I'm not quite an idiot. Besides, you've practically smashed up the dangerous gang—two of them hanged, one of them penal servitude for life and two others seven years each. I should think the Number One Gangsters wouldn't bother me after that."

"The Number One gangsters as a body are finished," her uncle acknowledged, "but you mustn't forget that their chief, who is probably the most dangerous criminal living in any country, is still free."

Miss Mott made a little grimace.

"Well, I haven't come to much grief up till now, have I?"

Superintendent Wragge looked down at her. His mouth was hard set. He could be stern when he liked as well as kindly, and he was stern now.

"Let me tell you this, young lady, if you don't know it," he said. "When we want a man badly at Scotland Yard and we think it's going to do any good, we offer a reward for him. Meredith has taken a leaf out of our books. There's a reward at the present moment of five thousand pounds offered for you, delivered—God knows where. It's gone through the underworld like a flash of lightning."

"Shall I enter a convent?" Miss Mott suggested. "What do you want me to do?"

"I should like you to drop your agency," her uncle replied, "and just go on with your newspaper work."

"I can't do that," she answered firmly. "I've made nearly two thousand pounds by my agency already this year and I won't be frightened out of it."

"Then I should like you," he went on, "to submit to me every case you are offered and not to proceed with it until I give you the O. K."

"I'll do that," she promised after a moment's reflection. "You're a dear old thing to worry so much about me," she added, standing on tiptoe and kissing him. "I won't take on the simplest case in the world without telephoning to you."

He nodded and relit his pipe.

"You've taken a load off my mind," he confessed, as he hurried out.

Miss Mott was only halfway through her pile of correspondence that morning when Mr. Wells, her editor-in-chief, was announced. She welcomed him with some surprise.

"Why didn't you send for me?" she asked. "I feel that there is something all wrong in an editor coming to see a contributor."

HE COUGHED a little nervously and leaned back in the clients' chair.

"Miss Mott," he began, "I wonder whether we could induce you to give up this agency business?"

She looked at him ruefully.

"What, give it up altogether?"

"That's what we'd like," he admitted.

"Has it been a success financially?"

"I've made nearly two thousand by it this year," she confided.

"Of course, we couldn't compete with that," he confessed, "but I have an offer to make to you, Miss Mott. The directors—Mr. Warren and the others—talked it over, and we have decided to offer you the post of sub-editor of the paper with an increase in salary of five hundred pounds a year, if you care to accept it."

"That is very nice of you all," Miss Mott declared. "I think it is an extraordinarily pleasant offer."

"We should want you," Mr. Wells continued, "to give up the agency business and to take up your position in the offices. You would have a suite to yourself, a secretary, a typist, and a seat on the board. In short, we would try to make it as comfortable as possible."

"But you would want me to give up my agency?" she queried.

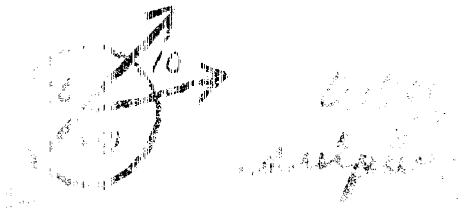
"We certainly should," Mr. Wells agreed. "We think that it brings you into touch with a good many undesirable people."

Miss Mott remained silent for several moments. Mr. Wells whistled softly to himself—the sign of a very perturbed state of mind.

"Leaving the business side of the matter alone altogether for the moment,

160°C - 90%
145°C - 50%
70°C - 10%
10%
50%
90%

What's all the figuring about? It's about gasoline.



Government experts have figured out specifications for emergency gasoline for use in fire-engines and ambulances.

What of it? Just this:

Texaco Fire-Chief beats those specifications on every count.

A fact . . . not a claim.

Miss Mott," he went on, "I personally have been occasionally very much worried by the adventures into which you have been led. My own feelings as regards you are quite unchanged."

Miss Mott sighed.

"You are very kind to me, Mr. Wells," she admitted. "I don't think I was made for marriage and that sort of thing."

Mr. Wells sighed.

"If only you had a little more sentiment," he lamented.

MISS MOTT leaned ever so slightly toward the huge bunch of violets which decorated her table and drew in a waft of their perfume. Away danced her heart into the misty places of life. A voice, a never clearly seen face, a queer tangle of throbbing memories. No sentiment, indeed! She smiled faintly and very wistfully. Mr. Wells, who was a sensitive and apprehensive man, saw the smile and sighed once more.

"I suppose I'm very stupid," she declared with a new briskness. "I've too many other people's love affairs to think of to develop one of my own. I consider yours is a very wonderful offer, Mr. Wells. I can't just make up my mind for a moment about giving up this agency business. I know my uncle would love me to and, of course, one has to take one's risks."

"Think it over for a week," Mr. Wells suggested. "I need a sub-editor badly, and I'd rather have you than anyone."

"In one week you shall have my reply," she promised.

Mr. Wells thereupon took his leave and Miss Mott, with half her letters unopened, indulged in the very reprehensible practice of daydreaming. She broke off one of the violets and held it for a moment to her lips. He was a very unseeing person who imagined Miss Mott to be devoid of sentiment.

MISS MOTT was still feeling a little dazed as she greeted the two callers who were ushered in a few minutes later. Mother and daughter, she decided at once, strictly middle-class, the girl affected, overaddicted to the use of cosmetics, but pretty, and the mother of the same type, but passée. Miss Mott glanced at the card: *Mrs. Ewan Browne;* and underneath, in somewhat smaller type: *Miss Dorothy Ewan Browne.* All very stylish and what it should be.

"What can I do for you?" Miss Mott asked.

Mrs. Ewan Browne spoke as one who had a grievance.

"I thought it best to come and see you, Miss Mott," she said, "with regard to the advice you gave my daughter in your paper last week."

"Really," was the somewhat chilly reply. "I don't, as a rule, see my correspondents, personally. I'm afraid I should never get through my day's work if I did. You won't mind telling me what it is you want as quickly as possible, will you?"

"You can have it in two words," Mrs. Ewan Browne declared. "I want to know how you dared advise my daughter to throw away her money on those silly dancing lessons."

MISS MOTT was a little bewildered. The girl was helpful.

"I signed myself Dorothy," she reminded her. "I wrote and told you that I was twenty-one years old and had just come in for a thousand pounds left me by my uncle. I told you that I'd decided to spend a small part of it in taking stage dancing lessons and that my mother disapproved. You replied last week saying that if I was satisfied I had some ability and that the dancing school was a first-class one, you thought I was justified in going on with the lessons. So I did and I mean to continue."

Her mother drew herself up.

"That's the spirit one's daughters grow up with nowadays," she remarked bitterly. "I'm surprised to find anyone connected with a magazine so widely read as yours, madam, advising a girl to go against her own mother."

"Having given my advice," Miss Mott said, glancing at the clock, "I have no further interest in the matter. Do you mind my pointing out that I am very busy?"

"But I haven't begun yet!" Mrs. Ewan Browne protested.

"Begun what?" Miss Mott asked impatiently.

"To explain what I came for. You yourself, in your reply to Dorothy, mentioned the standing of the dancing school—I don't approve of it."

"Why not?"

"There's a footman to answer the door," Mrs. Ewan Browne confided, "the house is much too large and expensive, they only charge two guineas a lesson and strange gentlemen are there watching."

THE girl looked across at Miss Mott appealingly.

"Mother is so silly," she complained. "The men who go there to watch are the agents for theatrical managers and they often give engagements. Then Madam Hansen only charges two guineas a lesson, but you have to pay her a commission if you get an engagement. I don't know what we came here for anyway," she added peevishly. "I'm going on with the lessons. We're taking up Miss Mott's time, Mother."

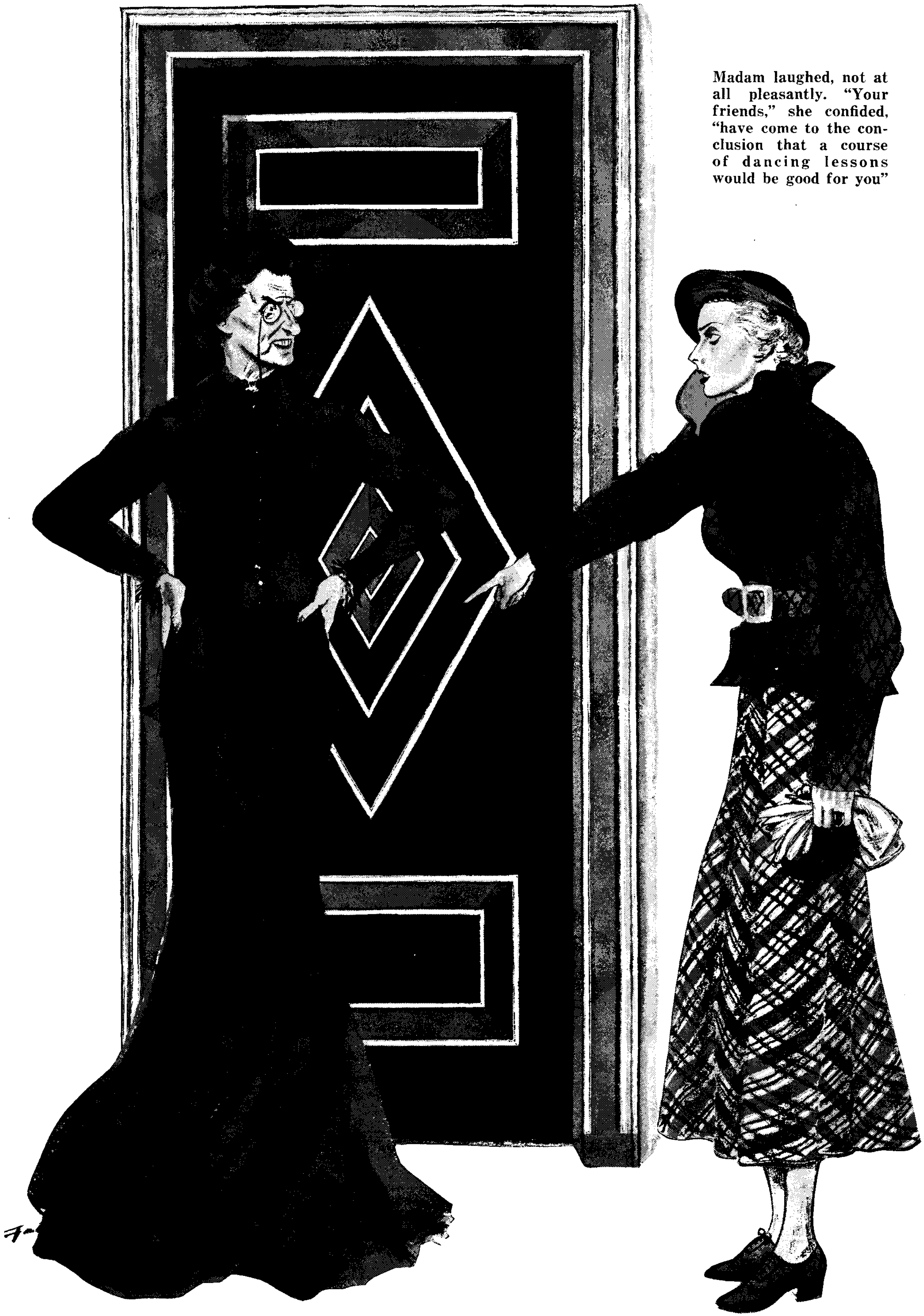
"Sensible girl," Miss Mott declared. "I'm afraid I can't be of any assistance to you, Mrs. Browne."

Miss Mott's finger was upon the bell and it seemed as though the matter would have ended then and there but for the tears which suddenly appeared in the elder woman's eyes. Miss Mott's finger hesitated.

"What did you want me to do?" she inquired.

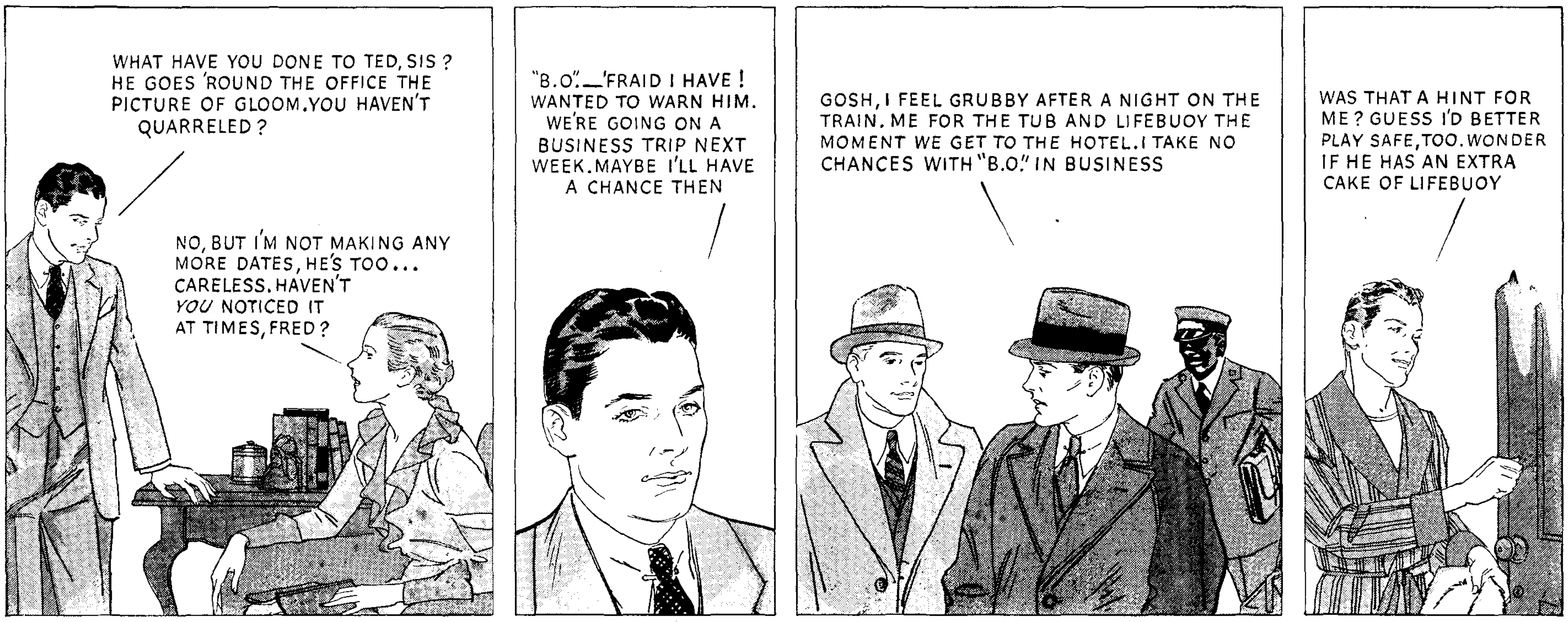
"They told me you ran an inquiry

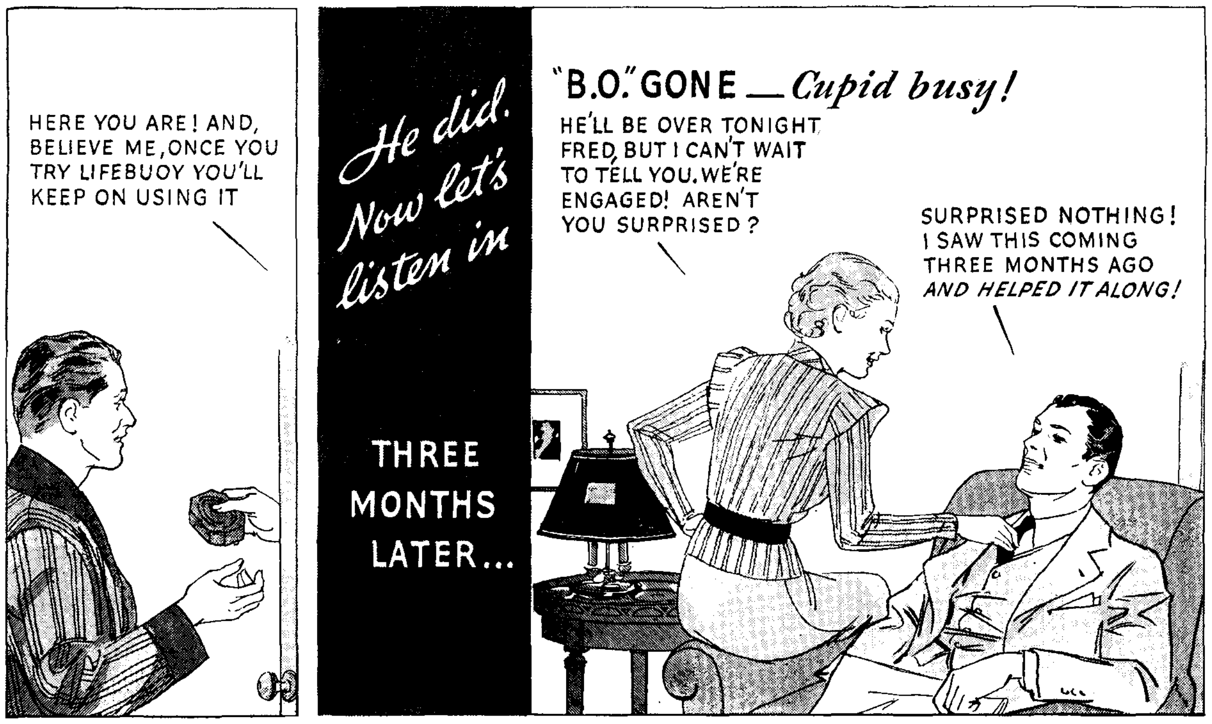
(Continued on page 46)

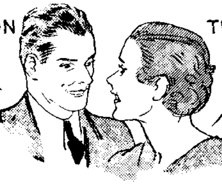


Madam laughed, not at all pleasantly. "Your friends," she confided, "have come to the conclusion that a course of dancing lessons would be good for you"

NEW LIFE FOR A DYING ROMANCE


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO TED, SIS ? HE GOES 'ROUND THE OFFICE THE PICTURE OF GLOOM. YOU HAVEN'T QUARRELED ?
NO, BUT I'M NOT MAKING ANY MORE DATES, HE'S TOO... CARELESS. HAVEN'T *YOU* NOTICED IT AT TIMES, FRED ?
"B.O."—'FRAID I HAVE ! WANTED TO WARN HIM. WE'RE GOING ON A BUSINESS TRIP NEXT WEEK. MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CHANCE THEN
GOSH, I FEEL GRUBBY AFTER A NIGHT ON THE TRAIN. ME FOR THE TUB AND LIFEBUOY THE MOMENT WE GET TO THE HOTEL. I TAKE NO CHANCES WITH "B.O." IN BUSINESS
WAS THAT A HINT FOR ME ? GUESS I'D BETTER PLAY SAFE, TOO. WONDER IF HE HAS AN EXTRA CAKE OF LIFEBUOY


HERE YOU ARE ! AND, BELIEVE ME, ONCE YOU TRY LIFEBUOY *YOU'LL* KEEP ON USING IT
He did. Now let's listen in
THREE MONTHS LATER...
"B.O." GONE — *Cupid busy!*
HE'LL BE OVER TONIGHT FRED, BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL YOU. WE'RE ENGAGED! AREN'T YOU SURPRISED ?
SURPRISED NOTHING! I SAW THIS COMING THREE MONTHS AGO *AND HELPED IT ALONG!*

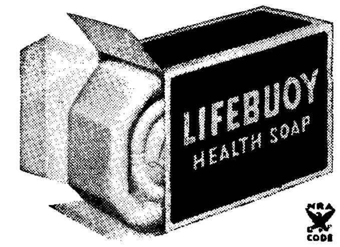

YOUR COMPLEXION IS FRESH AS A ROSE
THAT'S THE KIND OF COMPLEXION LIFEBUOY GIVES YOU!

AND she's just one of the *millions* who say, "Lifebuoy agrees with my skin!" Complexions thrive on its gentle mildness—grow fresher, clearer. Tests made on the skins of hundreds of women prove that Lifebuoy is decidedly milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

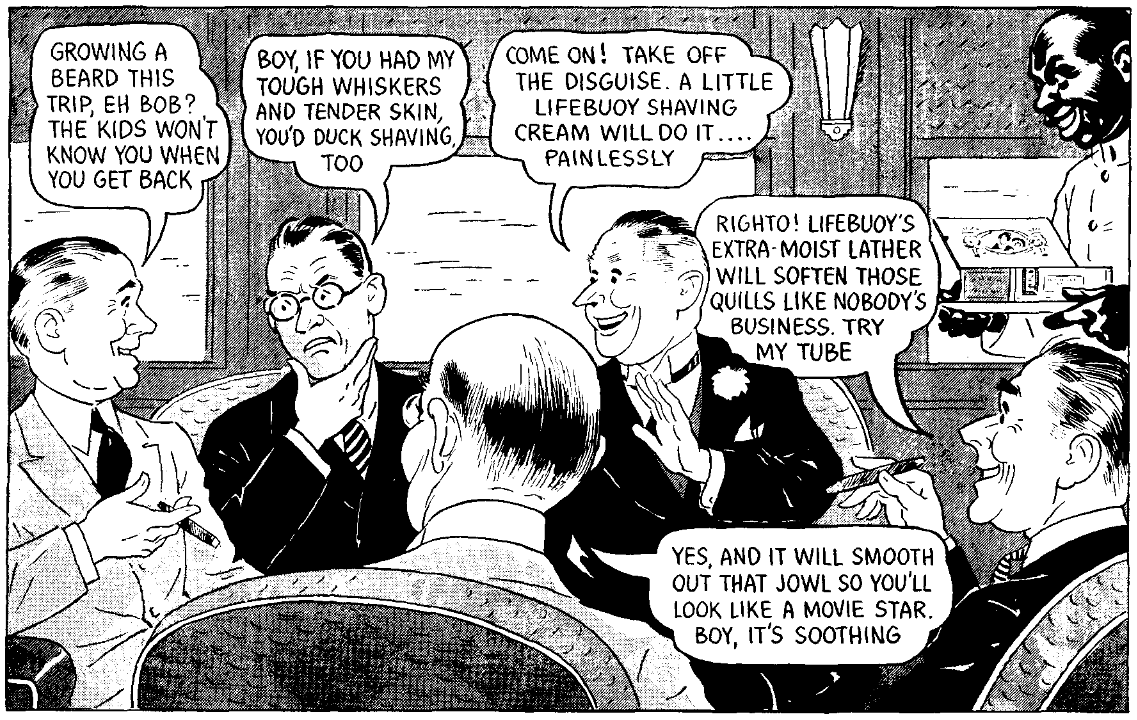
A fatal blunder

Even on the coldest winter day, don't feel you can forget about "B.O." (*body odor*). Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste — a *quart* daily! You need Lifebuoy's extra protection the year 'round. It lathers more freely, purifies and deodorizes pores, stops "B.O." Its own clean, pleasant scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
NRA CODE

BOB TAKES IT ON THE CHIN


GROWING A BEARD THIS TRIP, EH BOB? THE KIDS WON'T KNOW YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK
BOY, IF YOU HAD MY TOUGH WHISKERS AND TENDER SKIN, YOU'D DUCK SHAVING, TOO
COME ON! TAKE OFF THE DISGUISE. A LITTLE LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM WILL DO IT.... PAINLESSLY
RIGHTO! LIFEBUOY'S EXTRA-MOIST LATHER WILL SOFTEN THOSE QUILLS LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS. TRY MY TUBE
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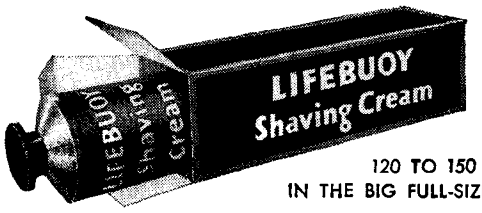
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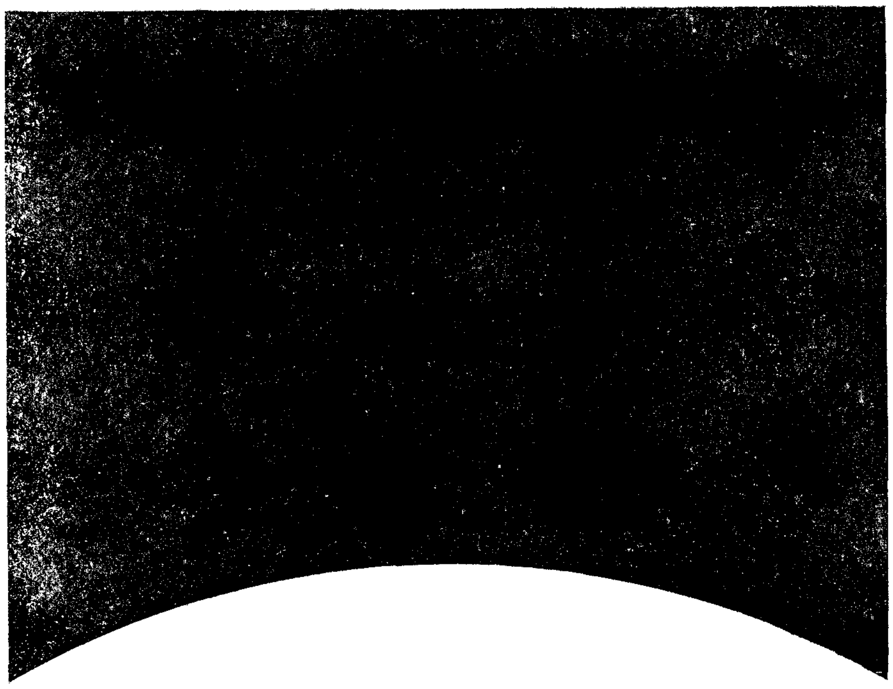

TWO gentlemen entered an ex-speakeasy in the West Forties of New York City and walked along the dark lower hall and up the sagging stairs to a back dining-room. The speakeasy was in an old stone front which had originally been converted into a boardinghouse and was now converted into a restaurant. The entrance was through the cellar door under the front steps as it had been in prohibition days.

"Do you remember when we used to live in places like this . . . $3.75 a week?" asked the first gentleman.

"I never paid more than $2.50," said the second gentleman decidedly, continuing to climb and puffing a little from the effort.

The second gentleman was rotund at the waist and he had a beaming face and a ring of hair around the back of his crown and he was Guy Kibbee. One point of his soft collar was flopping at the end and his tie was slipping down at the other side, but nevertheless he seemed content with the world. The other gentleman was younger and more dapper and no one could take him for anything but an Irishman. He answered to the name of Frank McHugh. They are now character actors of importance in Hollywood, but they were referring to the days when they played one-night stands, stock and repertory dates all over America.

"If I'm on a train and it pulls into a station," said Mr. Kibbee, "I can stick my nose out the window and tell by the smell what town I'm in."

"Whenever I stick my head out the window," said Mr. McHugh, "it's always Kansas."

Mr. Kibbee was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1886, and was an actor for thirty years before he reached Broadway. Mr. McHugh made it in fourteen years, starting at the age of nine in Homestead, Pennsylvania, with the theatrical McHugh family (mother, father and four acting children) and thinking he had reached the top when he finally got sixty dollars a week in stock at Des Moines, with what was considered at that time the best stock company in the world.

The paths of the two gentlemen first crossed when they played with the Blaney-Empire stock at East Liberty, Pittsburgh.

The Golden Age of Stock

"A good company, that company," said Mr. Kibbee musingly. "We paid royalties for the plays. When I first started out we didn't do anything foolish like that. We played the shows all right but we had our own titles. Being short on actors didn't make any difference either. I remember a fellow named Clay Harris who was out doing rep. We were in Wichita, Kansas, and he was playing in Girard and I went over to see him. They were playing The Virginian with four people—Harris, his wife, his little girl and the fellow who drove the truck. They'd have played Ben Hur with six people and a mule."

"Listen," cried Mr. McHugh. "I played St. Elmo a hundred times and I still don't know what it's all about."

He got up and began to recite the lines.

" 'Gertrude, soon the silly moths that hover about will seek a brighter flame to attract. Then will come the terrible sense of being alone and you will end in a suicide's grave or a death in the gutter [*Long Pause*], where you belong.'

"And then the scene between St. Elmo and Murray Hammond about the duel. . . . 'St. Elmo, you have insulted me. I demand [*Pause*] satisfaction. . . .' 'You mean a [*Pause*] duel?' . . . 'Yes.' '. . . No! Duels are for gentlemen. You are a blackleg! When I meet you, I will drive you, as a snapping cur back to his kennel, with my riding whip! [*Lashes Murray Hammond.*] So! So! So! and so!' "

Mr. McHugh sat down and he and Mr. Kibbee began to eat. After two spoonfuls of minestrone Mr. Kibbee was reminded of something.

"As a matter of fact, Frank, Hollywood's pretty soft after that stock training. We spent half our lives playing in one show and rehearsing for another, and now all we have to do is learn a few sides of dialogue for a day's work on the lot."

"What's good about Hollywood," Mr. McHugh pointed out with his soup spoon, "is you can knock off work at night and go home. When did we ever have a home before?"

Mr. Kibbee admitted they had been short on permanency.

"My wife and I used to talk about that," he said ruefully. "We finished up one season in Bellows Falls, Vermont, and when Brownie and I got back to New York we had six dollars between us. We got one of those $2.50 rooms and I went out hunting for something. I said to myself, 'Either we get a New York show or I'm through with the business.' But I didn't even get a chance to talk to a New York manager and I didn't know how to get any other kind of a job, so the first thing we knew we were out on another road job."

Broadway at Last

"You're making me cry," Mr. McHugh reminded him.

"That one lasted about a year," Mr. Kibbee went on, without paying any attention. "We played everything in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast and I had colic from the hotel meals and my back was like a washboard from the beds and I made up my mind the theater could get along without my genius. When we got back to New York I got a radio job and that was fine. We had the same $2.50 room, Brownie and I, but we had it permanently. Then Arthur Hopkins put out a call for character men for Torch Song and I went

(Continued on page 64)

Guy Kibbee, who stars at character parts, as he will appear in the forthcoming production, Wanderlust

A characteristic pose of that genial drinker of the films, Frank McHugh, in one of the earlier stages of the evening

Happy Landings!

SKIS come in pairs, and . . . for a happy landing . . . they must be managed in pairs. Which, if you will, points a whole philosophy of living . . . a doctrine of civilized balance in all things.

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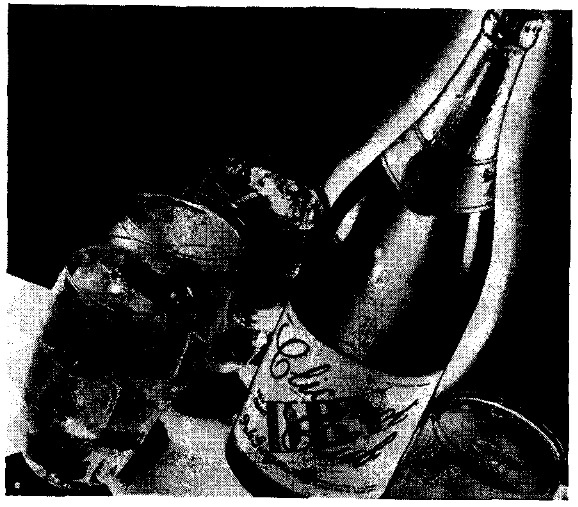

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MOTORISTS WISE

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Greatest of Ease

Continued from page 16

"You know, a good deal of the exhilaration and relaxation that come with exercise in the open is due to plenty of fresh air and the blood coursing freely in your veins. So try this whenever you are weary and tense.

"Standing before an open window, feet slightly apart, inhale, raising the hands straight over the head and feeling that stretch all through the body. Exhale slowly through the lips, letting the arms drop. The head and shoulders are slightly poised, the abdomen in, the rib cage high but collapsing in toward itself like an umbrella shutting. Repeat several times without the arm movement, rhythmically and easily.

"Then flop over, knees straight and abdomen in, but letting your arms and head dangle while you flop loosely as though there were a spring in the center of your back and slap the floor with your relaxed hands, first palms and then backs. Then straighten, slapping your body all the way up till your arms fly to the stars in an abandoned gesture. Repeat, slapping your way down and up. Then shake each leg in turn. Maybe that doesn't loosen you up and make your blood leap."

Easy Does It

She came up flushed and sparkling, each blond curl springing with energy.

"Here's an exercise that can be done inconspicuously anywhere, and it relieves that tension so many people get in the back of the neck. Swing your head forward as far as possible onto your chest, feeling a sense of relaxed weight in it; swing it back toward the shoulder blades, keeping the shoulders down and flat and the body steady, all the stretch and movement in the neck. Swing the head from right to left, keeping the chin in.

"Those are favorites with speakers and singers. And the easy, upstanding posture that is essential to the speaker or singer is just as important for anyone who wants to be free of stresses and strains. For tension in the upper part of the body is often due to weakness in the middle. What a lot of energy people use, just standing still! Shoulders tense, as though the weight of the world rested on them, head out turtle-fashion. And the muscles of the middle regions, which should be supporting the body, sagging so that the abdomen protrudes and the buttocks ride out behind. Very tiring and unlovely.

"But do this. Stand before a full-length glass, feet together, knees easy, lower back down and slightly in, abdomen up and slightly in, arms hanging easy, head lightly poised, weight on the balls of the feet. Now imagine that you are a sandwich, back and front flat and the filling pressed very thin indeed. That resulting feeling of support and tall, slim-through look, are the things to aim for. The rib cage is lifted well out of the hip girdle, leaving the waist the slim isthmus it should be. When that feeling of lift and strength in the middle becomes second nature, then you are well on the way to effortless, natural poise and easy movement, legs and arms swinging free.

"And the right exercises all work toward the same happy result, an easy and untiring flow of movement. We can demonstrate and practice it every day in walking. Try it, holding yourself with that slim-through look, your head hitched to a star and your body swinging from it, ribs high and legs swinging from them, depending on the swing rather than muscular effort for movement. Your weight passes smoothly through the foot from heel to toe with every step, the knee straightening out as each foot comes forward. The arms swing loosely, the feet are straight. It's an easy, flowing motion, no jerking up and down. You are limber and buoyant and light on your feet, instead of stiff and tense and a burden to yourself."

But now that you are getting at those hampering tensions of yours and learning how to shake them off, you don't stop there. Now that you are getting a grip on yourself, you must look to your environment. Is it annoying you in any of those little ways that do count?

Your easy chair, for instance. Is the name in reality a mockery, the chair tipping you so that you must brace your feet against the floor? Most chairs do. Then consider the Moderns, for whatever else you may think of them, they have at least earned your gratitude by making comfortable chairs—seat and back at such an angle that you can sit down and actually take your weight off your feet without hoisting them onto the table.

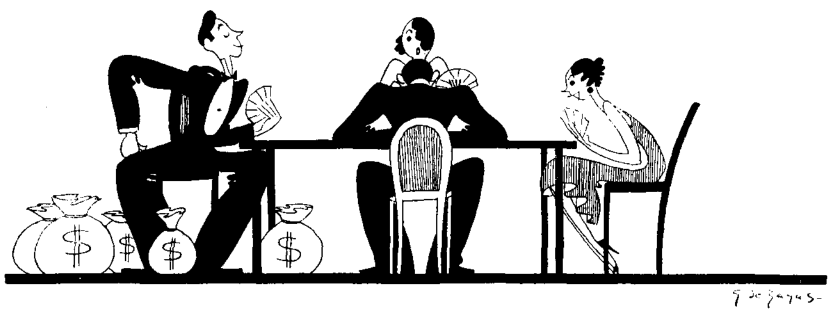
And your bed. What do you do about a bed? Enterprising stores through the country are rapidly installing Sleep Shops, given over entirely to devices for encouraging our powers of relaxation. They set forth beds of tested and different resiliences, so that you can plop down right there and decide for yourself whether you are the Spartan type or seventy per cent luxury loving. The bed that is neither soft nor yet very hard is considered most apt to give eight hours' rest for eight hours' sleep. Thirty-six inches is the narrowest any bed should be. These stores urge coverings that are light in weight—all wool for cold weather—and plenty long, declaring that no adult sheet should be less than 103 inches long, hemmed, nor a blanket less than 86 inches, preferably 90 inches.

And So to Bath

They remind you with colorful bath salts and oils and fluffy towels of the soothing, relaxing effect of a tepid bath before you slip into bed. (Have the water just a few degrees below body temperature, soften and freshen it with oil or salts, soak lazily for a good quarter-hour, languidly blot yourself dry, and you probably won't have time to think about relaxing before you fall asleep.) They get worked up over the matter of warm drinks, relaxing books, light-proof blinds, noise deadeners—like the ventilator-air-filter-silencer contraption you can put in your partially opened window, that will purify your air, circulate it and leave all street noises, radios and the like on the other side. Need we go into what fighting noise does to tighten you up?

And when it is time to wake in the morning, they implore you to resort to the good old alarm clock. You'll sleep better if you don't have it on your mind to wake up at seven-thirty. There are all kinds of alarms, so choose the one to suit your type. If you are a deep morning sleeper, you'll want one with a good strong ring, that repeats itself ten minutes later, just in case. Or perhaps chimes would appeal to you, starting softly but working up to quite a pitch if you don't respond at first. If you are a light sleeper, you might indulge in a clock that plays a jolly, light little tune.

So now, with all the aids of mind and exercise and matter—just relax.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

New York City has a large number of wealthy persons who labor under the impression that they can successfully play bridge with professionals because many exclusive bridge clubs and bridge experts are supported in excellent style by them. In fact one professional has had little trouble in winning an average of $2,000 a week for a number of years.

In this country today only two states grant divorces on the ground of attempted murder of the plaintiff, only two grant them to the husband when the wife refuses to follow him, only two on the ground that the partner is a fugitive from justice, only two on the vagrancy of the husband, only one on incompatibility and only one on the inability of the husband to support.

Today Japan rules over a larger number of individuals than the United States. Through the "warless" war that it has carried on in Manchuria, Mongolia and China proper during the past two years, this small country has added 2,000,000 square miles and 100,000,000 people to its empire, an accession that is equivalent to 66 per cent of the area and 80 per cent of the population of the United States.

One of the earliest electric lamps in general use was the Nernst Glower, which had a glowing tube that had to be warmed—"lit"—to start the current and that could be "blown out" by blowing until it cooled to the point where it lost its conductivity.—*By Arvie W. Gordon, Madison, Wisconsin.*

In 18th-century England no modest person was ever seen in a bathing suit. The bather rented a "bathing-machine," a covered wagon that was backed out into the water. Its particular feature was a canvas awning which was let down over its back steps to conceal the occupant from public view and thus permit him "to enjoy the pleasure of bathing in so private a manner as to be consistent with the greatest delicacy."

Color is having a difficult time fighting its way into motion pictures because of its tremendous cost. Not only does the process require three strips of negative, instead of one, but the costs of developing and printing are likewise tripled. Thus the addition of color to a feature film increases its cost between $80,000 and $90,000.—*By David S. Epstein, Hollywood, California.*

The British Empire is under the administration of about 1,500 men whose appointments are based solely on their extensive education, each having been obliged to pass the world's hardest examination—on a variety of subjects. One question under psychology is: "Expound and illustrate the ways in which the topic of perception would be approached by the associationist, behaviorist and Gestalt schools respectively."

Every evening since May 21, 1925, a dog has come to the entrance of Shibuya Station in Tokyo and waited in vain for hours for the return of his dead master whom he, when a puppy, had only known for a few months. The devotion of "Hachi" has so touched the heart of Japan that it has not only erected a statue of him beside the spot where he still waits, but it has sent statuettes to every school throughout the empire as a symbol of faithfulness.—*By Tokuo Doi, Kyoto, Japan.*

Good luck, in the form of four-leaf clovers, now can be purchased in any quantity. A company in the Canal Zone, growing beautiful specimens, sells them in lots of five, carefully pressed, so they retain their natural shape and color.—*By W. S. Brophy, Yonkers, New York.*

Women today constitute 95 per cent of the pearl divers in Japan, 50 per cent of the bartenders in England and 17 per cent of the coal miners in Russia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue. New York City.

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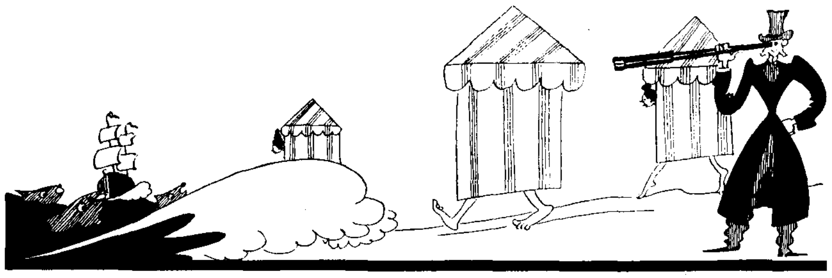

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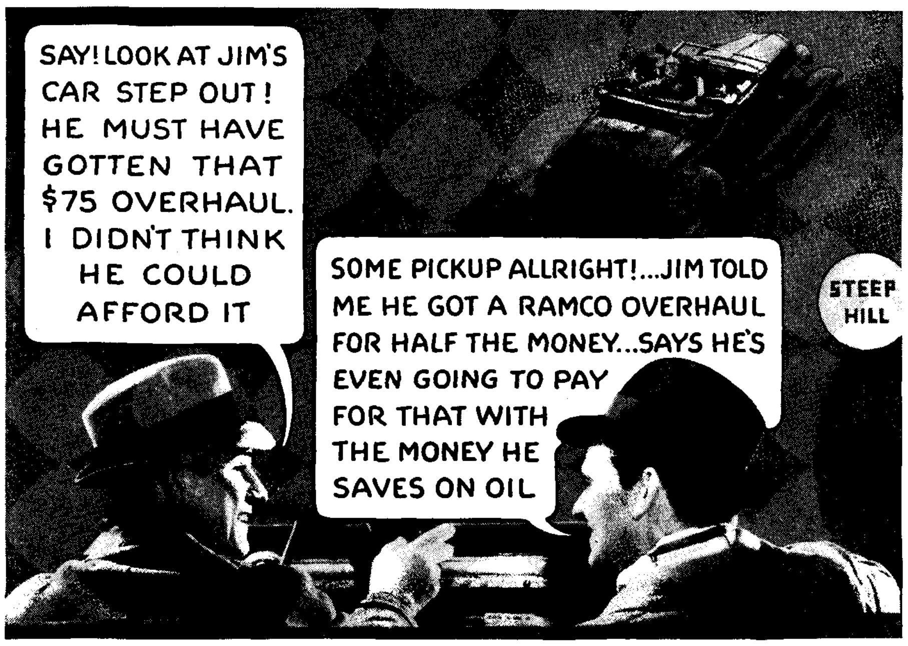
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STEEP HILL

New Type Cushion Piston Rings Rejuvenate Used Engines

Up to the last couple of years there hasn't been much you could do with a balky auto engine. Human ingenuity repaired your watch, dry-cleaned your clothes, fixed up the radio . . . but a knocking, coughing listless engine! . . . trade it in, get a new one, get the cylinders rebored—that was what the mechanic used to say—but the expense of any of these remedies was too much for almost any family's budget.

Then—the Ramco Overhaul invention! First year pep, pick-up, speed, economy from your old engine for less than half the old-fashioned overhauling cost. This up-to-date, better, simpler method began to get popular two years ago—then, in 1934, **revolutionized** the auto repair industry, as its dependability was proved, day by day, in thousands and thousands of cases.

You don't have to be a mechanic to understand why a Ramco Overhaul performs the miracle it does. It consists of the installation of Piston Rings which automatically **expand** and take up the clearances in your worn, out-of-round cylinders. The oil pumping is thus stopped, compression is increased and piston slap eliminated. Included in this installation is the Ramco "Skirt Expander" for the lower section of your alloy piston. This stops piston vibration, "flutter" and power "blowby". The Ramco Overhaul does away with the expense of reboring cylinders and the cost of new pistons—a money saving of about half.

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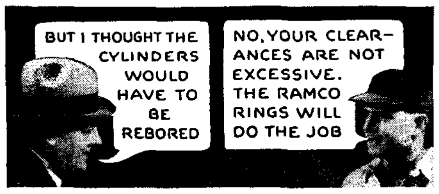
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Save Reboring Costs With Ramcos

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F. E. K., Jr., of Roanoke, Va. writes: "A Ramco Overhaul increased the top-speed of my Chrysler 10 m.p.h." G. R. D. of New Orleans says: "Since my Ramco Overhaul I have driven 25,000 miles in my Gardner. My car consumes no more oil now than when new and is quiet and smooth as the day I got it." K. H. K. states: "A Ramco Overhaul completely overcame excess oil consumption on my old Buick and is giving the motor comfort of a new car."

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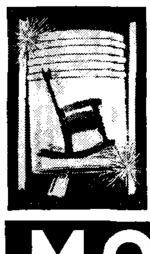

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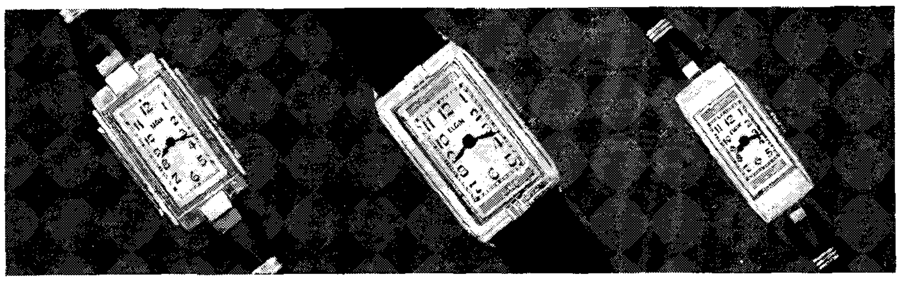

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Watch the Birdie

Continued from page 17

hands with the handle of the racket and you've got it.

The shuttle, or bird, is almost as durable as a tennis ball, even though it is nothing but cork and feathers. It weighs only 70 grains and the birds cost four dollars and fifty cents a dozen. This makes the cost of playing badminton about the same as the cost of playing tennis. The real player can do a lot of tricks with the bird. He can stroke it as a tennis player strokes the ball. He can hit it with what appears to be terrific force and the bird will fly from his racket only to slow up perceptibly as it crosses the net. A man like Purcell can make the bird seem alive, a tame pet that does everything he asks it to do. The feathers, incidentally, which are inserted in the cork, all come from Czechoslovakian geese. These geese are raised strictly for pâté de foie gras purposes and the geese are fed special food, which, for some mysterious reason, imparts a durability and an oiliness to their feathers not seen in ordinary geese.

The First Hundred Games

Play is begun by one man serving, but, unlike tennis, he must serve so that when his racket hits the shuttle the racket is no higher than the server's waist. Then play continues, roughly as in tennis, the primary object, of course, being to hit the bird at such an angle or to such part of the court that one's opponent is unable to reach it and hit it back. It is a game of volleying—once the bird hits the floor it is dead.

"The beauty and, incidentally, the fault of the game," Purcell says, "is that after a man plays it two or three times he thinks he's an expert. It seems very easy to hit that bird back and to keep it in play. It is easy, if you are playing against a beginner. Because of this, players often just dub along without bothering to improve their stroking or without bothering to learn court strategy and deception."

It was Purcell who brought deception to the game. Until his advent as a high ranking player even the experts were content to play a defensive form of the game. They merely concentrated upon returning the bird, waiting until their opponent erred. It was Purcell who made even the underhand serve an offensive weapon, and it was Purcell who brought to badminton what Tilden brought to tennis—color, wizardry and a cold intelligence.

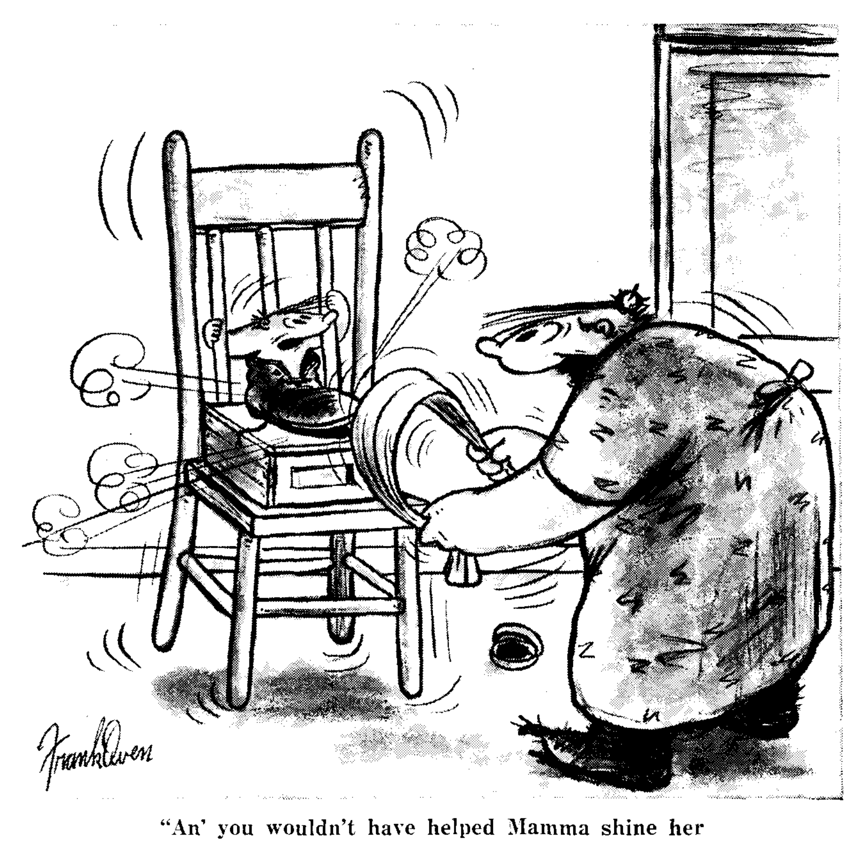
"Mere stroking isn't enough in playing against high-grade opponents," Purcell says. "Especially when playing against the top-notch Canadian players, who are right now the best in the world. However, American professionals, notably Jack Brewer in Boston, are teaching strategy and deception now as well as stroking and it won't be long before American players will be a match for Canada's best."

Purcell's genius is very evident when you watch him play. There is no living player who can combine his masterly stroking, his uncanny sense of anticipation, the effortless grace with which he glides about the court and his court strategy.

Purcell's favorite shot—one which no player has ever developed to such an extent—is a forehand shot from the backcourt. When an opponent sends him a high deep lob he hurries back and keeps one eye on the descending bird and the other on his opponent. He will wait for his opponent to make a move—wait, if necessary, until the slow-dropping bird is within four inches of the floor.

By now his opponent, in an effort to anticipate where Purcell's return will land, will have moved and then the Canadian, with a deft flick of a nimble wrist, will hit the bird so that it will land out of his opponent's reach.

Badminton is played in armories and school gymnasiums and in specially constructed badminton courts and it is rapidly attaining a status where it is only a question of time until it will rival tennis and golf as a relaxation for tired business men and their families.



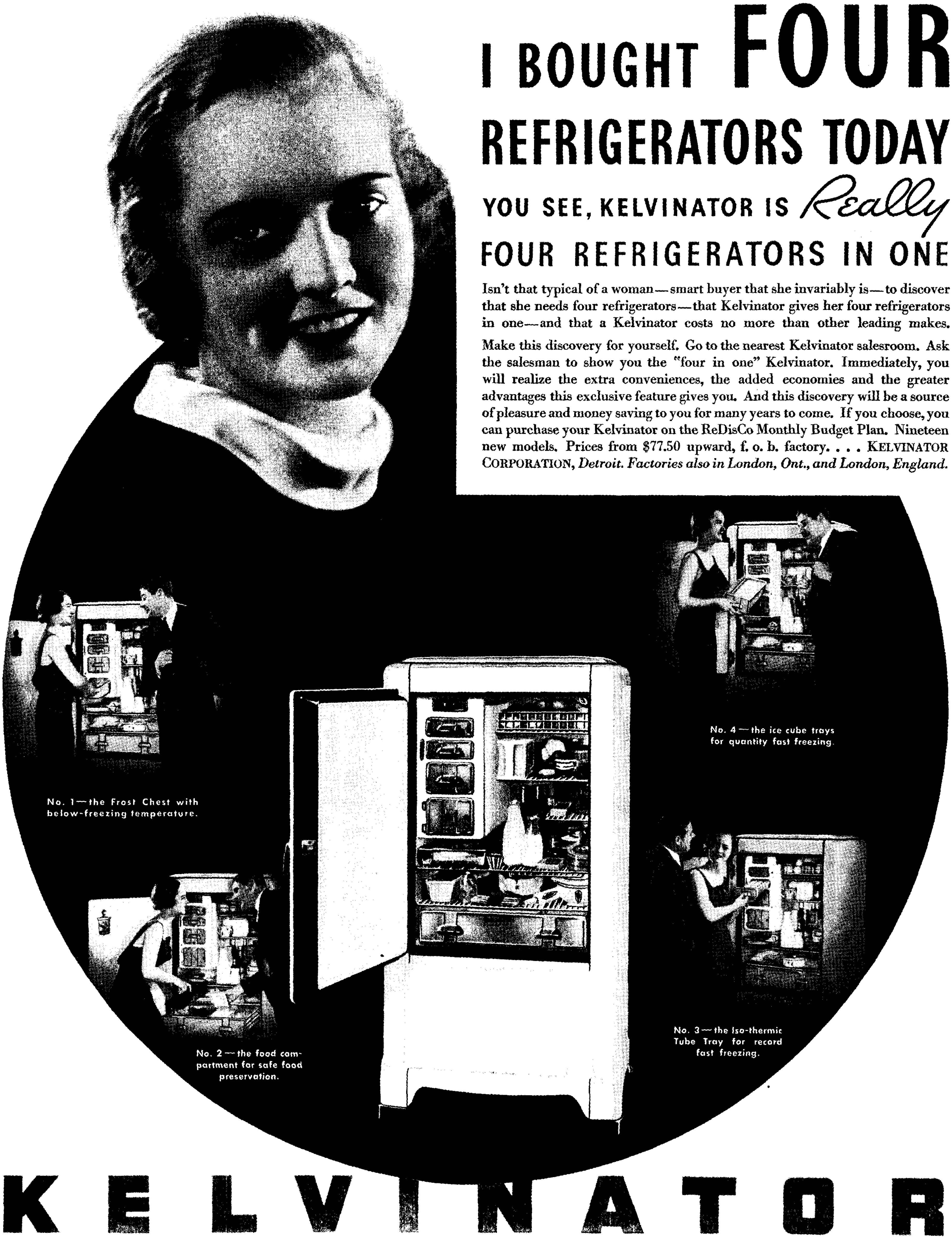
"An' you wouldn't have helped Mamma shine her shoes if you'd known there was tacks in them?" FRANK OWEN

I BOUGHT FOUR REFRIGERATORS TODAY

YOU SEE, KELVINATOR IS *Really* FOUR REFRIGERATORS IN ONE

Isn't that typical of a woman—smart buyer that she invariably is—to discover that she needs four refrigerators—that Kelvinator gives her four refrigerators in one—and that a Kelvinator costs no more than other leading makes.

Make this discovery for yourself. Go to the nearest Kelvinator salesroom. Ask the salesman to show you the "four in one" Kelvinator. Immediately, you will realize the extra conveniences, the added economies and the greater advantages this exclusive feature gives you. And this discovery will be a source of pleasure and money saving to you for many years to come. If you choose, you can purchase your Kelvinator on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. Nineteen new models. Prices from $77.50 upward, f. o. b. factory. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit. Factories also in London, Ont., and London, England.*



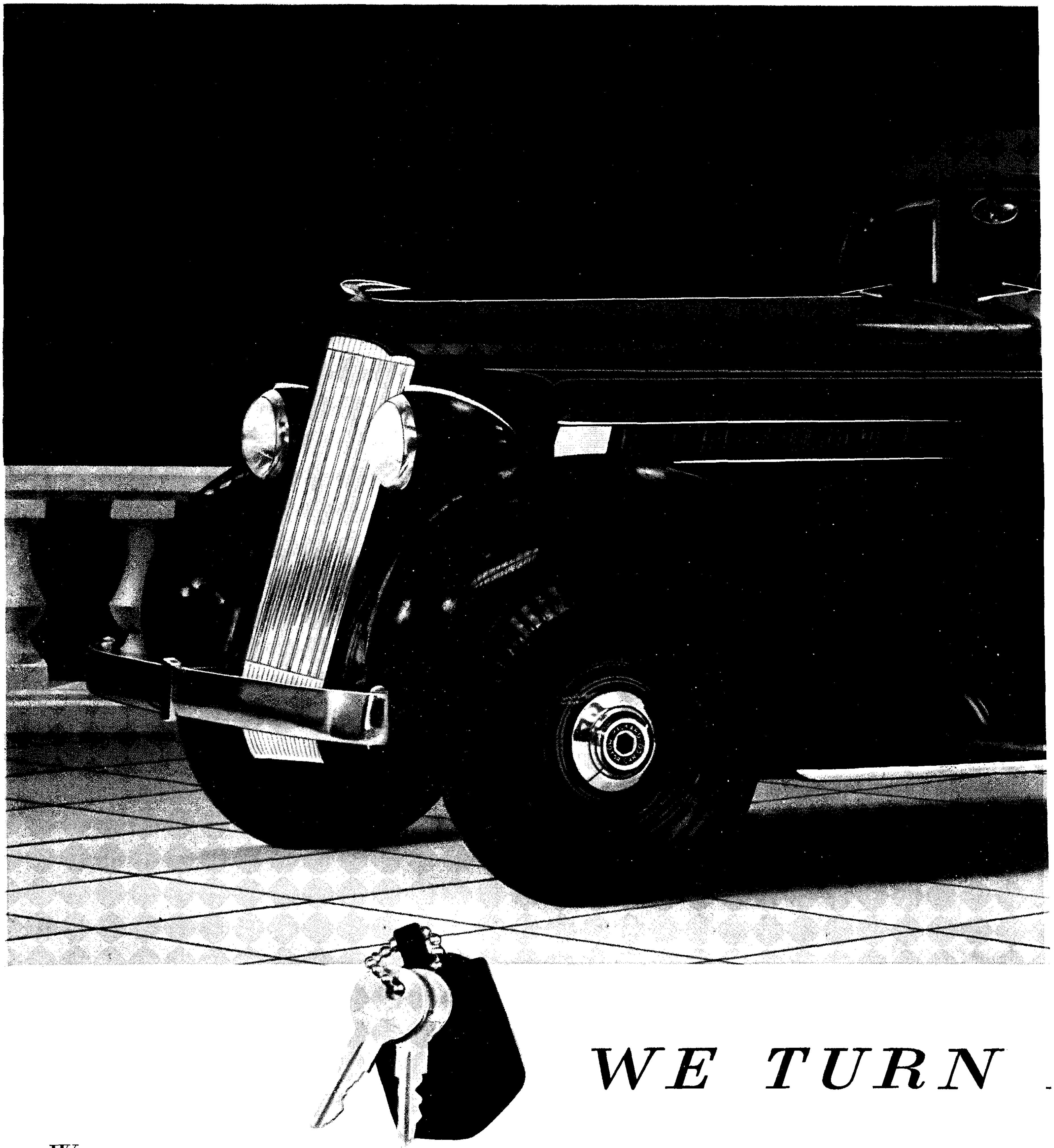
No. 1—the Frost Chest with below-freezing temperature.

No. 2—the food compartment for safe food preservation.

No. 3—the Iso-thermic Tube Tray for record fast freezing.

No. 4—the ice cube trays for quantity fast freezing.

KELVINATOR



WE TURN

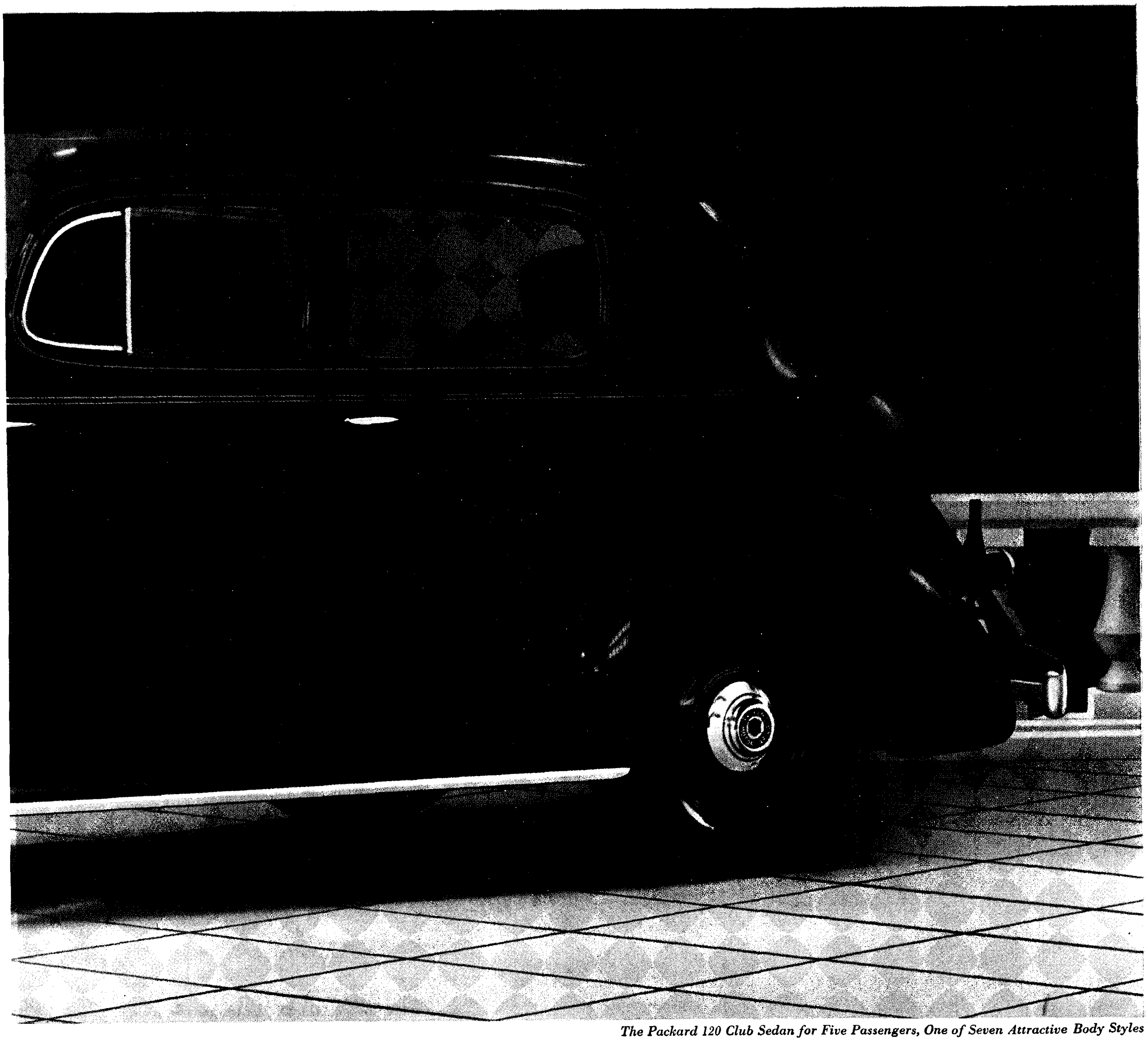
W*e turn it over to you.* This new, lower-priced Packard is now awaiting your inspection in Packard showrooms throughout the country.

We cordially invite you not only to see it but to ride in it and drive it. You will be welcomed with equal hospitality whether you intend buying a new car now or not. And we promise you that the Packard 120, in every way, will surpass your most optimistic expectations.

Not in years has any new car aroused such excitement. It has drawn huge crowds at every Auto Show. It has been awarded an amazing volume of the highest form of praise—advance orde

And small wonder that it has! For this newest of Packar despite its low price, is a Packard in tradition, in design, in man facture, in identity and in name. It is a worthy addition to a worl famous fine car family—heir to everything Packard has learned 35 years of fine car building.

If you wish to buy your Packard 120 on terms, Packard has pr vided a Finance Plan that is unsurpassed for fairness and liberalit



The Packard 120 Club Sedan for Five Passengers, One of Seven Attractive Body Styles

T OVER TO YOU

In most cases, the trade-in value of your old car will cover the down payment.

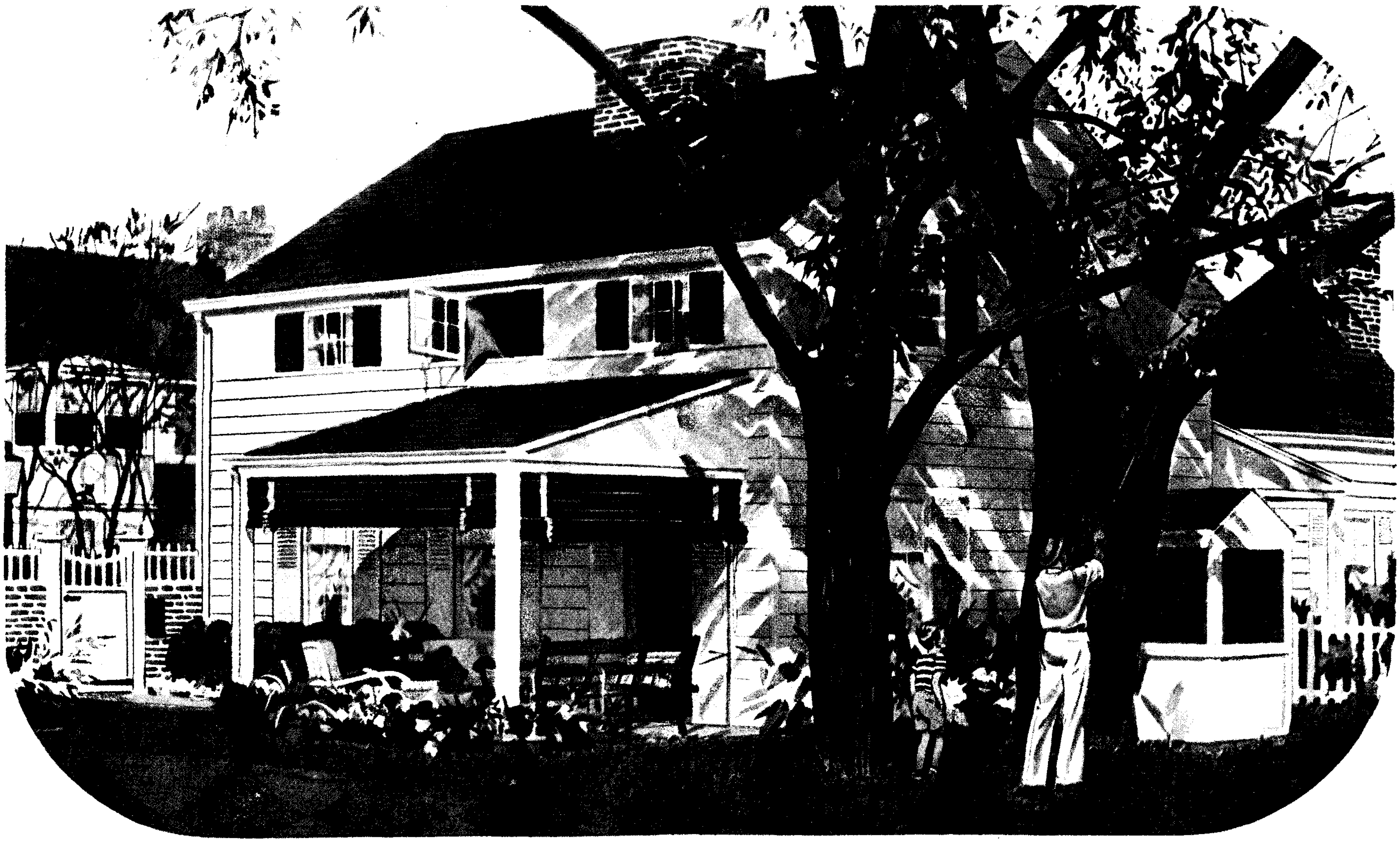
We sincerely believe that no other car at or near its price can offer you so much in performance, in riding comfort, in beauty, and in economy as the Packard 120. No other car of this price can match it in mechanical excellence. And above and beyond these, it offers you an intangible something that lasts as long as the car—distinction.

We turn it over to you.

PACKARD 120

$980 *to* $1095

List prices at factory—standard Accessory group extra



When you've worked and Saved for
A HOME OF YOUR OWN..
don't let "Cheap" Paint Spoil it

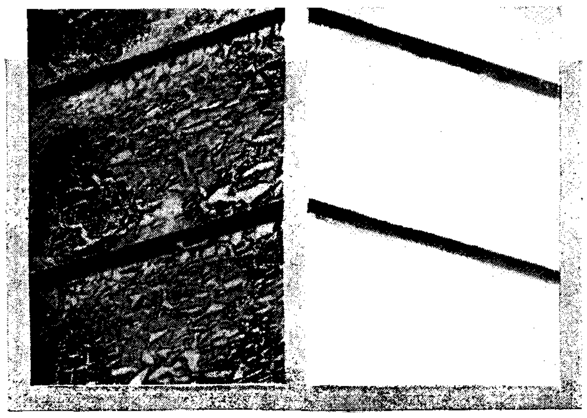
THE N. H. A. REMOVES THE LAST EXCUSE FOR NOT GIVING IT DUTCH BOY PROTECTION

THINK of the years of planning, of all the things you've gone without so you might buy your home. It means so much to you . . . don't let it be spoiled by "cheap" paint.

For "cheap" paint *can* spoil a house. If you doubt it, look at the left-hand photo. See how the paint has cracked and scaled, leaving the wood exposed.

As the weather gets in its work, all the expected savings of the "cheap" paint job fade away. Not only must you repaint in a short time, but pay for two *extra* items (1) the burning off of the old paint, and (2) the new priming coat which this makes necessary.

Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It resists the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years
First cost, $160. Paint is "all done" right now. Cost to burn and scrape, $75. Total, $235, or $156 per year. And add to this the extra cost of a new priming coat.

DUTCH BOY
after 3 years
Located, like the "cheap" paint job, in Ohio and exposed to same conditions. Cost, $172, or $57 per year. And still good. No new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD
Good Paint's Other Name

That's why the experienced painter uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

N. H. A. Helps You Paint Now

With National Housing Act loans available, a necessary painting job need no longer be postponed for lack of ready cash. The monthly payments are surprisingly small. But whether you use the Government plan or not, send for our free booklet which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Included are directions for arranging a painting loan. Write for *The House We Live In* today. Address Dept. 157, nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Company, 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 19

The drowsy Missourian was not in evidence as Roper walked through the stable; the raider took time to be sure that his hard-ridden pony was well cared for before he left the Palace Hotel and Livery. He believed he had plenty of time.

He knew that Lew Gordon had gone into the Red Dog Saloon, and he walked toward it now. He was keenly conscious of the squish of his boot heels in the mud—a sound he had always hated but now that he believed he would never hear it again it was dear to him, as dear to him as breathing, as dear as needed food. All the blue sky, and all the gaunt prairie melting out from under the winter snow, and the wet breeze from the spaces, and the sunlight itself—all these were incredibly precious to him, now that he believed he had come to the end. He drew deep breaths of that air that was both crisp and wet; and, turning his eyes to the blinding smash of the young sun itself, he knew that he did not want to die.

LEW GORDON stood at the bar of the Red Dog Saloon. The hard line of his jaw was blurred by a silver shag of whiskers, now, and his mustache was silver, and his hair; but the clear blue eyes were unbelievably young, younger than Bill Roper had ever seen them before. His hands were folded quietly, one elbow on the bar; and so greatly did this silver-haired man dominate the space in which he stood that it was minutes before Roper realized that there was a bartender there at all.

"So *you* came," Lew Gordon said.

"Of course, Lew. Didn't you know I would come?"

"In one way," Lew Gordon said, "I'm glad you came. I want to say a couple of things to you, Billy, my boy."

"Thorpe," Bill Roper said—"is Thorpe coming here?"

"I sent for him," Gordon said.

"How many with him?" Bill Roper said sharply.

"Do you care much, Billy?"

"No, Lew; I don't care."

"I done something wrong, Billy," Lew Gordon said. "You was right and I was wrong. You fought him; I tried to smooth things out. I'm glad I've lived to tell you this: you was right and I was wrong!"

"Lew—" Bill began.

"I should have killed him, Billy," Lew Gordon said. It was strange how young Lew Gordon's eyes could look, clear and blue under silver brows. "I should have killed him, Billy, long ago—when I first knew he killed your Dad. . . ."

A thrust with the vitality of the prairie itself came up into Bill Roper, who thought he had resigned himself to death.

"Lew! What are you telling me?"

"Dusty knew," Lew Gordon said. "Dry Camp Pierce knows; I don't think anybody else knows. You remember a pinto horse, Billy? By the pinto horse we knew it was Ben Thorpe killed your father, on the Old Sedalia Trail—"

"All these years," Bill Roper said, "all these years you've known that, and you let this man live—"

"I know I was wrong," Lew Gordon said. Yet, somehow he did not seem unhappy. "Always I stood for law, for order—the decent thing, the thing that would build this country into something my kid could live in. But—I guess it wasn't meant to be. I should have swung with you when you tied into him in Texas, and again when you tied into him in the north! But I aim to square it all up today!"

"You mean—?" said Bill Roper.

"He's coming to meet me here."

"With how many men?" Roper asked again.

"What does it matter?" Lew poured himself a drink.

Outside, on the board walk of Sundance, were sounding the heels of approaching men. . . .

"To your Dad," Lew Gordon said, "and in apology to you." Roper, who had ridden with Tex Long and Dave Shannon, had never seen a lighter or more carefree light than shone then in the eyes of Lew Gordon, under those swiftly silvered brows.

"I can kill him," Bill Roper said, "I can kill him even if I die."

Lew Gordon's face changed swiftly. Suddenly he was the indomitable old man whom Bill Roper had always known.

"Ben Thorpe is for me," he said.

"How can you figure that, when he killed my Dad—"

"This is for me," Lew Gordon said again, "to make up for the quiet years. . . ."

And Bill Roper, looking deep into the young eyes of that aging man, finally said, "Okay."

The bartender said suddenly, nervously loud: "You gents want the same?"

It was as if neither of them had noticed him before. They saw him now, bald-headed, soft with standing, broken out of his sleepiness by a situation which he did not understand.

"The same," Lew Gordon said.

And then the door darkened. . . .

It was Ben Thorpe who stepped quickly through the door, and one pace to the left, so that his gun, already drawn, swept the bar. It was Walk Lasham who followed him through the door, stepping one pace to the right, so that the door was clear for the three unknown gun fighters who tried to enter all at once.

"Draw, Lew," Ben Thorpe said; and then all guns spoke at once.

In the blast of gunfire that followed, no man could tell what happened—but Roper knew that all guns seemed to converge upon Lew Gordon, and frantically he threw the lash of his fire at Thorpe, at Lasham, at the unknown men at the door.

For a moment the guns spoke in a smashing roar, and the powder smoke stung Bill Roper's nostrils; and then suddenly there was silence again, after the manner of gunfire, which begins abruptly with a lash of savage destruction and ends again abruptly, in the same way.

THORPE and Lasham both were down as that gun smoke cleared, and those other strangers in the doorway had disappeared, except for a boot heel that dragged almost out of sight, and then was still.

Beside the bar of the Red Dog Saloon Lew Gordon still stood. Perhaps it was his bullet in the heart of Ben Thorpe—no man would ever know.

He turned now, slowly, elbow upon the bar, and looked at Bill Roper.

"Thanks, son," he said. The hand that held the heavy forty-five sagged deliberately, then dropped the gun; it made a strange clatter upon the unswept boards of the floor. Then Lew Gordon's knees broke and he went down, and Bill Roper caught him as he fell.

They buried Lew Gordon at Miles City. That dot upon the northern prairie marked, in effect, the farthest north reached by that great and dramatic upthrust of power which had welled up out of Texas, carving new trails, opening new vast countries, driving herds unnumbered, under the name of King-Gordon. Jody thought that her father would have wanted to lie there.

After that was done with, Jody went back to Ogallala.

All through the spring, news kept trickling in. A swift bankruptcy was sweeping Thorpe's loosely grouped organizations. Wiped out of Texas by the so-called Rustlers' War, broken in the north by the Great Raid—the shaken power of Ben Thorpe crumbled fast, now that Thorpe himself was dead.

And as Thorpe's power vanished into the gun smoke in which he had died, a strange, new prestige began to attach itself to the name of the man who had destroyed him. Only a little while ago Bill Roper had been an outlaw, a hunted man with a price on his head, in whose behalf few men ever dared speak a good word. But now that his enemies were down, it seemed that the whole length of the Long Trail held men who professed themselves his lifelong friends.

Like coyotes after a killing, like worms after rain, Bill Roper partisans were rising up, a score here, a hundred there, where not one friend had been during those smoky hours of his greatest need. Already men were less ready to remember what weapons he had used in fighting fire with fire than to remember simply that he had won. Three governors had issued blanket pardons for what he might or might not have done.

BUT Bill Roper—where was he? Nobody seemed to know. His own raiders—Tex Long, Hat Crick Tommy, Dave Shannon—now swaggering wherever they pleased amid a curious acclaim, did not know. And if Dry Camp Pierce, that one most trusted of all Bill Roper's men, knew where his leader was, he held his tongue.

Jody Gordon was making every effort to find out Bill Roper's whereabouts, and she had other than personal reasons for that. For, with the death of Lew Gordon it suddenly appeared that Dusty King's share of King-Gordon was no longer to be withheld from the boy Dusty King had raised. By Lew Gordon's will, King-Gordon was now divided in ownership between Jody Gordon and Bill Roper himself, this same Bill Roper upon whose head King-Gordon had such a little while ago placed a tempting price! A length of red tape longer than the Long Trail itself needed to be gone through before that split legacy could be straightened out, and everywhere in the West Jody Gordon's men sought some word of Roper—without any success.

It was known that he had ridden out of Sundance; but after that no one seemed to have seen him again. There was a rumor current now that he had been desperately wounded in the gunfight at the Red Dog Bar, and that somewhere, at some unknown and unmarked place upon the prairie, Bill Roper was dead.

The weeks passed and the new grass came on the prairie, and still there was no word. Two or three times a week, after the first spring flowers began to show, Jody Gordon rode out to the pile of stone with its wooden cross that marked Dusty King's grave, putting there little handfuls of blue Indian hyacinth and white anemone.

And then suddenly one day as she sat her horse before Dusty King's cross she

(Continued on page 40)

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES
JACQUES SWAAB, WAR ACE

"When shrapnel grazed my jugular vein, I lost my taste for close shaves! But I've found they can be pleasant—when they are the kind you get with Colgate's small bubble lather!"
JACQUES SWAAB

HERE'S A CLOSE SHAVE THAT YOU WILL ENJOY

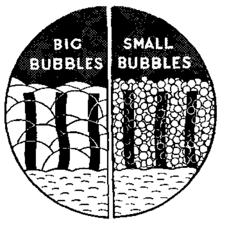
. . . because Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream soaks beards soft at the base.

THERE is a difference in shaving comfort, because there is a difference in lathers! Ordinary lather is made of big bubbles, full of air. Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream makes a special lather of tiny bubbles, fairly dripping with moisture.

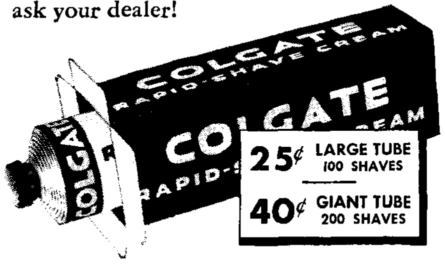
These small bubbles get clear down to the *base* of your beard—strip off the oily coat that makes your whiskers tough—soak every bristle through and through—*right at the skin-line!*

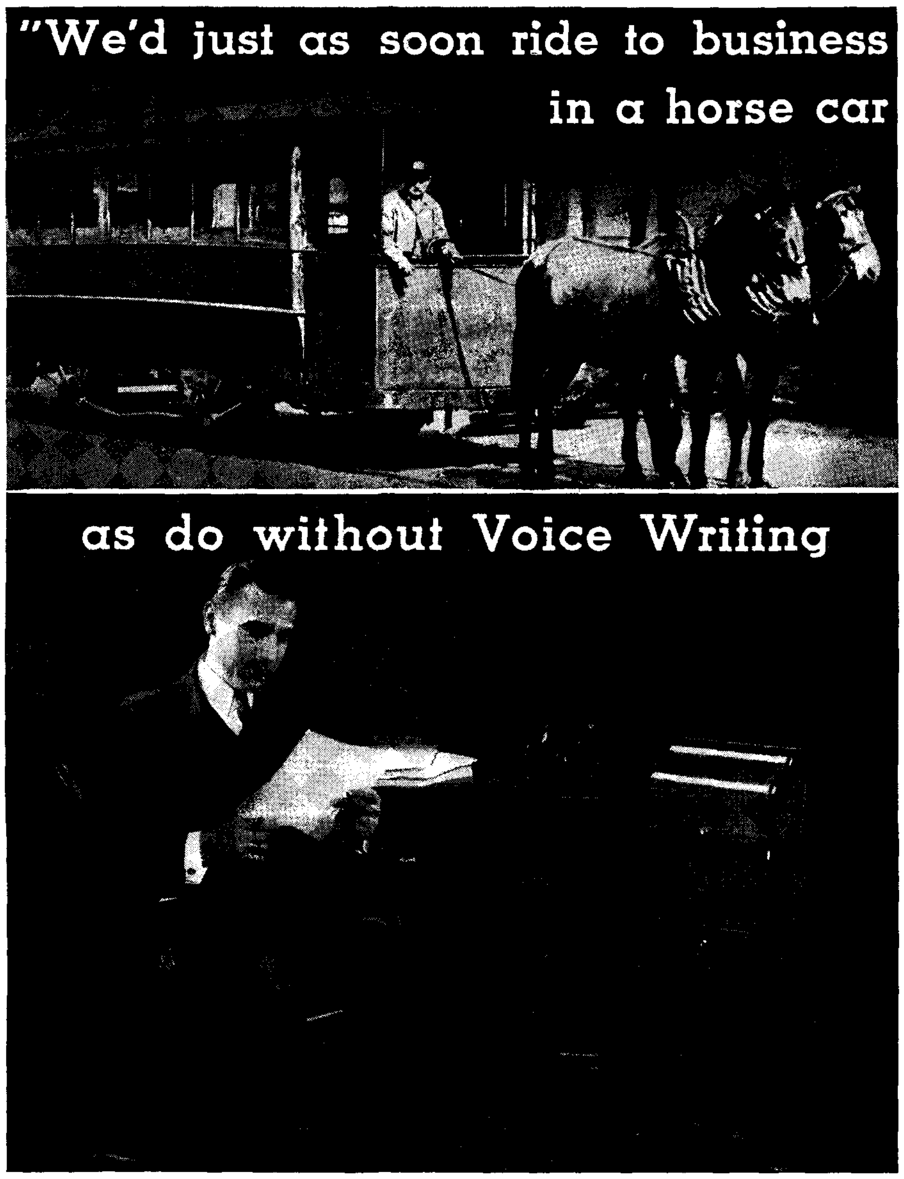
No half wilted whiskers to make your blade pull. No smart—no burn—no irritation! Shaves last hours longer, but the tenderest skin feels no discomfort.

The proof? It's in these bubble-pictures—and your first Colgate shave. Study the diagram—see the difference in lathers—then get a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. It's *guaranteed* to please you—ask your dealer!



Note how big bubbles hold *air* against the beard. Small bubbles soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.


COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES


"We'd just as soon ride to business in a horse car
as do without Voice Writing

...because each of our dictators gains 2 extra days every week!"

(FROM EDISON RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S BUSINESS)

The proof of Voice Writing benefits to *Dictators* surprised everyone in this company. The firm very readily agreed that Ediphone equipment would account for an increase of business capacity in the Stenographic Department. But the benefits to *Dictators* were to be proved.

Installation of Ediphones showed these results: The gain in conversational speed amounted to 7½ hours a week—for each Dictator. Getting action, any time, no waiting, accounted for another 10 hours. Net result: *two EXTRA days a week for increased business capacity!*

Ediphone Voice Writing, in any office—large or small—is better for everyone. Dictators simply turn to their Pro-technic Ediphones, like telephoning, and talk. They think once ... write once ... at once. There is no waiting for "dictation periods." More is accomplished ... with less effort ... and business capacity increases accordingly.

TELEPHONE THE EDIPHONE, YOUR CITY. An Edison man will show how Voice Writing will increase *your* company's business capacity 20% to 50%.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
ORANGE, N. J., U. S. A.

Pro-technic
Ediphone

THE COMPLETELY ENCLOSED DICTATING MACHINE

(Continued from page 39)

knew that Bill Roper was alive, that he was near, that he had come. The notch that she had seen Bill Roper cut in the arm of Dusty's cross to mark the death of Cleve Tanner was well weathered by this time; but now, sharp and freshly cut in the opposite arm of the cross, was a second notch that had never been there before.

A choking lump rose instantaneously in Jody's throat, and she spun her pony in its tracks as, instinctively, her eyes swept the plain and the low hills. So freshly cut was the new notch upon the cross that it seemed Bill Roper must still be no more than a few minutes away.

IN THE clear light of the late afternoon she could make out every detail of the rambling little town of Ogallala, and the tower upon the house her father had built stood tall and clean, catching the sun; but nowhere was there to be seen any horseman. She turned her pony and rode home with a strange empty, gone feeling, because for a moment Bill Roper had seemed so near and now was nowhere in sight.

When she had unsaddled she went into the tall white house by the back way, and walked through it slowly, preoccupied, wondering what she should do.

Then, as she came into the front room, her hand jumped to her throat, for someone was waiting for her there—a woman who stood up as Jody came in.

For a moment Jody Gordon hardly recognized Marquita. This was partly because the westering sun was making a red blaze on the curtains behind her visitor, and Jody's eyes were not yet accustomed to the dimness within; but also because Marquita herself had changed. Marquita's black hair was drawn back from her face, very smooth and polished-looking; it made her face look thinner and sharper than Jody Gordon remembered. Only a little time had passed since they had faced each other in a remote cabin set in Montana snows, yet Marquita looked unmistakably older; and the live, sultry fire behind her dark, slanting eyes was gone.

"I didn't realize," Jody said, "that you were in Ogallala."

"No, of course; I just came."

"To see me?"

"No; I'd hardly come to the sand hills for that, would I?" Jody noticed again the odd contrast between the soft, below-Rio-Grande speech and the direct American words. "I came to Ogallala because Bill Roper came."

"I see," Jody said without expression.

"No," Marquita said queerly, "you don't see. You can't possibly see. I guess that's why I'm here."

There was a little silence then, and Jody Gordon waited. Even if she had thought about it, she perhaps would not have felt it necessary to ask this woman to sit down; but Jody was not thinking about that.

"I lied to you," Marquita said. "I'm not sorry for that. I'd lie to you again, for the same reason, or for less reason. But this time it didn't do any good. So I thought I might as well tell you, since I was here."

"You lied to me?"

"I told you I was Bill Roper's girl. You naturally thought I was at Walk Lasham's camp because Bill Roper was there." Marquita's voice sounded curiously metallic and old, without that sultry fire to back it up. "Well, that wasn't so."

"You mean—you mean to say—"

"You don't understand much about men," Marquita said. Suddenly, for no reason, she seemed to be on the defen-

SAX ROHMER

begins
his new
romance
of
mystery

THE BAT FLIES LOW

in
next
week's
COLLIER'S

sive. "You don't know what it is to love a man."

Jody Gordon heard herself say, "You think I don't?"

"Do you?"

"I love him," Jody said. Her voice was quiet, but her words were startling to herself. "I love him with all my heart, and all my body, and all my soul. There can't ever be any other man for me."

"Even if he belonged to me?"

"Even if he belonged to you, or to everybody but me."

"Well," Marquita said, "he did not belong to me, not even for one minute, in all my life. How do you think you would like that, in my place?"

"But—at the Lasham camp you said—"

"I know I did. I would have got him if I could, in any way I could. I even came here because I knew he was coming here. But now I can just as well tell you it's hopeless, and I'm through. After all, I don't need to run after any man; not any more."

"You mean—you're willing to let him go—even if—"

"Let him go? I never had him." An odd edge of contempt came into Marquita's voice, but whether for Jody or herself was not plain. "Can't you get that through your head?" She turned toward the door impatiently; perhaps she could not remember why she had come to a meeting for which she found nothing but distaste. "I tell you I don't need your man, or any man. Ben Thorpe died broke, but Walk Lasham didn't; he was too clever for that. Walk Lasham left everything he had to me; it was Walk Lasham who was my man. I can go back to my own people now. Don't fret yourself—I haven't anything to worry about any more."

JODY said curiously, "Why did you come to me?"

"I haven't the least idea why I came." Marquita's hand was on the door latch now. "Maybe it was because I feel sorry for you. I feel sorry for you because you are a little fool."

Jody Gordon supposed that she ought to thank Marquita for having come here, for having made the confession which she had made, but she was confused, and the words would not come. Instead she said, "Do you know where he is? Is he well? Is he safe and all right?"

Marquita's smile was mocking. "You want me to find him and send him to you?"

"I think," Jody said, "he'll come."

"Okay," Marquita said, and she pulled open the door.

"I want to tell you something," Jody said. "I want to tell you I appreciate—your letting me know—"

Marquita flashed a queer, hard smile; there was bitterness in it, more bitterness in her smile than in her words. "Keep your thanks to yourself." Then she was gone.

After a moment Jody heard the hoofs of a team, and the wheels of the carriage in which Marquita had come—and gone—slicing the deep mud. . . .

Yet, Bill Roper did not come.

When two days had passed a panic caught Jody Gordon, and she began to haunt the vicinity of Dusty King's cross, out on the prairie beside the trail over which Dusty King, with Bill Roper beside him, had brought those first weary herds of cattle in. She believed that Roper would not leave the Ogallala country without visiting once more the grave of Dusty King, for whose death he had fought the Texas Rustlers' War, and conceived Montana's Great Raid, and brought down Ben Thorpe himself, in the end.

But it was the evening of the fourth day before Roper came.

Sitting her quiet pony beside Dusty King's pile of stones, Jody Gordon saw Roper riding toward her when he was still a long way off. She thought he hesitated at the five hundred yards; but he came on. Perhaps he feared this meeting more than anything he had ridden into yet—but she knew he would not turn.

It seemed to Jody Gordon that time lagged forever as Billy Roper's pony slowly approached; it seemed to her that that slow approach was characteristic of all that had happened to them—delay, and delay, while wars were fought, and raids struck in, all through those smoky years in which they had been apart.

And yet, at last, when he stopped his horse beside her, and they looked at each other, there was something between them still, as if the smoky years themselves had built a wall.

Bill Roper said, "Hello, Jody. You're looking mighty well."

Jody said, "I'm all right."

There was a pause, curiously awkward; in the pause, Jody's horse struck at the cinch with a hind foot, tormented by an early fly.

"You didn't come to see me," Jody said.

"Well," Bill Roper said slowly, as he dismounted, "I didn't know if you'd want me to."

"Don't you know that you're half of King-Gordon? And I'm the other half."

"Jody—people like you and me can't go by things like that—things like legacies and wills."

Jody's voice was very quiet, yet it must have seemed to Bill Roper that she cried out:

"You're going to leave me to carry all this, just by myself?"

"Lew Gordon left a sound organization," Bill Roper said, his voice dead. "You have many men, and good men, too. The works will roll, I think, with Thorpe gone."

Once more the long, strangely poignant silence. And to Jody it seemed a terrible thing that what they both wanted was the same thing, and that yet the smoky years somehow managed to stand between.

Jody Gordon turned away from Bill Roper and faced Dusty King's cross. She sat her saddle very straight before that cross, clean-limbed and slender, and there was something in her face that was enduring. It was the face of a woman who turned to the future without a trace of doubt or fear; and she was the loveliest thing that Bill Roper would ever see.

"JODY," Bill Roper said uncertainly, "I want to tell you something. Other men will have to fight other wars; but my part of all that is finished. I'm not sorry my gun is hung up. I hope it's hung up forever. Once I thought that when Thorpe was smashed my work would be through—but now I see it's only begun. I think we're going to build something pretty fine, if you'll stay by me."

Jody smiled a little. Without taking her eyes from the cross she reached her hand toward him and took his.

"All the anger and the hate have gone out of me," Roper said; "and if you can only some day understand that my riding with the wild bunch was—was what I had to do—"

He fumbled for words and stopped.

"Give me your knife," Jody said.

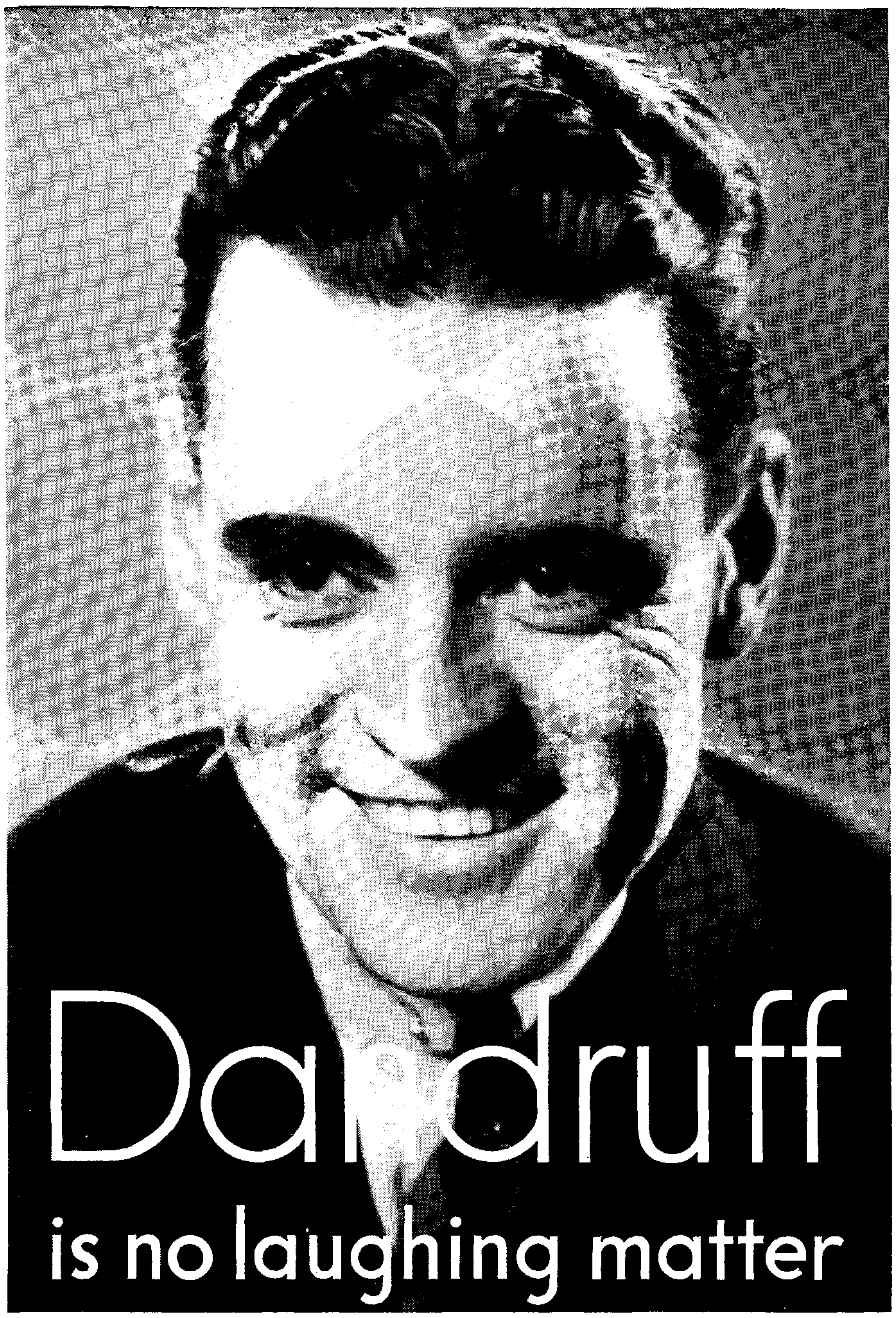
"My—my what?"

She turned, and herself drew his skinning knife from the sheath at his belt. Then she stepped to the ground.

"In justice," Jody said; "in justice, and in memory of courage."

With her own hands she cut the third notch upon the cross, deep and clean.

THE END



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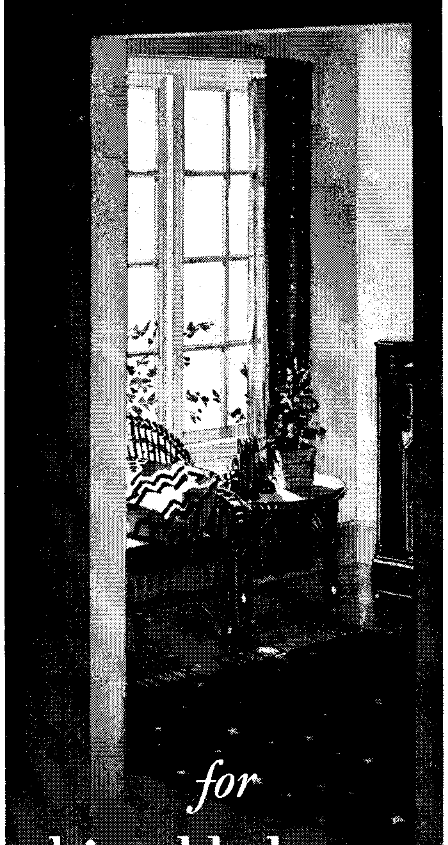

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Make Me Behave

Continued from page 15

he to know it stops at Government Camp in a forty-foot drift? That's the story I'm stuck with. Harry Thorvane thinks I'm nuts, but that's nothing compared with what I think of Harry Thorvane, so we're even. Isn't it ducky?"

Ben Ide made a vulgar sound on the phone. He said: "Mac's up there taking pictures of the ski jumps. Tell him to send in his pix and stay there with you—till you either hatch your egg or eat it."

Bill Cole elbowed his way toward the door and found Thad White still arranged sadly against the wall. Bill Cole paused and looked at his feet. He said, softly, "I'm going over to the ski jumps, Thad. If anything happens, protect me on it," and walked out.

THEY were at the foot of Multorpor Mountain, outside the rope that guarded the long run. Higher up was the take-off platform, and beyond that, near the top of the hill, a collection of Oles and Knutes and Oscars sat in diminishing shape and waited for the Class A competition. Meanwhile, some lesser stuff was coming off the lower platform to one side of the big one. Amateurs trying out their nerve. Van Duveen trudged that way, leaving his party plastered against the rope. Bill Cole disengaged himself from the Van Duveen orbit, floating down the rope a few yards. For some strange reason the Helen girl floated with him. She said moodily: "Be friendly with me, Bill. I've got to have somebody to talk to. It's kind of tough going in that crowd, when you don't know the conventions. Once in a while I need time out."

He made a disclaiming gesture with his hands. "No. Positively no." The megaphone guy said, "Van Duveen," and a moment later Bill watched the blond fellow clear the take-off in clean, smooth motion. He hovered up against the daylight with his arms spread out and swooped down. It was a nice landing. Van Duveen let his forward speed carry him onward; afterwards he made a telemark and stood a moment, head bowed pensively. He was directly opposite. He reached down and loosened the ski bindings and picked them up and trudged over to the rope. He was, Bill Cole understood, pretty well pleased with himself. It had all been in proper form. He smiled at the girl. She said obediently, "A nice one, Van."

"Oh," he said amiably, "nothing at all." But his mood was tolerant and expanding. He looked at Bill Cole. "Come down to the cottage when all this is over and have a drink. I always like to see the newspaper boys."

IT WAS a line, Bill Cole thought glumly, that left you simply stopped. There wasn't any civil answer to it. He said, "Have you a servants' entrance?" Duveen didn't get it. He arched his eyebrows to express puzzlement; and then decided not to bother. He took Helen under one arm and skis under another and moved back to the party.

Ducking under the rope, Bill Cole crossed the runway, and stopped beside Mac, who was crouched and ready to snap the next jumper. "Ben says send your pix in and stick around. There may be something."

He tracked back to the hotel. There had been a change in the smell of things. You didn't have to be psychic to know when a cop was bothered. Harry Thorvane's state troopers were suggestively alert. He found Thorvane on the hotel steps. "What is it?"

"You find out, wise guy."

"Your pants, Harry, are getting too small for you."

He went inside and edged his way through an assortment of dames trying to thaw out. Everybody stood around the fireplace, hoping to get a little heat. There was a smell of steaming leather and scorched wool. A fresh little kid with a high color looked at him and showed interest; but he let it go like that. Harry Thorvane knew something. There had been a break—and maybe this'd be a hot spot pretty soon. What he needed now was two good drinks ad lib, and probably there were at least fifteen hipped flasks within arm's reach of him. It was man's inhumanity to man that was wrong with this cockeyed world. A clock on the wall showed exactly three-thirty.

The fresh little kid openly laughed at him. She said, "Bill, come here," and took his arm and towed him to a corner of the place where three men stood solemnly and inscrutably together. She said, "Pete, give Bill a drink."

The Pete man was obliging. Civilization suddenly had its kindly side, Bill thought, and ruminated on the warm belly-blow of authentic whisky. "Bill who?" inquired Pete.

The girl was laughing. "What is your other name, Bill?"

Bill Cole shook his head. "Honey, you've got wisdom. Where was it we met?"

She said wistfully, "That's not kind, Bill. Skip it."

He signed off on that and went over to a window, verifying Harry Thorvane's presence outside. Thorvane seemed to be the key. He went out to his car and got in and sat there for a long time, considering and watching. The state troopers had spread farther down the road, away from the public eye, but there wasn't any feel of excitement and nothing in his head warned Bill of a break.

Mac came across the road with his camera. Bill Cole leaned out the car window. He said: "Stay here. I'll be back." He was, he told himself distinctly as he drove through the thickening slush of the highway, beginning to get bored and he needed another drink. "No," he said aloud, "you're kidding yourself, Cole. What you really mean is that you want to see how that brat's making out." He had given her advice on the technique of playing Van Duveen's game and now he was an interested party. The moral was, never give anybody any advice.

Duveen's lodge was just a simple little cottage for a couple hundred people, sitting slightly off the road. Bill Cole parked and went up to the porch and was let in by Van Duveen himself. A quantity of good warm air enveloped Bill. He said: "It was the idea of a drink that broke me down." Duveen's guests were a jaded-looking lot, all of them sitting on their shoulder blades in deep chairs, nursing tall drinks. The Helen kid was curled up on a window bench.

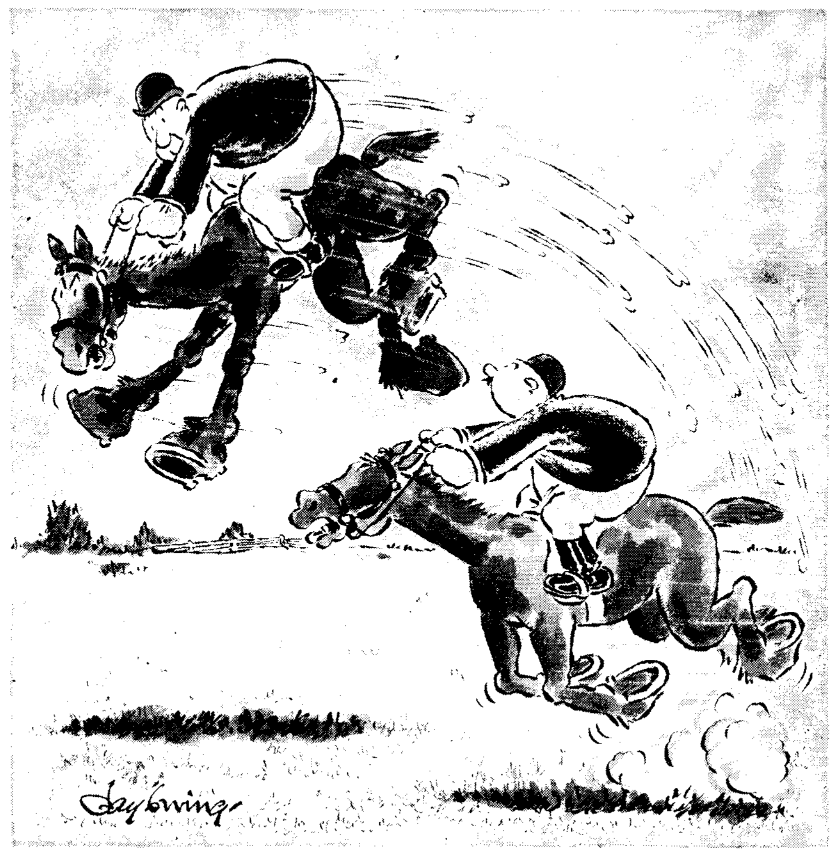
DUVEEN said affably: "Glad you came. Let me introduce you to the crowd. This is one of the newspaper boys, folks. Bill Cole, of the Tribune, and a very good friend of mine."

A few hands waggled faintly by way of recognition. Bill stationed himself by the fireplace. He jogged Van Duveen's memory. "It was the drink."

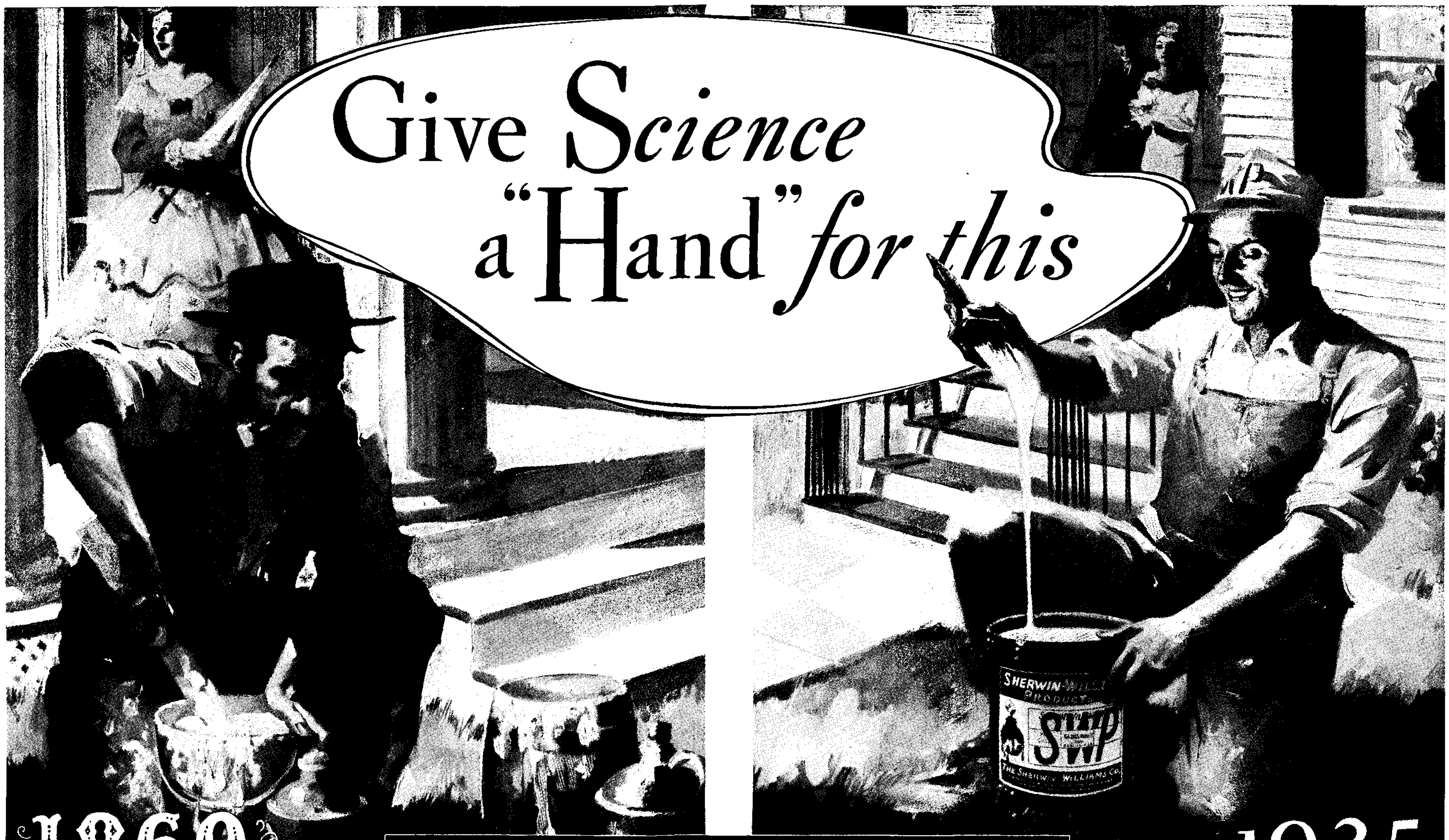
Van Duveen went into the kitchen and returned with the drink. Bill took it. "I have my moments of gratitude. This is one of them."

Duveen lifted his own glass. He was being the perfect host, Bill decided—urbane and affable in the slightly grand manner. Naturally he took his station in front of the fireplace; it was the center of the stage. All the group paid him

(Continued on page 44)



"There used to be a hurdle here. . . ." JAY IRVING



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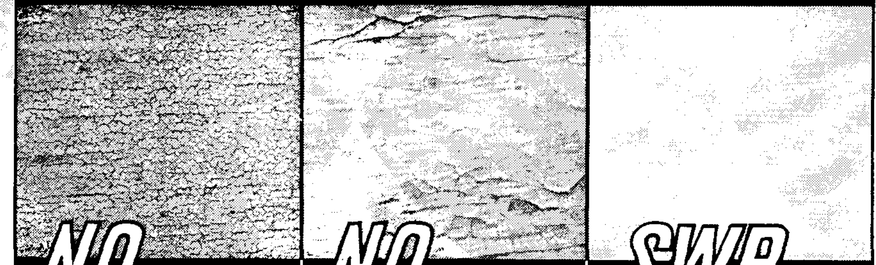
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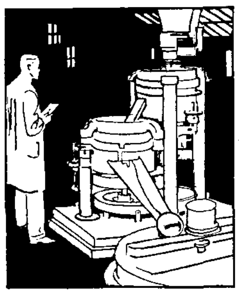

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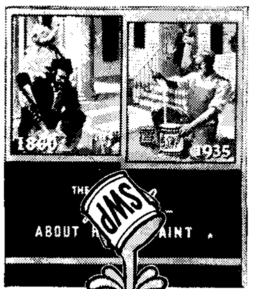

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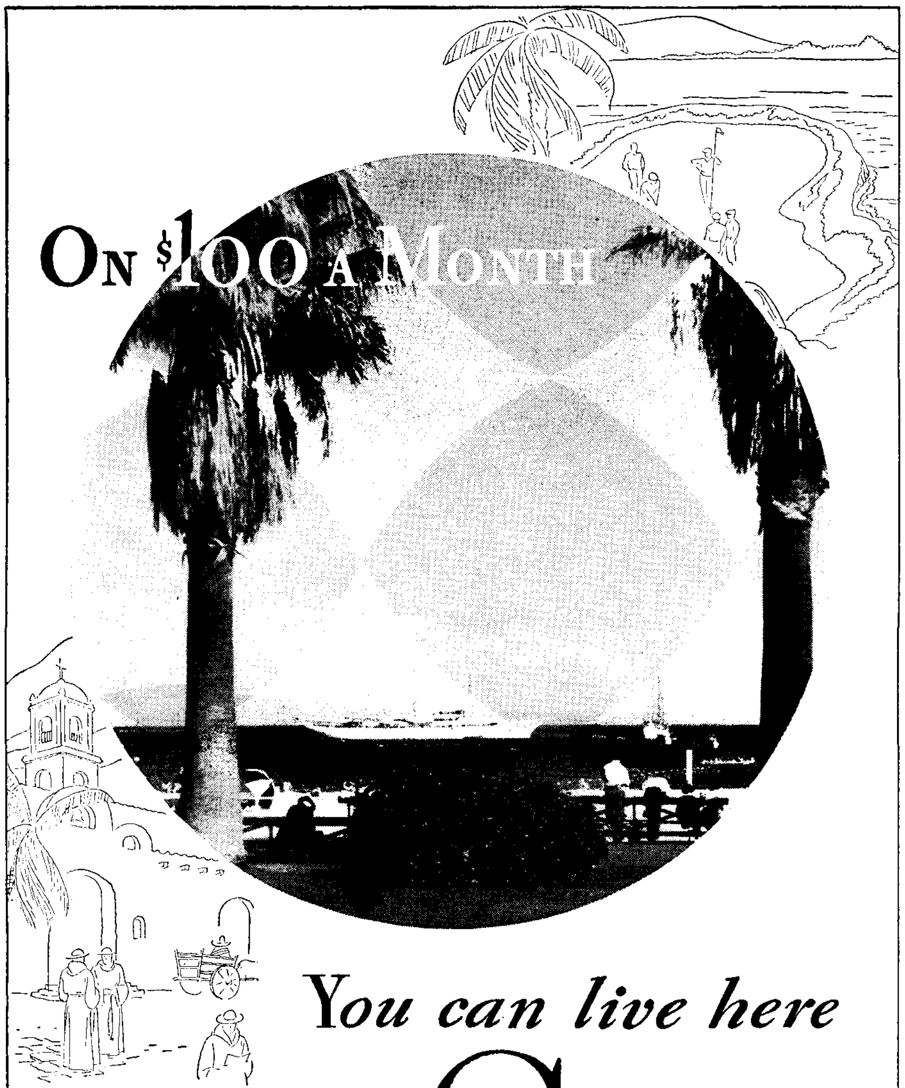

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EARNED LEISURE

Make Me Behave

Continued from page 42

a negligent attention. He said: "Whisky is the only honest drink. It belongs to the tradition of vigorous living, to the spare and zestful life. We are becoming a little soft these days. What we greatly need is courage—the sort that comes from taking a horse over a bad hurdle or bracing yourself for the moment when your skis leave the take-off behind."

Wicked impulses stirred in Bill Cole. The temptation to muss up this well-tailored scene was overwhelming. He scrubbed the mist from the surface of his whisky glass and squinted through the amber body.

"Courage," he said idly, "is what dumb guys call it when they haven't got sense enough to quit."

VAN DUVEEN'S manner was unbreakable. The white, assured smile remained intact and remotely condescending. He spanked Bill Cole with an ineffable superiority. "You newspaper boys deal in the rummy side of life so much you're unable to get anything really straight." He said then, becoming the irreproachable sportsman: "By the way, I took first in that little jump of mine this afternoon. But the man who came in second is a very fine boy. In your article I wish you wouldn't play up my winning over him."

"Another man's reporting the jumps," Bill Cole told him. "But don't worry. It's the Class A stuff that rates the story. The amateur jumps will only get honorable mention somewhere down in the fine print."

It was wicked. Duveen let a small, unguarded "Oh," out of him, and his eyes narrowed and he forgot to smile. Looking on, Bill Cole saw himself being sent out the servants' entrance. The tempo of this beautiful little drawing-room scene had been jarred for Duveen, who said, evenly, "Have you had your drink?"

There needed to be something to smooth over the break in the continuity of this comedy of good manners, and the exceedingly well-trained claque rose splendidly to the occasion. A girl got up and turned on the phonograph and a great crooner's voice began to "Yoo-hoo in the valley." It was like a cue. The rest of the crowd obediently took up a well-bred and lightly indifferent conversation. The girl Helen's glance was obscurely disappointed.

Bill Cole emptied his glass and rattled the remnant ice around in it regretfully.

Duveen put his arms behind his back and said, in a well-managed modulation of his voice: "I'm awfully glad you dropped in."

Bill considered his impulses without regret. He had, he supposed, a good deal of malice in him. You couldn't knock around a town full of fakes and strivers without developing a kind of acid-bath disposition. Well, it was good, clean fun to take the ball away from Duveen. Supposing he carried on that way and found out if Duveen was clever enough to get the ball back?

There was an unrefined joy in him. He said coolly: "I didn't have the least thought of leaving you. My glass is empty."

Duveen remained still, registering a mute regret. He was, no doubt, riffling through his dictionary of proper retorts. Bill Cole made a pleasant gesture at the room and ambled back to the kitchen, clutching his glass. He put it on the drainboard and mixed himself the necessary ingredients from a row of bottles. The conversation and the phonograph continued faithfully on in the living-room. Duveen evidently hadn't yet hit upon an answer that would subscribe to the gentleman's code. The Helen girl came in and pushed the door almost shut behind her.

Bill said: "We're conducting a test and your boy friend is the guinea pig. If he's so nuts about this virile stuff he'll simply open the door and chuck me out. Otherwise it's just talkie-talkie."

"I could do with a drink, Bill."

He mixed one for her; he eased himself to a teetering seat on the drainboard. When he looked at her carefully he was inordinately irritated again. She was a smooth creature, beautiful to look upon. Her eyes were made for splendid exhibitions of temper and her lips were very soft when they forgot to be severe. The mousy, dogged disposition didn't fit her at all and this lacquered and restrained and unspeakably dull perfection she wanted so badly didn't fit her at all. The woman was made for stress and storm. For recklessness. He said brutally:

"Is it his money you're after?"

"I've got money, Bill."

"So it's the social angle. Name and place."

She said, breathlessly quiet: "You dumb egg, don't you know my last name? It's McKay."

He slid off the drainboard. He put his glass down and spent a moment staring at it, pushing it around. He looked up and waggled both hands futilely. He had been simply and definitely stopped. "Look now. Spill it for me. You're Helen McKay and you've got more money and drag than this guy. In your set he just barely qualifies. But here he is, towing you around like a poor relation. Who's loony now?"

"You're not very smart, Bill."

He said: "No, I just work on a newspaper." Well, he had it coming. After an afternoon's maneuvering he was precisely behind the eight ball. Still, it was a pleasure to see her light up. The heat was definitely on. Temper simply slammed through her and made her eyes smoky and her face red. When she landed on him she had hobs in her boots.

"It's all right for you to suggest Van's just a boy scout when he talks about courage and dangerous living. But look at me. I've never done anything except be proper. It's pretty stuffy when you don't have to do anything too well, when your life's so unbearably well managed for you from childhood that you don't need to be knocked around. If I attach myself to him like a trained seal it's because I'm darned glad to have him bawl me out for not doing the right thing. Nobody else has ever had the nerve to make me crawl up and down a hill until I didn't know the difference between a tree and a newspaperman. There is such a thing as discipline and excitement, Bill."

HE SAID, "Well—" feebly. But she cut in: "No, you don't get it. I'm disappointed in you. You just talk, like all the rest of the people I know. At least Van has energy."

She went out. Somebody new had come into the house. Bill saw the fellow through the small opening of the kitchen door. He had on a wrinkled tweed overcoat and a soft hat was pulled down over his face. He seemed pint-sized and he was speaking at the people in the living-room in a soft, husky voice. Bill picked up his glass and drank it dry and let out a long breath. Duveen was exceedingly clever. Finesse wouldn't work on this poor little rich girl, so he was using the reverse technique of brutality. But was she so blind that she mistook Duveen's exhibition for vitality? He looked around. "The servants' entrance seems to be indicated." Well, there was a back door, all right.

Duveen's voice rose with a degree of sharpness, meant for the newcomer: "I think you've got the wrong place, old man. The hotel is just up the road."

The newcomer said rapidly: "Don't the road go no farther'n that?"

The bad grammar jarred. A shutter in Bill Cole's mind narrowed down to one brilliant point of comprehension. He placed the glass on the drainboard with a painful exactness. Duveen was explaining, too patiently, that the road went no farther than the hotel because of the snow. The newcomer's talk rasped impatiently through the explanation. "Well, my car's stalled and I've got a wife in it—back a mile. Somebody drive me there. I wouldn't ask nobody to walk."

The silence was definitely inhospitable. Then Van Duveen said evenly: "I'm sure you'll find help at the hotel."

"I'll find help right here," said the man and bent his body and walked forward into the room, out of Bill Cole's sight. But there was a quick gasping of a woman's voice. The man seemed to resent that. He grunted: "Cut that out. Big guy, you gimme the keys to your car."

BILL COLE stared regretfully at his glass. There seemed to be something heroic indicated here—some display of that primitive courage of which Duveen was so fond. The newcomer's ultimatum had the ring of a gun behind it. Well, there always had to be a sucker. He put his hand on the kitchen door and widened it and slid himself through. The man stood watching the circle of people carefully, his back to the door; and he had a gun. Bill came carefully out of the kitchen.

Men like that seemed to have the perceptive faculties of wild animals. The newcomer smelled trouble. His small shoulders hiked up and he started a wheeling movement. Bill stiffened his back into a long dive, his attention focussed on the flat, black gun that grew larger and larger and wiped out all other details of a room at once insufferably hot. The gun first, the man afterwards—that was the technique. He struck his shoulder point into this fellow and his right hand reached greedily for that veering weapon hand. He grabbed it at the wrist. The gun made flat, spitting sounds and a woman's voice reached the highest attainable note in the register. But he still had that wrist while the fellow writhed wickedly and used his free hand and his knees and all the predatory strength of his body.

His thin face came up, strained and passionate, and Bill clipped him between the eyes and fell on top of him. When he fell he rammed his knee into the fellow's stomach. Merely as a precaution he smacked him between the eyes again and lifted and slammed his head against the floor. He reached over and got the pistol. The guy was out like a light, with his mouth wide open.

He found himself breathing heavily. Duveen's party made a discreet, stricken circle in the indefinite background; the afternoon light had turned pretty gray. He said: "Get on the phone, somebody, and call the hotel. Tell Harry Thorvane to come down here. Tell him to be sure and bring Mac. This is LaFranche."

Thorvane and the whole floating police population had come and gone, bearing LaFranche away in a swirl of intense excitement—and there was a dim and dying shriek of the state cars' sirens warning the solid procession of Portland-bound cars in the vague twilight. Somebody had turned on the lights. Mountain sports were meant, Bill Cole considered, for more robust types than he was. His face and shins gave him trouble, and his knuckles were beginning to throb. He went to Duveen's phone, feeling acutely silly, and called the office. "LaFranche," he told Ben, "was picked up. Mac's bringing the pix. I'll be along with the story covering this angle."

He was suddenly aware of Duveen's guests. They had been pushed into the background by the boil of events and only now were emerging. But the scene was still out of focus. Duveen stood by the fireplace and couldn't seem to get the spotlight. The little drama had been interrupted and now a new scene was indicated and nobody seemed to have the appropriate lines. Purely as a reflex, Bill went to the kitchen and got himself a drink. He had just pulled a prize boy scout stunt in the approved Duveen manner and now probably somebody would suggest that his impulses were heroic. He said desperately, "I've got to get out of here." He went back to the living-room. Duveen's voice struck him with a definite displeasure.

"You seemed to lose your head, Cole. Supposing the man had shot one of the women? I suppose you'll get a good deal of credit for this, but I'm sorry I can't applaud. It was a fool thing to do."

Bill Cole couldn't muster up a sufficient irritation. There had been a little reality pushed into this carefully arranged act and now it all looked pretty ridiculous. That speech about courage and red-blooded vitality was just a gag. He looked over at the Helen brat; he was grinning somewhat sourly. "Maybe you like your adventure synthetic. I'll take root beer." He went out to his car and wasn't grinning any more. He got in and switched on the lights and looked at the creeping procession of homeward-bound cars on the road with acute distaste. He should, he reflected, have hitched himself to Harry Thorvane's caravan and burned his way through with them. The car door opened and Helen got in and closed it with a reckless bang. She said: "Have you a blanket or something? It's going to be cold."

He said: "Listen. Don't go around attaching yourself to guys all the time. If it's a big, strong-hearted hero you want, I'm out. It will be years before I'll get over being mortified. Me pulling a stunt in the painfully virile Duveen way. Nerts!"

SHE was laughing, pleased and very soft. She said irrelevantly: "I'm really doing rather well for a beginner. It isn't so hard to change the pace, is it, Bill? The discipline angle was good for me—but I see distinct possibilities in recklessness."

"I think you better scram."

"That," she told him enthusiastically, "is the theme. The hard-boiled line covering a heart of gold. In skeptic vein. Look, you big egg. Since you know so much about life, you've got me on your hands. But listen, Bill, the ski jumping is out."

The lights from the instrument board ran softly across her face; she was, he told himself, a desirable woman, worth any man's kiss. There seemed only one way to erase the memory of having overpowered the villain in such an unbearably correct way. He kissed her effectively. Her shoulder rolled against him. She said afterwards, breathlessly quiet: "I can pick 'em, Bill. Smack me if you must, but don't ever be kind and forbearing. Where do we eat?"

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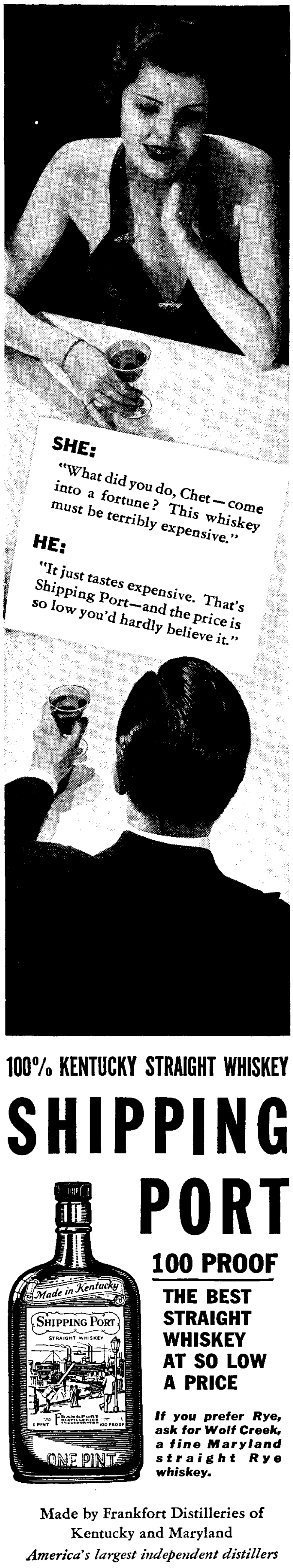
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"What did you do, Chet—come into a fortune? This whiskey must be terribly expensive."

HE:
"It just tastes expensive. That's Shipping Port—and the price is so low you'd hardly believe it."

100% KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY

SHIPPING PORT

100 PROOF

THE BEST STRAIGHT WHISKEY AT SO LOW A PRICE

If you prefer Rye, ask for Wolf Creek, a fine Maryland straight Rye whiskey.

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Kentucky and Maryland

America's largest independent distillers

First Catch the Girl

Continued from page 28

office as well as just answering these questions in the paper," Mrs. Ewan Browne said a little brokenly. "I wanted you to go and see if this place is all right. I'll pay you your fee—after all, and you did advise Dorothy to go on with the lessons."

"Name and address of the place, please," Miss Mott asked briskly. "I'll let you have a report on it by tomorrow."

"The name is Madam Hansen, 7a Kensington Square," the girl said. "Why wouldn't you come with me, Miss Mott, when I go for my lesson at five o'clock this afternoon? You could set Mother's mind at rest then about the place."

Miss Mott reflected. She had two or three unanswered inquiries for an establishment of that sort which was absolutely above suspicion.

"Call here at a quarter to five," she enjoined. "Don't be late, and please let me send you away now."

Mrs. Ewan Browne wiped her eyes and, with a mincing gesture, opened her bag.

Miss Mott waved her away.

"If there's any charge," she said, "I'll let you know how much it is later."

The girl smiled her farewell behind her mother's shoulder, and these strange visitors took their leave. . . .

Later in the day Miss Mott received the following reply to the inquiry which she had put through to Scotland Yard:

"Dancing School, or Academy as it is styled, conducted by Madam Hansen, 7a Kensington Square, is believed to be a quite responsible institution. There have never been any complaints and it seems to be frequented by a very respectable class of people."

Miss Mott thrust the note into her bag and made an entry on her pad for the engagement that afternoon.

IT WAS no footman, but a butler of very staid appearance who opened the door of Number 7a Kensington Square, in response to Miss Ewan Browne's summons. He led the way into a large Victorian-looking drawing-room which had been almost denuded of furniture and the floor of which was highly polished. There was no doubt about the bona fide nature of the dancing academy at any rate. Four young ladies in tunics and knickers were performing gyrations at one end of the apartment under the instruction of a dapper little man and to the music of a piano and one stringed instrument. A thin, rather austere-looking woman, plainly dressed in black, was taking careful note of the performance. She came across the room to meet the new arrivals.

"Better get into your costume at once, Miss Browne," she suggested. "Mr. Fitch is able to spare us another quarter of an hour today."

Miss Browne introduced her companion, who was graciously received, and disappeared.

Two gentlemen were shown in and took seats at the far end of the room. Madam waved her hand to them.

"That's Mr. Paxton—one of the best agents," she pointed out. "He only engages girls for provincial shows, though."

Miss Mott sat in an easy-chair and watched a very quaint, but, in its way, businesslike performance. Presently Miss Browne, having changed her clothes, returned and joined a little troupe which indulged in some fancy dancing. At a sign from Madam the dancers passed into the back room, followed by the musicians. The folding doors were closed and it seemed to Miss Mott rather a strange thing that Miss Ewan Browne departed without even a wave of the hand. Madam, the agent and his friend, and Miss Mott were alone in the apartment. Miss Mott made her little speech of farewell.

"You mustn't think of leaving us yet," Madam said. "We are expecting some friends of yours presently."

"Friends of mine?" Miss Mott repeated.

Madam smiled but she made no effort to ring the bell, and Miss Mott, even though she made her way to the door and turned the handle, felt that her gesture was useless. In a few seconds she was convinced of it. The door was fastened. She turned round with flashing eyes.

"What is the meaning of that?" she demanded, pointing to the door.

Madam laughed, not at all pleasantly.

"Your friends," she confided, "have come to the conclusion that a course of dancing lessons would be good for you."

SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE was clearing up his desk and filling his pipe, preparatory to leaving his office for the day, when a commissionaire opened the door, saluted, and handed over a folded memorandum.

"From Mr. Harrison of Number 8 Department, sir," he announced.

The superintendent glanced at the memorandum and frowned. He read it over half aloud, slowly and thoughtfully:

"With reference to your inquiry of this morning's date, as to the character of Dancing Academy carried on at No. 7a Kensington Square by Madam Hansen, an addendum has now been made to our information on the matter.

"While there is still no information to hand reflecting upon the general character or conduct of the establishment, it is reported that two members of well-known London gangs have been seen to enter and leave same. It is believed that one is employed there in some capacity or other. The premises have been placed under observation."

Superintendent Wragge folded up the memorandum and reached out for the telephone. Five minutes later, accompanied by two plain-clothes men, he was at Madam Hansen's.

The same girls were there and the same musicians. This time, however, it was Madam who was instructing. She held a little baton in her hand and she looked at Superintendent Wragge with chilly curiosity.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

Superintendent Wragge was very polite.

"You have, I believe, a pupil called Miss Ewan Browne here?"

Madam nodded.

"What about it? Do you wish to speak to her?"

"For a minute, if you please," Mr. Wragge begged.

Miss Ewan Browne stepped forward.

Superintendent Wragge faced her.

"My name is Superintendent Detective Wragge of Scotland Yard," he said. "I am in search of a Miss Mott, who came here with you this afternoon."

"No one came here with me this afternoon," the girl answered. "I came alone. Didn't I, Madam?"

"I don't know whom you brought with you to the front door," Madam Hansen replied. "Certainly no one entered with you."

Superintendent Wragge looked at the woman with eyes which had won the truth from many a criminal.

"You will permit me, Madam, to use your telephone?"

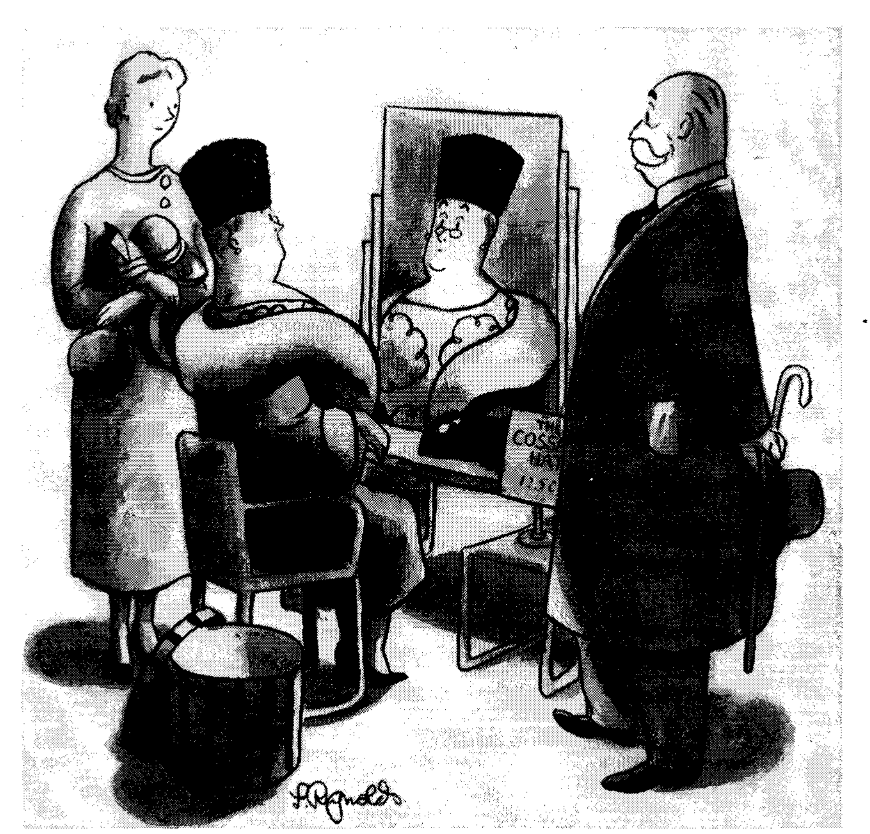
"You'll find the instrument in the hall," was the brusque reply.

Wragge left the room.

In five minutes the superintendent was back in the dancing-room. Madam watched his reappearance with a little exclamation of annoyance.

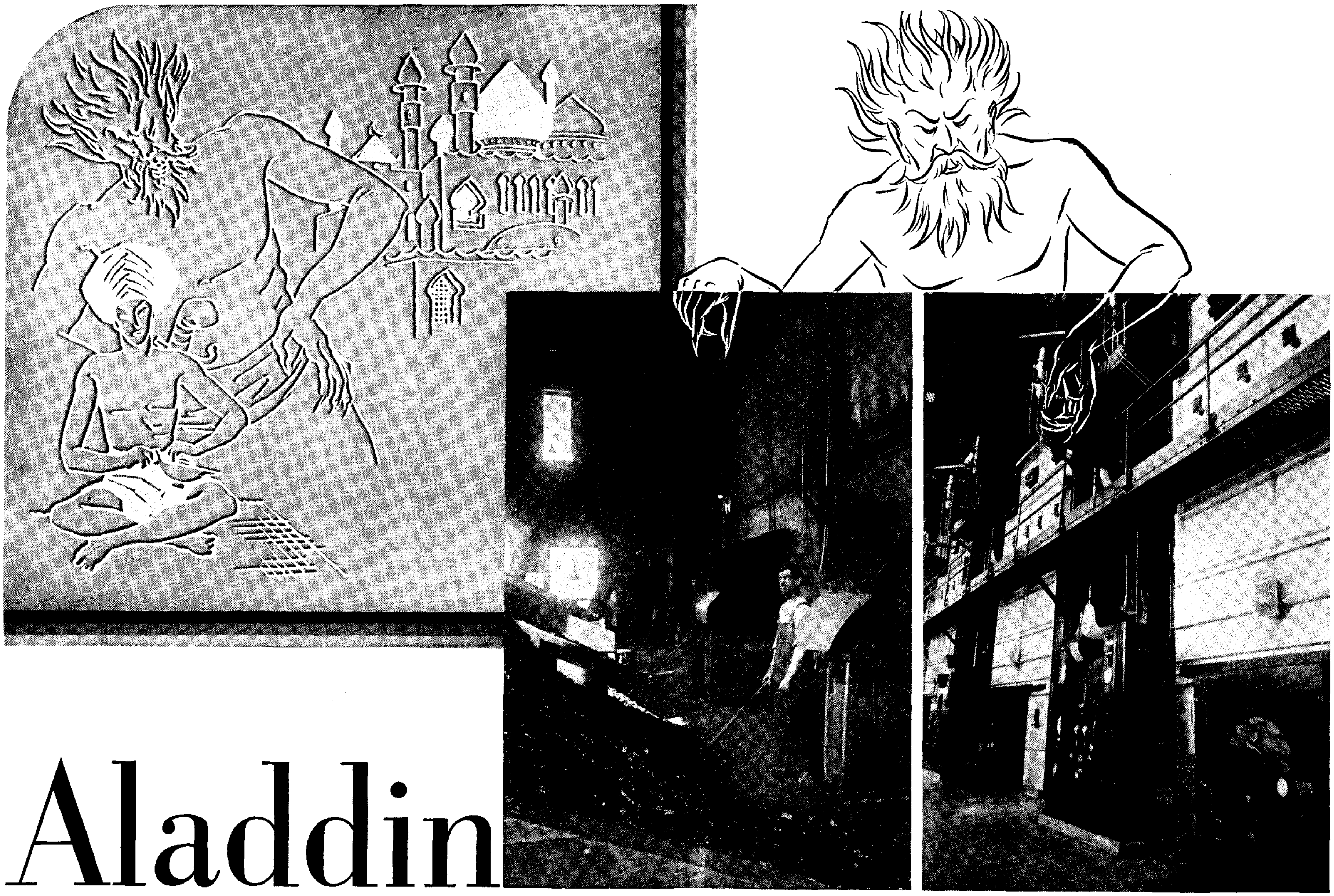
"Do tell me what else it is you want, please," she demanded irritably.

(Continued on page 48)



"You probably look all right in a Cossack hat, Louisa, but I keep remembering that you're a McGuirk"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



The Old

The New

Aladdin *doesn't live here any more . . . .*

HE DEPARTED this earth centuries ago. But in his heyday, he was a big shot.

He had but to rub his lamp and his wishes were fulfilled. Jewels, gold, palaces. But what could his gold buy him? And who, today, would live in one of his palaces? No plumbing . . . no refrigerator . . . no heating plant . . . no electricity . . . no cars in his garage . . . no *garage*. When Aladdin traveled, he got a lift on a camel and went bouncing over the landscape at a fast walk.

We have none of Aladdin's sort of magic today, but there is something akin to magic that puts within reach of any average family in America, modern comforts that would have seemed like miraculous treasures to Aladdin and his people.

Time payment financing has literally transformed our pattern of life within the last twenty-five years. It has broadened markets for manufacturers . . . increased production . . . encouraged invention . . . lowered costs and selling prices . . . created work for millions . . . put money in circulation. It has enabled thousands upon thousands of families to enjoy automobiles, radios, automatic refrigerators, gas and oil burning heating plants, and numerous other modern devices for the promotion of health, comfort and happiness.

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In thousands of mills, factories, mines and power plants, the mechanical equipment for producing materials and goods is worn out or outmoded by new inventions and improvements . . . is idle, or is being operated at a cost that eats up profit. Department of Commerce figures show that billions of dollars worth of industrial equipment is in this deplorable condition.

Many companies lack capital to make needed replacements. Others are reluctant to weaken their current financial position. Yet if all would act this year to modernize their equipment, the mass expenditure would total billions of dollars . . . create work for millions of skilled and unskilled labor . . . and speedily put the country on a sound industrial footing.

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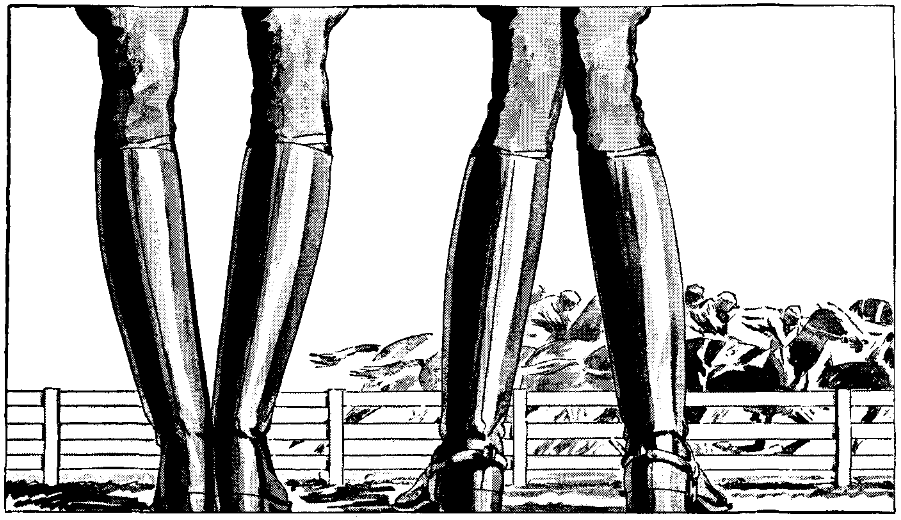
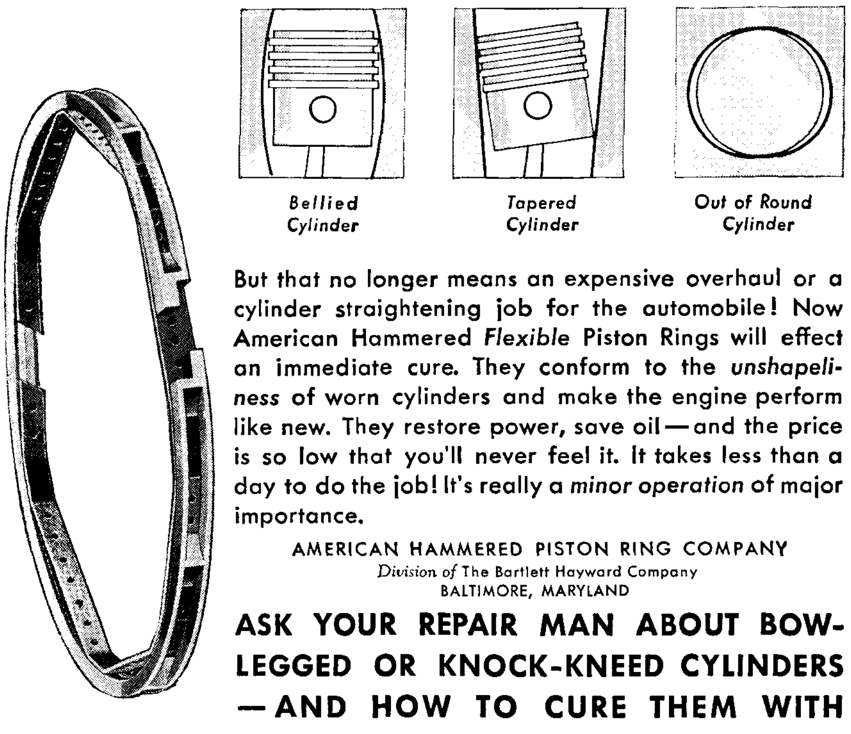


you probably have

BOWLEGGED or KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS



But that no longer means an expensive overhaul or a cylinder straightening job for the automobile! Now American Hammered *Flexible* Piston Rings will effect an immediate cure. They conform to the *unshapeliness* of worn cylinders and make the engine perform like new. They restore power, save oil—and the price is so low that you'll never feel it. It takes less than a day to do the job! It's really a *minor operation* of major importance.

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ASK YOUR REPAIR MAN ABOUT BOWLEGGED OR KNOCK-KNEED CYLINDERS—AND HOW TO CURE THEM WITH

American *Hammered* FLEXIBLE PISTON RINGS

First Catch the Girl

Continued from page 46

"I'm taking that young lady I spoke with to the police station," Superintendent Wragge bluffed. "Miss Mott was seen to enter this house with her. In the meantime, Madam, I must search the house."

Madam, at any rate, had nerve.

"You can search it until you are black in the face," she agreed, "so long as you leave me and my pupils in peace."

Superintendent Wragge turned toward the door.

"If I let the young lady remain here for a few minutes," he asked, looking back, "will you see that she does not leave the premises?"

"I don't make prisoners of my pupils," Madam answered. "However, we shan't have finished for three quarters of an hour."

Nevertheless, when Superintendent Detective Wragge returned to the room in considerably less than three quarters of an hour, Miss Ewan Browne was missing.

"Where's the young woman?" he demanded of Madam.

"You've frightened her to death," was the brusque reply. "She's run off home."

"You are under arrest," said Wragge, "on suspicion of being concerned in the abduction of Miss Mott."

THE butler of the very dignified-looking house in Berkeley Square threw a log upon the fire, and loomed through the shadows which surrounded the writing table.

"Can I bring you anything, my lord?" he inquired. "It is after six o'clock."

The man whose pen had been scratching wearily across the paper for the last two hours looked up. He pushed one of the books of reference by which he was surrounded a little farther to one side. A powerful electric lamp threw a strong light upon the paper below, but the man himself was almost invisible. He sat head and shoulders above the green shade, and the whole of the rest of the room was in darkness, save for such faint and uncertain illumination as came from the dancing flames upon the hearth.

"You can bring whisky and soda," a quiet voice answered.

"The young lady is asking to see you, my lord," the man ventured.

"She must wait. These sheets must be at the typist's tonight."

The man started for the door, and long before he reached it had faded into obscurity. His master bent once more over his task. In due course whisky and soda and ice were placed on a table by his side.

"There have been callers, Grover?" he asked.

"Quite a good many, my lord," the man replied. "I told them all that your lordship was finishing some work and that you were not to be disturbed."

The man at the table nodded impatiently. A perfectly shaped hand, wearing a wonderful signet ring, flashed from underneath the little circle of light in a gesture of dismissal. Almost immediately he was alone again and his pen was continuing its rapid progress across the pad of foolscap. . . .

He left off presently to mix himself a drink. With the tumbler halfway to his lips, he paused. A draught from the nearest window was stealing into the room. He listened. Yes—there was some sort of sound behind him. He turned round in his chair. The curtains of the window immediately behind him had been drawn aside and were still shivering. The dimly seen figure of a man was standing within a few feet of him. The firelight flashed upon the dull metal of an outstretched automatic.

"Don't move, please, Walter—I know where you keep your gun and where I should be if you could get at it, but you can't. It's just out of your reach. Move your chair a little farther from the table—that's good."

The man laid down his pen and obeyed.

The newcomer came on towards the table, cautiously watching for a sudden spring.

"Why this unexpected visit?" the other asked. "Since your withdrawal I thought it was understood that we only received and exchanged visits in a social way. If you have anything to say, why didn't you say it at Glenster's dinner last night?"

"I didn't know then what I know now," Violet Joe replied. "I've come after Miss Mott."

The man at the table chuckled.

"How do you suppose you're going to get her?" he inquired. "Certainly not by this stunt of brandishing firearms at me."

"There are several methods I might make use of," Violet Joe said calmly. "One of them will have to succeed."

"Be as brief as possible, there's a good fellow," the other enjoined. "The F. O. are waiting for this report of mine. Ridley wants to go through it before the Cabinet Council tomorrow."

"I should hate to interfere with your political activities, Walter," the visitor remarked, "but I want Miss Mott."

"So do I," was the curt rejoinder. "I happen to have the advantage, too, of being the man in possession."

"I should have thought you would have gathered by now," Violet Joe observed, "that the young lady was never inclined to stay with you voluntarily."

Meredith sighed.

"The young lady has been difficult," he admitted. "I think that this time, however, my reward is coming."

Violet Joe laughed scornfully.

"You flatter yourself!" he scoffed.

Meredith pushed his writing pad away from him and leaned forward in his chair.

"Supposing we have the cards on the table," he suggested. "Why are you butting in like this?"

"I don't mind explaining," was the quiet reply. "Get up and walk two yards towards the fire, will you?"

MEREDITH obeyed without hesitation. He stood upon the hearth rug with his hands behind him, the firelight playing upon his thin, ascetic face, upon which the scar no longer showed—a sinister and yet a not unprepossessing figure of a man. He watched his visitor indifferently while the latter removed an automatic pistol from one of the drawers of the desk, extracted the cartridges and threw it on the top of the bureau.

"I hate this melodramatic nonsense," Violet Joe observed, replacing his own revolver in his pocket. "Now we can get to business. You're asking for trouble, Meredith, and bad trouble. You think because you had your double arrive in Aden by airplane and travel home under an assumed name that your alibi for the last eight months is complete, but you're wrong. There's just one person who has got you in the hollow of her hand—and that's Miss Mott."

Meredith laughed scornfully.

"Well, as my wife," he said, "she won't be able to give evidence against me."

"Going as far as that, are you?" Violet Joe murmured.

"You'll find a special license in that

drawer, if you care to look," Meredith confided. "Notwithstanding that lack of intelligence with which you reproach me, I realized some time ago that Miss Mott was my chief danger. That was one reason why I made up my mind to marry her."

"Interesting! Has she, by the way, made up her mind to marry you?"

Meredith smiled—a gesture of supreme contempt at the imbecility of the question.

"Why not? The family estates are rehabilitated, and it isn't every Miss Mott in the world who can become a countess."

"Snob!" Violet Joe sneered. "Look here, Walter," he went on seriously, "you don't know Miss Mott. Would you mind having her down and letting me ask her one or two questions?"

"With pleasure," Meredith acquiesced, "so long as you will remember that we are back in the humdrum world and will promise not to make any silly attempts at carrying the young woman off."

"I promise that," Violet Joe agreed.

MEREDITH touched a bell, gave an order to a servant and in a very few minutes Miss Mott appeared. Notwithstanding his bold front, Violet Joe gave a little start as he saw her calmly crossing the room. She was, as usual, plainly but exceedingly well dressed, and she showed not the slightest signs of any nervous discomposure. Only when she saw Violet Joe rise to his feet was there any change in her expression. At first, her face brightened as though with pleasure; then she became graver and the smile faded.

"I thought that you had stopped this sort of thing," she said.

"So I have," he assured her. "At the same time one remains human. This man was my associate and chief for years and I have come to save him from making a bad mistake, if I can."

Miss Mott indulged in a little grimace and sank into an easy-chair. Her arms dangled down on each side.

"And I hoped that you had come to rescue me," she sighed.

"I'm not at all sure that you need rescuing," Violet Joe replied.

"Why should she?" Meredith asked coolly. "We have an interesting document here to which we propose to give effect within the next few days."

The intruder rose to his feet and stood between the two. He looked older than the last time Miss Mott had seen him clearly in the Milan Grill Room, but his expression remained the same.

"Miss Mott," he begged, "please answer me these questions. Our friend here had made elaborate plans for having you carried off from that dancing academy in Kensington Square. You rendered them all unnecessary by offering to come with him voluntarily. Will you tell us both why?"

She hesitated.

"Would it be wise of me, do you think?" she meditated.

"No harm shall come to you now, at any rate," Violet Joe promised. "Please answer my question."

"I came," she confided, "because I knew that there was a ten-thousand-pound reward for the man known as Walter Meredith, head of the Number One gangsters."

There was a dead silence for several moments. Then Meredith spoke. His voice was not quite natural. The old restlessness was back in his eyes.

"You came here to earn that?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"How?"

"By delivering you over to justice."

Meredith took a case from his pocket, removed a cigarette deliberately, knocked it against the mantelpiece and lit it.

"Are you breaking your parole?" he asked.

"I'm not," she answered. "I have not spoken to one of your servants, except as regards their service. I have not used the telephone or attempted to leave the house. Yet you will be in the hands of the police, I should say, within the course of the next five minutes."

The old ugly smile distorted his lips, it took him away from his dignified surroundings, it thrust him back amidst the squalid places.

"You must have cheated, then!" he exclaimed.

She opened the bag she was carrying and drew out a strange-looking metal case in the shape of a box. She laid it upon the table, opened the lid, touched a spring and the four walls fell away. Within were a tangled mass of discs and wires. The whole thing seemed to be dead, but, from a case fastened on to the side, Miss Mott produced a pair of receivers, the ends of which she inserted into two plugs, and the listening portions of which she placed in her ears. She then touched a button and a confused jangle of sounds crept out into the room. The two men stared at it in amazement. Miss Mott smiled somewhat cryptically.

"An ingenious little toy, isn't it?" she remarked. "My uncle and I have the only two in Europe. They came from Detroit and cost a small fortune. However, just now they're worth the money. If I have the wave length right. . . . Yes, yes—" she went on—"Miss Mott speaking. . . . Is he? Oh, that's right, he'll be here directly, then. Number 42a Berkeley Square. Thank you."

She removed the receivers from her ears, pulled out the plugs, and pushed back the spring.

"The reason why I came quietly," she explained, "was because I had this in my bag. I have been talking to Scotland Yard from upstairs. It's a new invention. At present we can only transmit ten miles; as soon as we can make it twenty miles the secret will be out and there will be thousands on the market."

Meredith lost his marvelous composure. He hurried to the window. As yet there was only one car at the door—his own. He crossed the floor in half a dozen strides. From the threshold he looked back.

"I wish you'd wring that little devil's neck for me, Joe," he called out. "I'll do it myself some day."

HE DISAPPEARED. They heard the car drive off. Violet Joe rose to his feet with a gesture of politeness but Miss Mott had already rung the bell.

"Will you get me a taxi at once?" she asked the butler who made prompt appearance.

"Very good, Madam," was the undisturbed reply. "There will be one here immediately. There's a stand just opposite."

Violet Joe walked by her side down the hall and handed her into the cab. She gave her uncle's address.

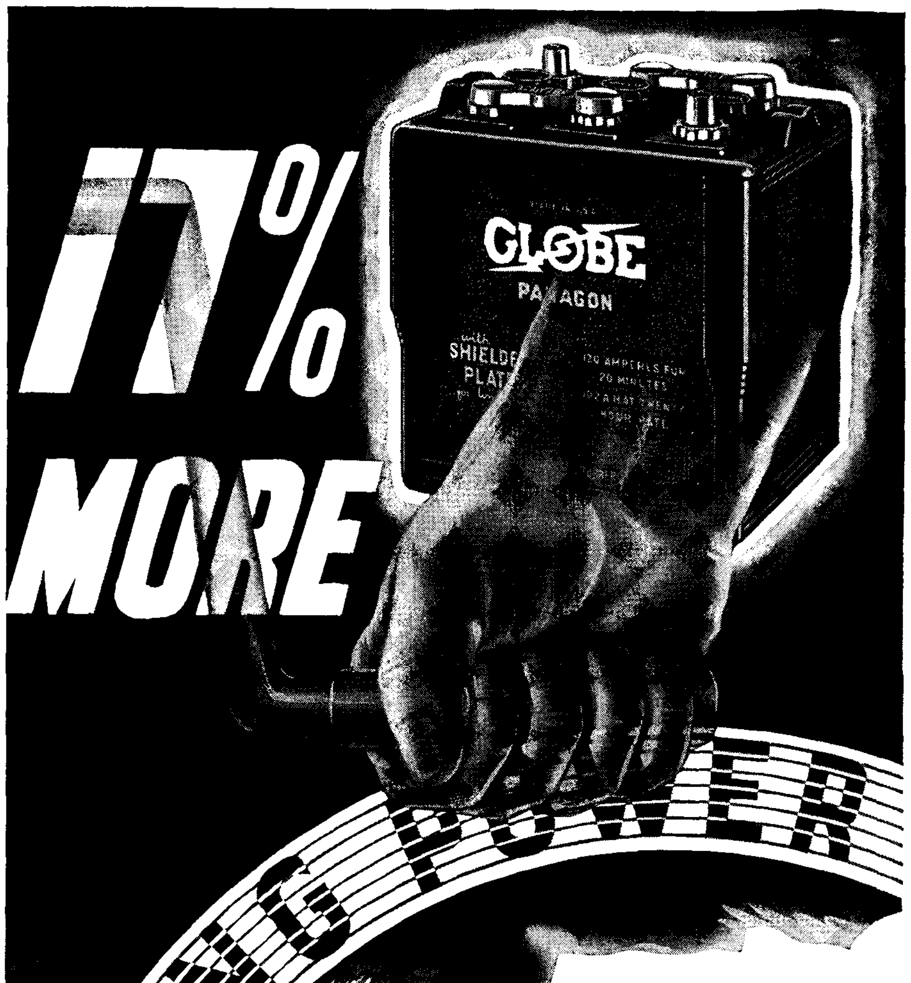
"What about me?" he inquired.

"Oh, you're all right," she assured him. "You're off the black list altogether."

"How long have you had that infernal instrument?" he asked.

"About a week," she confided. "It's a marvelous idea, isn't it? The only trouble about it is that so far we haven't got it to work! Au revoir, and no more violets for a week, please."

The taxicab drove off and Violet Joe faded away into the shadows on the other side of the square. Miss Mott leaned back among the cushions of her taxicab, lit a cigarette and began to smoke meditatively. She was speculating on how Superintendent Wragge might behave if he were really angry.



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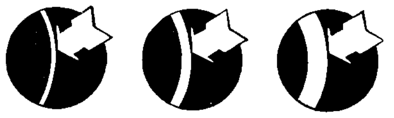
In buying oil, just like in buying shoes, *fit* is the first and most important consideration. In both cases a misfit will cut down your speed and power and eventually cause you trouble. Your motor oil must fit the spaces between the moving parts of your engine. These spaces (clearances) increase in size as you add miles. That is why a new tight engine needs a different size oil than one that has run over 1,000 miles. That is why the oil you use at 5,000 miles should not be the same size or thickness as the oil you use at 15,000 miles. This "fit" of an oil is the most important factor in saving you oil, gas and repairs and in giving you more power and speed. HYVIS Oils, Inc., Warren, Pa.

COMPARATIVE WIDTH OF CLEARANCES
AT 1,000 MILES AT 10,000 MILES AT 30,000 MILES



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Ⓑ Clearances increase with wear
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Ⓓ Mileage is shown by speedometer
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Your speedometer tells you which oil fits your car

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Pennsylvania—of all Places

Continued from page 11

In 1912 Joe Guffey broke with the colonel, embracing the cause of Woodrow Wilson, with whom he had become acquainted at Princeton University, where he, young Guffey, spent two apparently profitable years. The colonel let it be understood that in his estimation Mr. Wilson was a gate-crashing rabble-rouser, a dreadful menace to the minds of the boys and girls whom hard-working American fathers were sending to college in the hopes of education. But young Guffey attached himself firmly to Mr. Wilson's show and began to scurry around quoting whole pages from his new leader's The New Freedom, throwing in for good measure a few axiomized interpolations of his own—"Labor [for example] is existing in a state of economic serfdom" and "The economic basis of a capitalistic society is secure only when human rights are placed ahead of property rights."

A Matter of Interest

This was entirely too much for the colonel, who promptly did his bit toward reading young Joe right out of the family and certainly out of the Guffey version of Democracy. And all this pleased the younger oil man so much that he became specific and began to shout nasty things about company unions, Pennsylvania's Coal and Iron Police, company stores and houses and, to the horror of everybody but the occupants and the young-blood Democrats, he demanded the abolition of the poorhouse system. In the stead of that noble refuge of the luckless aged he advocated old-age pensions, making so much noise about it that a large part of Pennsylvania still believes he invented the idea. From then on the colonel's decline was assured, but the younger Guffey, amassing wealth as secretary of the powerful Philadelphia Company—a utility holding company, vice president of the Equitable Gas Company and the life and soul of the profitable Guffey-Gillespie Oil Corporation, became Democratic State Chairman in 1916 and Democratic National Committeeman in 1920. And so skillful was he that he remained one of the few big shots in the party with whom Mr. Wilson seldom found fault.

In the recent elections from which Mr. Guffey emerged as Pennsylvania's new boss, carrying the sturdy Mr. Earle on his back, his opposition asked the populace whether it intended to waste any votes on a man who had been indicted for robbing his government. They even mentioned the culprit's name—Joseph F. Guffey. The matter was brought up by that fantastic gentleman, the Honorable Gifford Pinchot, then governor. Mr. Pinchot, whose ascent to political prominence came of many years of denunciation of the Penrose-Grundy rule, charged into the fray at mid-campaign, carrying the old-guard Republican banner for Mr. David A. Reed, the old-guard senator whom Mr. Guffey was seeking to succeed—and did. We shan't bother you with the reasons back of Mr. Pinchot's quixotic foray, but the story of Mr. Guffey's troubles with the government should be set straight. In the brief recital we shall learn, too, that the ancients we met at the Penrose monument were quite right in naming the Republicans as Mr. Guffey's comfort in his hour of need.

In 1918, Mr. Guffey as Democratic National Committeeman was appointed Sales Director of the Alien Property Custodian's office. He served in this capacity until March, 1921. During that time he sold more than $150,000,000 worth of what had been German property. As this money rolled in, Mr. Guffey deposited it in various banks—thirty-two or more. And as money will, if given half a chance, it accumulated interest. This interest presently amounted to $406,001. There was quite a pother about it.

Mr. Frank P. Garvin, the Alien Property Custodian, had ruled that the United States Treasury might not accept this interest because that might complicate matters if and when German interests should be successful in getting their investments back. The United States did not propose to pay such successful litigants interest. Therefore it could not itself accept interest on such funds. This situation did more than confuse Mr. Guffey; it completely frustrated Congress, which disposed of the matter by asking that the interest money be left in Mr. Guffey's hands until somebody thought of something better.

But in 1922, under the influence of that implacable foe of governmental mischief, Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, a federal grand jury indicted Mr. Guffey, charging that he had applied that orphaned $406,001 to the succoring of his own business affairs. Mr. Guffey at once retained one of the most astute and thoroughly Republican law firms in Pittsburgh to prepare his answer. The head of this firm was the father of United States Senator David A. Reed. And forthwith Judge Reed and his equally trenchant associates went to work on Mr. Guffey's troubles as valiantly as they ever labored for Pittsburgh's mightiest citizen, the Honorable Andrew W. Mellon.

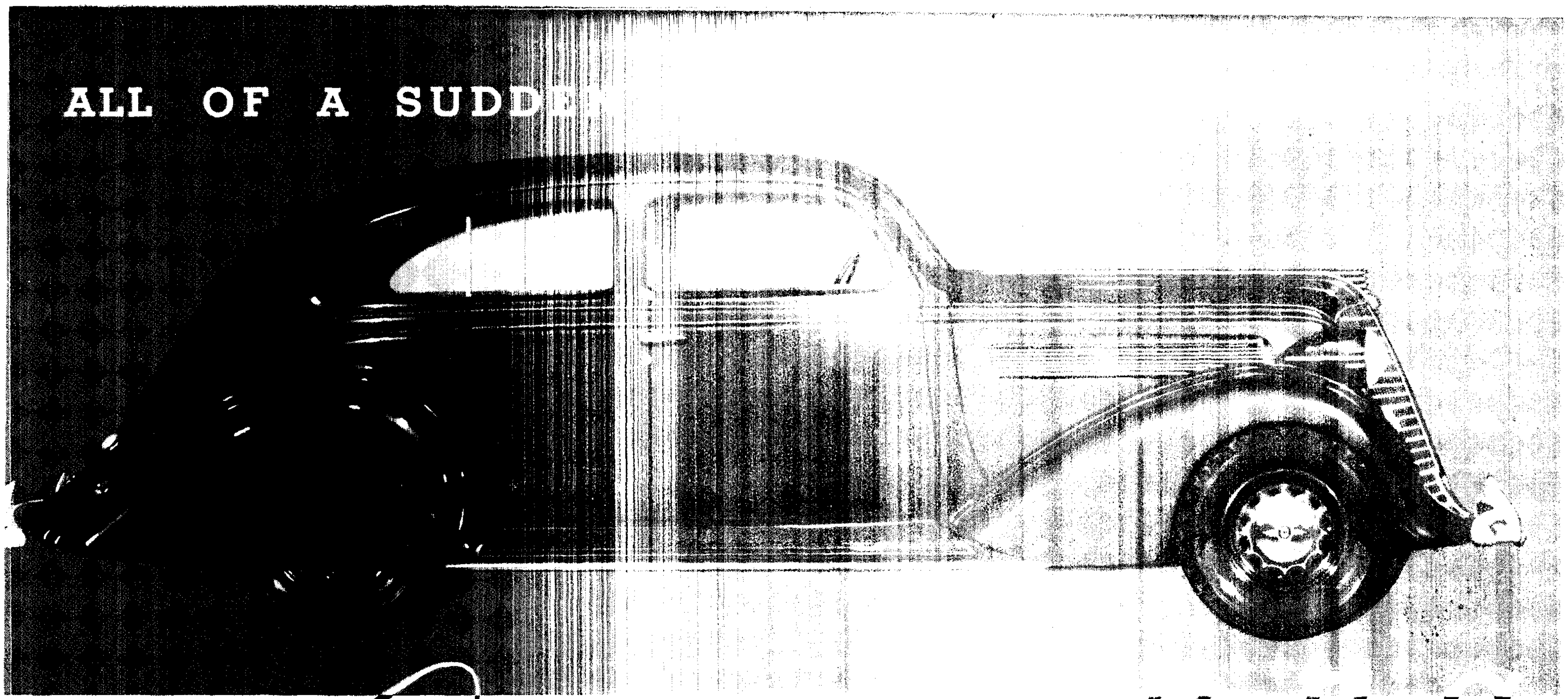
Nothing of a public nature happened for eight years thereafter. Apparently the whole thing was forgotten, particularly by Mr. Guffey, who in the meantime had joined the Al Smith crusade in 1928 with such enthusiasm that more than a million of his fellow Pennsylvanians voted for the Democratic aspirant. But in 1930, a Republican United States Attorney announced that it would be a great waste of time to carry the indictment on the books longer. It appeared, too, that the money wasn't missing after all and never had been. The whole thing was frightfully complex. Mr. Guffey owed a New York bank $275,000. In the vaults of that bank he had a bale of Liberty Bonds. Some were his and some belonged to the Alien Property Custodian funds. When the bank took $328,000 of these bonds as collateral it inadvertently took them from the custodian end of the bale. But from the richest Republicans he could locate at the time Mr. Guffey had borrowed enough to pay back the loan and free the bonds. And there, as the government agreed, they were.

How to Dodge Taxes

It was all too tough for the electorate of Pennsylvania to digest. Besides, they too had come upon evil days and were in a perfectly dandy position to understand the tribulations of others, even if they were Democrats.

So they elected the wealthy Mr. Guffey with a will over the son of his lawyer, giving the state a boss who insists that every trench the old barons dug must be filled in and all their gold-encrusted fortresses razed. It also gave the state the distinction of being the only one represented in the United States Senate by two gentlemen who have been indicted under federal laws.

(Continued on page 53)



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$895

Nash Advanced Six—6-Passenger Victoria
120" Wheelbase—90 Horsepower **$895**

Nash Advanced Eight—6-Passenger Victoria
128" Wheelbase—102 Horsepower **$1115**

Nash Ambassador Eight—6-Passenger Victoria
128" Wheelbase—102 Horsepower **$1240**

1935 LAFAYETTE: The fine car of the low-price field. A bigger—better built—roomier car. Eight different models priced from $585 to $750.

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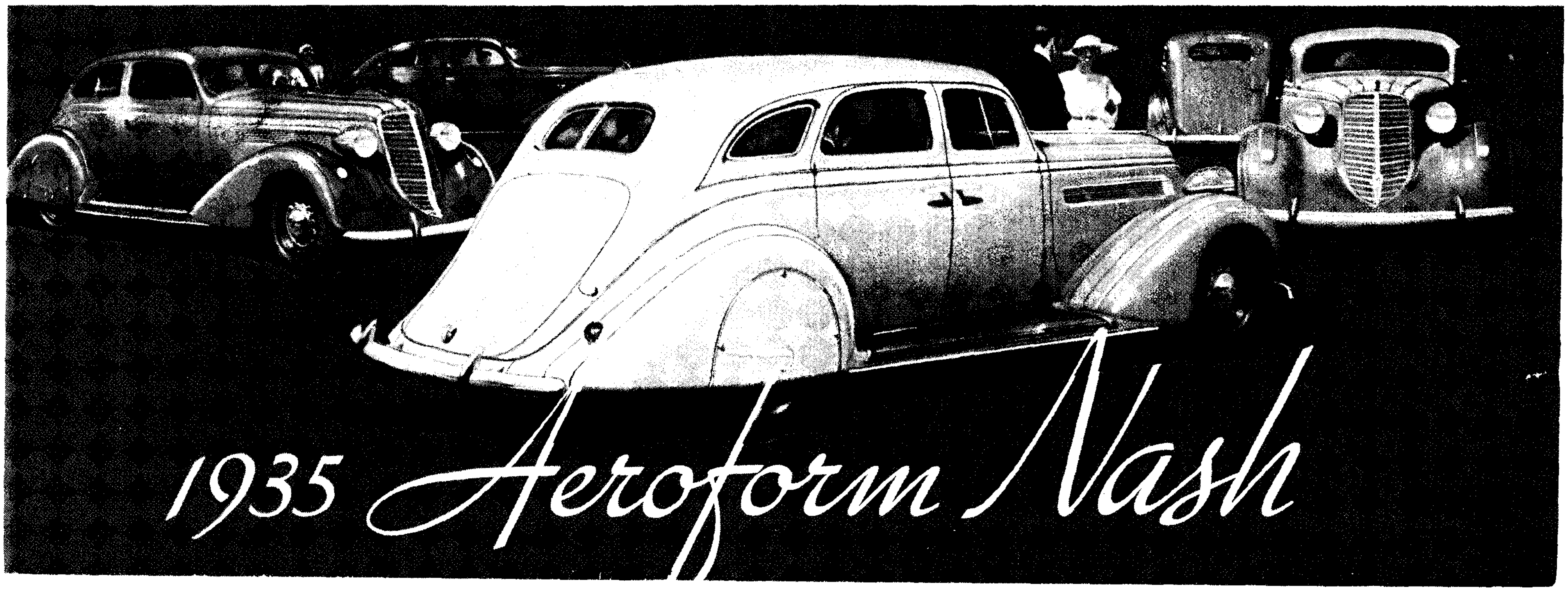

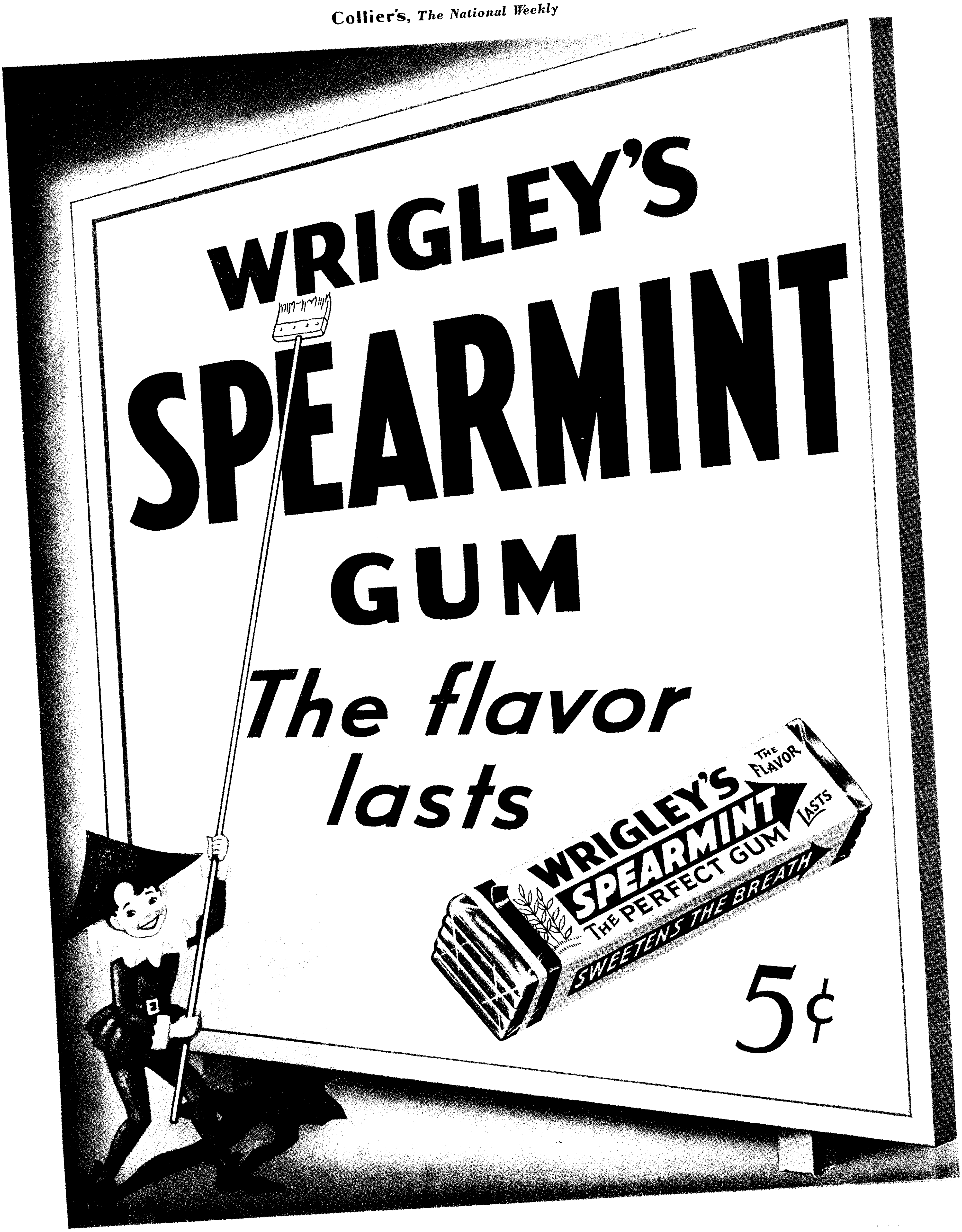
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
GUM
The flavor lasts
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
SWEETENS THE BREATH
5¢

Pennsylvania—of all Places

Continued from page 50

And with him they elected the even wealthier George Earle III, who happens to be the polo-playing great-grand-nephew of Benjamin Franklin and is married to a great-great-grand-daughter of George Washington's aunt Mildred.

While Mr. Guffey is in Washington laboring for the recovery of the nation, Mr. Earle is chin-deep in the even harder task of digging Pennsylvania out of its misery. In Pennsylvania, under Mr. Quay's prize-winning constitution there are 5,582 separate and distinct tax-collecting bodies in 67 counties, all empowered to levy and collect taxes as and when they please. There are, however, a number of things they may not tax. Under the existing constitution they may not tax income from the securities of any Pennsylvania corporation. Moreover, they may not tax the real estate of any Pennsylvania public utility corporation. Pennsylvania's manufacturers employing imported capital are assessed a minute tax thereon which, I have reason to suspect, some pay. But as Mr. Earle has learned, nothing much happened to the manufacturer if he didn't. As long as he contributed to the Republican campaign funds in a manner satisfactory to its leaders, such trifles as failure to pay that capital tax or to pay, say, a tenth of what it should be, were overlooked. It was worth a tax collector's job to remind a magnate who should have paid the state $150,000 a year that he had sent in only $1,500.

In Pennsylvania the small property owner pays twenty-seven of every twenty-eight dollars collected. Let's reduce it to the quaint and homely terms of Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, depending upon whose brother you are. Say you own a house worth $7,000. You pay two hundred dollars a year in taxes on that modest home. Next door lives a gentleman who does not own the house he lives in; merely rents it. Instead of investing his earnings in real estate he has bought the bonds and stocks of Pennsylvania corporations. Let's say he has $50,000 so invested. Make it a hundred thousand, if you like. Or a million. It makes no difference. The point is that under the terms of this Magna Charta which the Honorable Matt Quay wrote in 1873 your wealthy neighbor doesn't pay a cent.

In ordinary circumstances, those 5,582 tax bodies in Pennsylvania collect $472,000,000 a year. Of that impressive sum, just $13,000,000 is contributed by others than real estate owners. The home owner, poor sap, and the farmer, the man with the hoe, pay the rest.

Expensive Education

But we must be getting on. Where New York collects $40,558,000 from its railroads and telephone companies, New Jersey $25,000,000, and Ohio, to mention no more, $22,000,000, Pennsylvania lets them off with $11,000,000. If Pennsylvania taxed these utilities as, say, New Jersey does, she would profit by $50,434,000.

Please bear up under all these statistics. They're really necessary if we're to tell you why, at long last, Pennsylvania revolted, and the kind of a job the populace wished upon the son of the rich crony of the late Boies Penrose. Governor Earle's opposition warned the citizenry that it might be too much for him. They spent weeks imploring the people to choose "experience instead of experiments." Alas, the poor people had had all the experience they could stand. The stories Messrs. Earle and Guffey had been telling them about taxes and exemptions and why they were hungry had them camping at the doors of the polling places a week before balloting began. Especially the tale of the public utility that paid no taxes on a gigantic office building it owns in spite of the fact that it was collecting handsome rents from hundreds of tenants and is charging the public service rates that sound like ransom. The reason this splendid utility corporation pays no tax on the building is simple and legal: On the ground floor the corporation has a shining array of the household accessories it sells to promote a greater consumption of its product and greater efficiency in coffee percolating and bread baking. For every dollar such benevolent institutions pay the state in taxes, the home owner, who for some reason is permitted to view such educational displays free, pays twenty-seven.

Mr. Quay's Golden Rule

To do anything about this fascinating situation Mr. Earle understood that Mr. Quay's comedy constitution would have to be superseded by one that included everybody.

Having inherited from the preceding administration a treasury deficit of $21,500,000, exclusive of the $30,000,000 the state owes the federal government, and realizing that this deficit is increasing at the rate of $5,000,000 a week for relief, Mr. Earle has elected to try to make Pennsylvania's manufacturers, public utilities and its wealthy nabobs generally contribute to these expenses. Therefore a graduated income tax. He would make it a steep one, particularly in the upper reaches. This, you see, makes him a traitor to his class and his class is spending small fortunes telling him about it by telephone and telegraph.

But Mr. Quay's constitution prohibits income taxes. Therefore the new governor would have a new constitution. And while Mr. Earle seeks to do something about the sweatshops and all its sordid family, he finds that Mr. Quay's constitution and a great batch of laws passed since Mr. Quay was gathered to his fathers must be repealed. He finds Pennsylvania the very last of all manufacturing states in such matters as workmen's compensation, child labor, factory conditions and the like.

Not long ago the Honorable Joe Grundy, boss of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, arose in the United States Senate and, pointing to the South and the West, deplored the existence of those "backward states" that contributed less to the federal treasury than Pennsylvania. Such states, said Mr. Grundy in effect, ought to be abolished. Anyway, they ought to be ashamed of themselves for not having more millionaires. But he overlooked several interesting facts. He completely forgot that in Pennsylvania children of twelve and thirteen were working ten hours a day for weekly wages of from two to four dollars. He entirely overlooked the dismal fact that in his own state thousands of women were working in the factories forty to sixty hours a week for six dollars. He said nothing about the girls of fourteen and fifteen working fifty hours a week for the magnificent wage of $1.02 simply because they weren't strong or fast enough to earn the $1.48 other girls made. And he did not include Pennsylvania amongst his backward states.

(Continued on page 56)

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The DOLLAR EATER!

★ If your car has gone more than 20,000 miles you are probably paying a high tax to "Blow-by." . . . Inspection for "Blow-by" is a part of every Sealed Power Diagnosis. . . The coupon below makes it easy for you to get a Sealed Power Diagnosis absolutely free.

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FOR $18.00 UP (INCLUDING LABOR)

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On the other hand, thousands of automobiles are undetected "gas-eaters" without being "oil burners." They don't give as many miles per gallon of gas, yet they seem to go just as far per quart of oil as when new. When that condition exists, your car has "BLOW-BY"!

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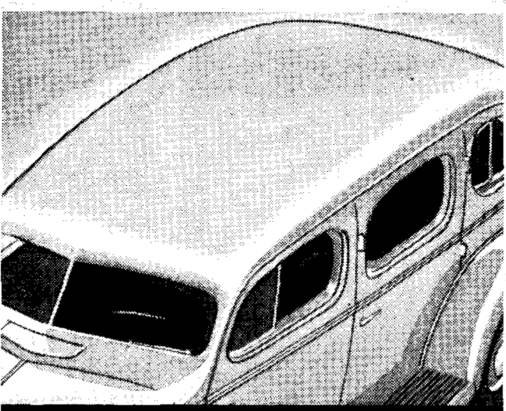
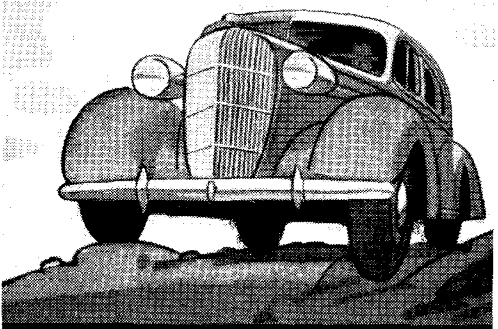
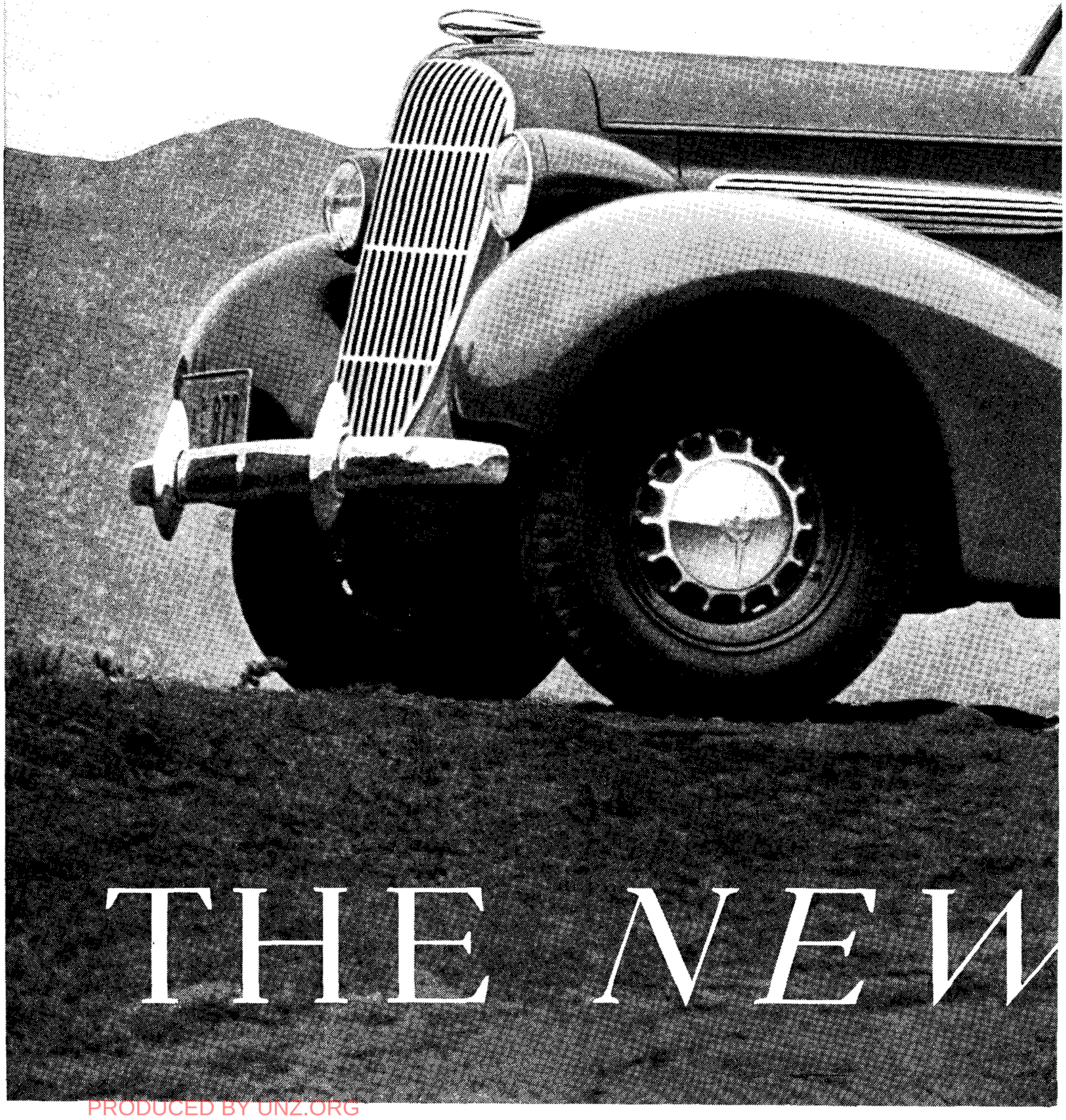


SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER

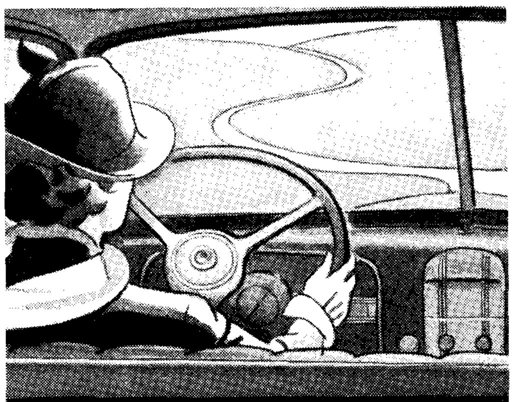


KNEE-ACTION WHEELS

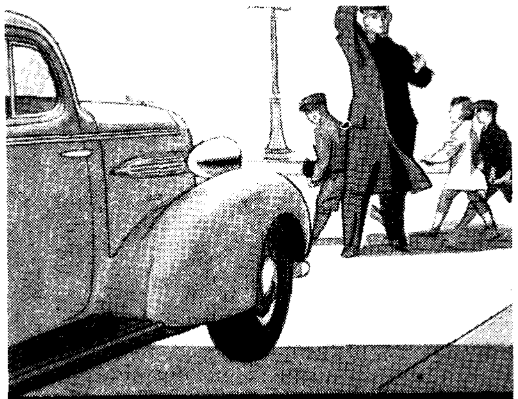
IN THIS ONE



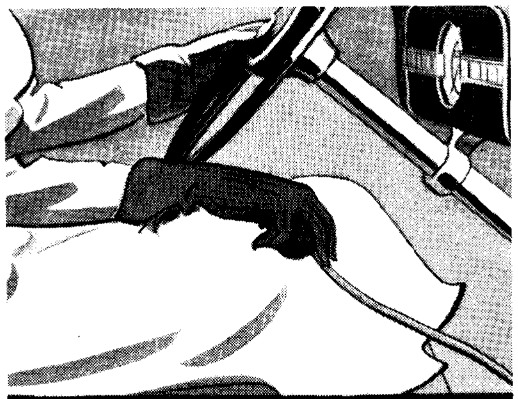
RES YOU WANT MOST



RIDE STABILIZER AND
CENTER-CONTROL STEERING

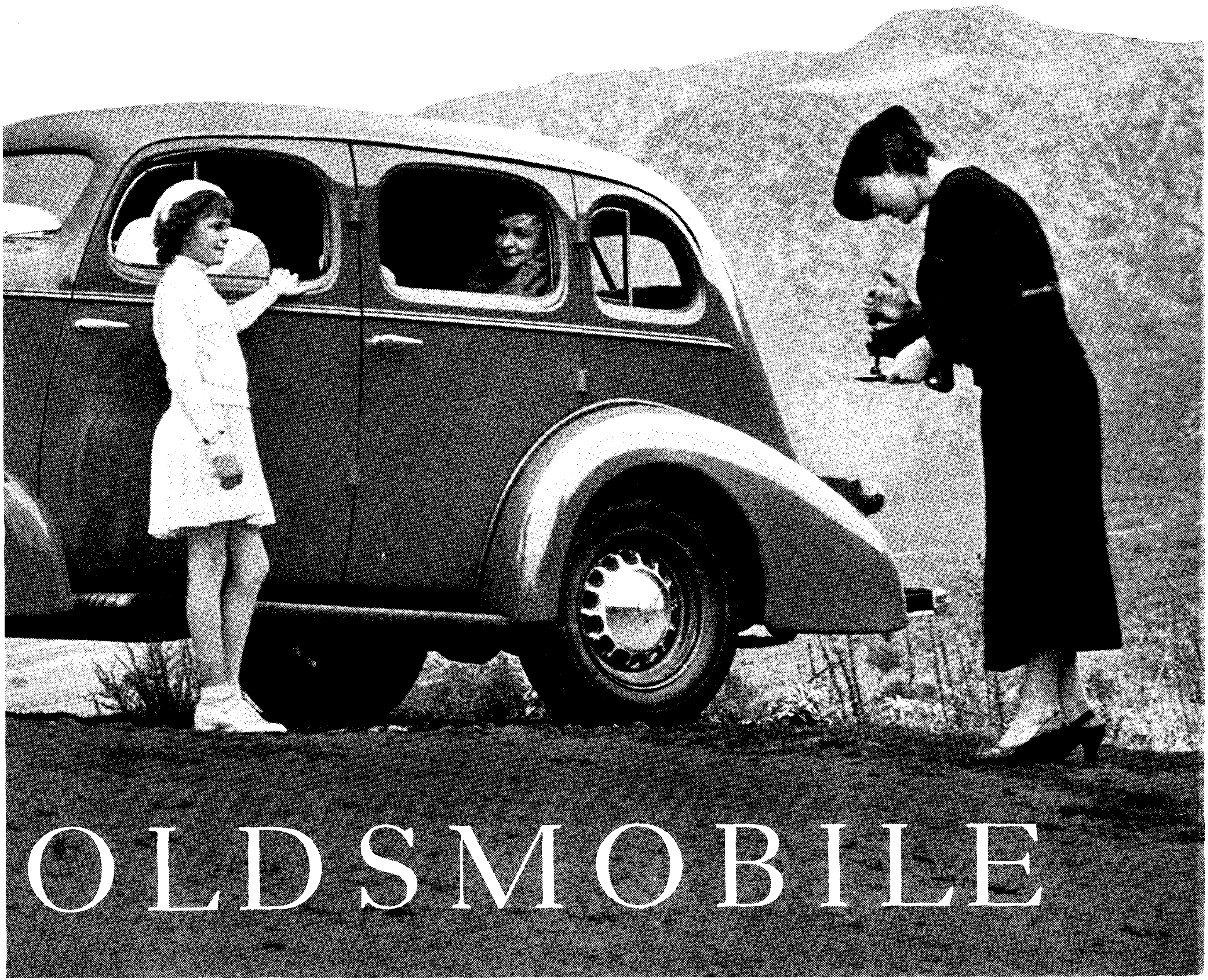


BIGGER
SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES



SYNCRO-MESH
ALL-SILENT SHIFTING

IG LOW-PRICED CAR



Pennsylvania—of all Places

Continued from page 53

Several government-overturners, refusing to mind their own affairs as good Americans should, dug up these invigorating facts a year or so ago and presented them to the legislature. But the legislature, unable to bear the horrid sight and fearing for its reason were it to worry about such conditions, promptly ignored the whole situation. It was a matter for local communities to do something about. And the local communities did so by raising the home-owner's taxes and leaving the general populace to wonder what that had to do with sweatshops and starvation wages.

Champions of the Old Order

Mr. Earle, the renegade, found the lower house of the legislature overjoyed to coöperate with him in reforms. But when he looked toward the Senate a certain amount of optimism deserted him. The Senate, organized by hold-over members, was dominated by two gentlemen who, as we have said, were pretty lucky to be there at all. Particularly the Honorable John J. McClure of Delaware County. While this country was still in the clutches of that greatest of all fat rackets, prohibition, Mr. McClure and a precious company of sheriffs, policemen, officeholders and general utility thugs, coöperated in a gin, gambling and prostitution monopoly which, requiring funds to launch its fine enterprise, used $206,000 of Delaware County's tax funds. They supplied thousands of high-minded citizens with liquor and organized a heavy chain of bagnios for such of their fellow citizens as find such resorts entertaining. The profits were, naturally, enormous. But Delaware County got mad and after spending $150,000 on the trial, sentenced Mr. McClure and seventy-four of his buddies to jail, Mr. McClure being let off with eighteen months and a fine of $10,000. He appealed and was out on bail when prohibition was repealed. Then the United States Court of Appeals outlawed prohibition-violation prosecutions. This liberated Mr. McClure, enabling him to continue to occupy his chair in that august body, the Pennsylvania State Senate.

In addition to this victory, Mr. McClure achieved another. Somehow, into Mr. Quay's constitution had crept a paragraph which had it that persons convicted of crime might not sit in the legislature. This, they now tell you, was known as the comic supplement of Mr. Quay's monumental work. The matter was brought to Mr. Quay's attention at the time and Mr. Quay is said to have replied: "Well, who's going to be convicted?"

This paragraph was read to Mr. McClure after his conviction and he had a good laugh and is still a legislator.

Beside Mr. McClure sits the Honorable James J. Coyne, senator from Pittsburgh. Two years ago Mr. Coyne was twice tried in federal court for wholesale vote frauds. The first jury couldn't make up its mind. The second jury said Mr. Coyne wasn't guilty. But fifty lesser politicians, similarly indicted, were bundled off to jail.

These two champions of the old order boss the State Senate. Mr. McClure, being necessarily familiar with public moneys, was made chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. In addition, because of his obvious prestige and experience, he was given appointment to five or six other important committees. Mr. Coyne is chairman of the Executive Nominations Committee of the Senate. Thus he is called upon to pass on such candidates as Governor Earle may desire to appoint to help him in his reforms. Mr. Coyne is also a member of eight or ten additional committees.

Well, we'll see, we'll see. In Pennsylvania the name of the governor rarely arises that someone doesn't ask: "How did this rich son of Boies Penrose's friend get this way?" The answers are always unsatisfactory because they cannot convey to the questioner exactly what goes on in the awakened mind of a son of wealth. Perhaps the first revulsion came in 1913 when Mr. Earle, brand-new from Harvard, was about his father's business in Chicago—trying to make sense out of the tangled affairs of a limping client. Mr. Earle left the offices one bitter evening wondering, as young men will, what was worth while and what wasn't. He hadn't walked far when he saw something he had never seen before—a bread line. He joined it—for conversation, not food. He never quite forgot what he heard.

But it wasn't until one afternoon in September, 1932, that the seed produced fruit. It had a lot of gold and lace to push through, you see. He was having an expensive luncheon in New York. Across the room sat Mr. William C. Bullitt of Philadelphia, now our ambassador to Russia. Mr. Bullitt, like Mr. Earle, is of one of Philadelphia's very foremost families. They talked. Mr. Bullitt asked Mr. Earle where he was going. Mr. Earle said he was bound for the Bronx Zoo. Mr. Bullitt scoffed at this, saying, in effect, that it seemed to him to be a sparkling waste of time when there were so many other important things to be done. Mr. Earle asked the names of a few.

Within an hour Mr. Earle was sitting in Mr. Bullitt's office in the Franklin D. Roosevelt campaign headquarters, absorbing the creed of the New Deal. Another hour and Mr. Earle had an office next to Mr. Bullitt's and before the afternoon was done, Mr. Jim Farley had taken a large campaign contribution from Mr. Earle, making the day complete. Mr. Roosevelt was elected, as you may have heard, and Mr. Earle was appointed minister to Austria. Forgetting all about the Bronx Zoo, Mr. Earle lost no time in airing his opinions regarding Germany's Mr. Hitler and of the Nazis in general, unconsciously thereby making himself available for officeholding in America. From then on Mr. Earle rapidly discarded most of the mental garments with which his high birth had clothed him.

Lobby License

He is much too busy now to think of the Bronx Zoo. When I left him he was about to take on another task—that of banishing Harrisburg's lobbies, which, says he, are responsible for many of Pennsylvania's ills. Lobbyists, says he, wrote his state's remarkable banking laws and prevented the passage of equitable ones. The milk lobby, he declares, can be charged with the tribulations of the dairy farmers. Lobbies have saved Pennsylvania's public utilities from the discomforts of taxation. They blocked workmen's compensation laws, child labor laws and so on and so on. But that, he vows, is all over.

"Well," we said, reaching for our hat, "we'll see you later. At any rate you have a beautiful state to work in. Too bad it's gone so wrong."

"Ah, yes," said Governor Earle. "The Lord giveth and Mr. Grundy's Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association taketh away."

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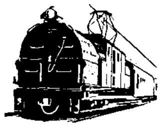

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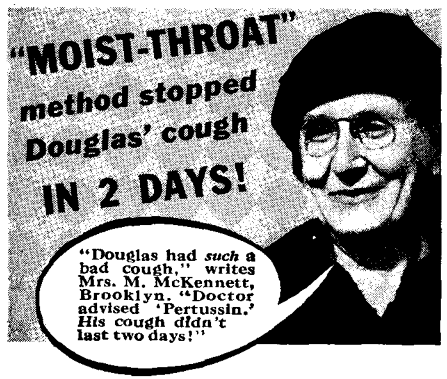
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Unlike many Ordinary Cough "Remedies," this extract of a Famous Herb contains No Harsh or Injurious Drugs

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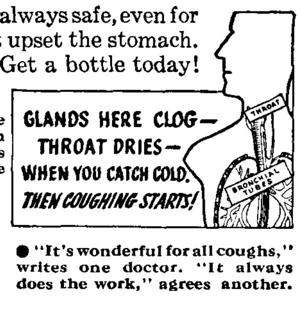
Put these moisture glands back to work with PERTUSSIN! It stimulates their flow of natural moisture. Thick phlegm is loosened and "raised." Then, relief—quickly!

Pertussin is always safe, even for babies. Won't upset the stomach. Tastes good. Get a bottle today!

● Doctors have used Pertussin for over 30 years because it is safe and sure.



● "It's wonderful for all coughs," writes one doctor. "It always does the work," agrees another.

PERTUSSIN
Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

The Dance

Continued from page 8

Then she changed her voice and bent caressingly over Mrs. Ling:

"No one has seen you. Anyway, they will only think I am your daughter. I don't want him. I wanted his money. I tell you that quite plainly. I have to earn my living. But I don't want to earn it from another woman—not from an old woman like you—a good old woman—"

Someone called to her, a gay, hard, loud voice. It was a man, tall and young. Her face lit up suddenly. She forgot these old two—

"Where have you been—oh, where have you been?" she cried, running to him. "I've been waiting hours for you."

He swept her away into the dancing, brilliant crowd.

SO THE two were left there, the old two. Mrs. Ling sat silent a moment, looking down. She was suddenly afraid of her husband. He might blame her bitterly for taking his pleasure away from him. But he did not say a word. She stole a look at him. He was staring at the moving, tripping, weaving figures. He suddenly looked very tired. He swallowed once or twice and then, looking closer, she saw he was hurt. Instantly she longed to do something for him, to fetch him some tea, to push him down gently into a comfortable chair and make him easy and happy, to restore his spirit and make him know he was honored and respected and the head of a house. She rose, instantly, herself.

"I am tired and want to go home," she said.

"Of course," he answered.

Together they went out of the hall. She turned once and looked about. Far away she saw a gleam of scarlet pressed ardently against a tall black robe. She went on.

They climbed into their motorcar and drew the rug over their old knees.

After a while she glanced out of the corner of her eye at her husband. He sat timidly and in silence, his round face hanging, the smile quite gone from it. She yearned over him. Somehow she must make him know she would never speak to him of what had happened, never reproach him. She coughed a little.

"These modern women," she said, her voice carefully light, "are amusing. I am glad to have seen them just the once. It has been an interesting evening for me."

Then after a moment she said tenderly: "Your legs are weary, I know. I will rub your ankles with that oil I have when we get home. It was so good of you to dance with that rude young girl! I was quite angry because she was so rude to you."

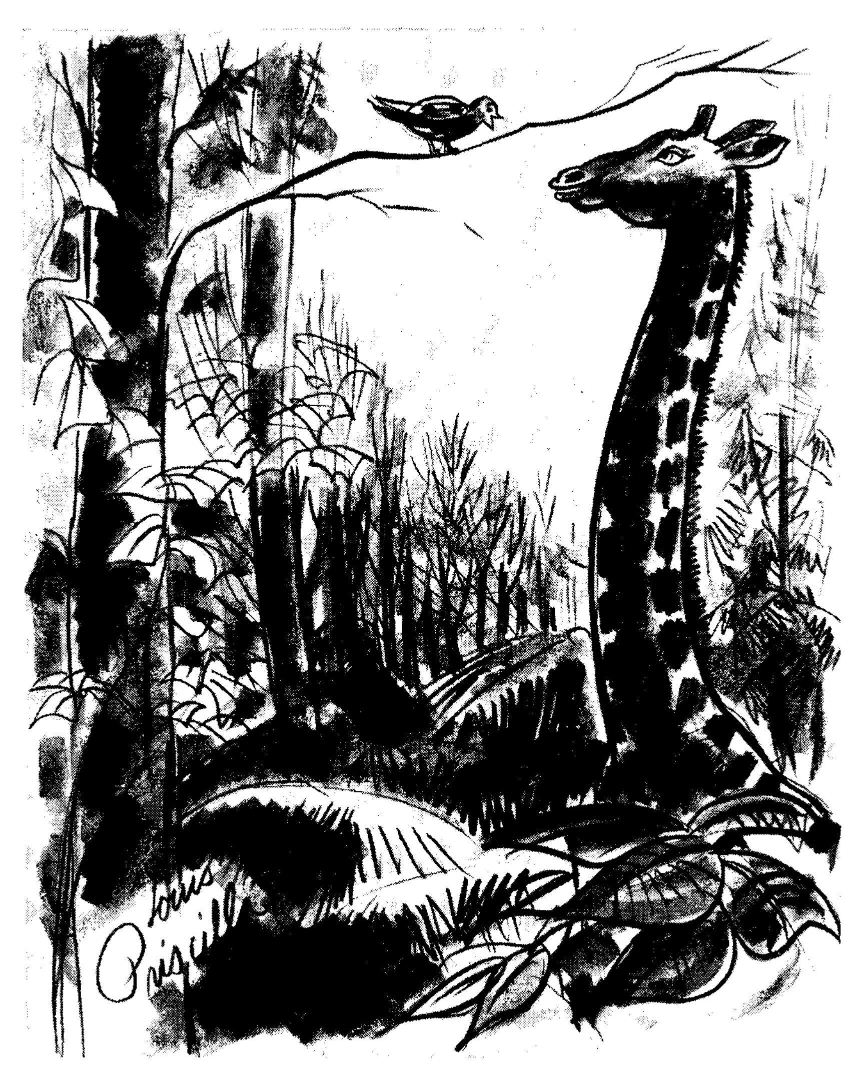
She waited. He cleared his throat loudly.

"Yes," he said at last. "But really, I am too old to dance. Besides, I am a man of affairs and I have no time for this sort of thing."

"Indeed you have not," she said warmly. "You are a very important man."

"Yes," he said. "I really am very busy. Tomorrow I must—"

She did not listen. She leaned back smiling, weary, at peace. That young girl, that dear young girl—these modern women were wonderful—wonderful—



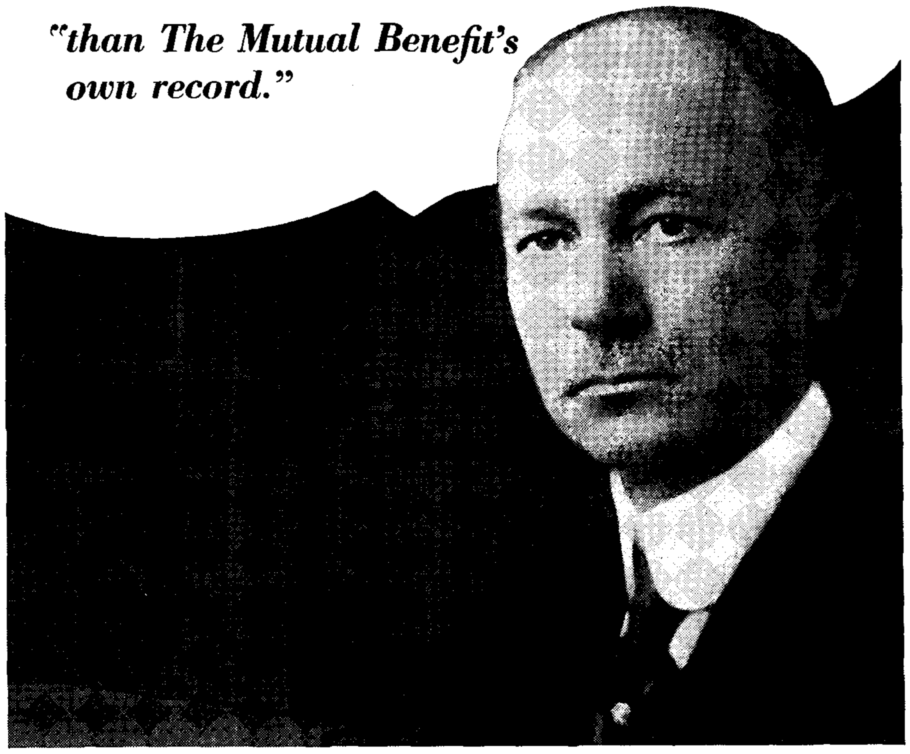
"You say such nice things; it's too bad you're a giraffe"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"No higher commendation is to be found,"

writes **Allan L. Carter** of the Resinol Chemical Company,

"than The Mutual Benefit's own record."



Partner in the Resinol Chemical Company, Allan L. Carter has been a Mutual Benefit policyholder since 1906.

"ONE of the reasons why I chose the Mutual Benefit, among other companies, was for its strength and past history," states Mr. Carter.

"Since I have taken out my life insurance over a period of thirty-five years, I have had ample time to observe the conduct of the insurance business in many changing situations. I have seen the Mutual Benefit grow steadily, yet hold unswervingly to principles which give its policyholders the maximum of protection and security."

Many facts back the sense of security shared by holders of Mutual Benefit life insurance. The Company completes ninety years of operation this month. It has declared a dividend for every year. It has paid out to policyholders well over a billion dollars.

It has, however, been the Mutual Benefit's attitude that has won it the title of "The Policyholders' Company." It was the first company to establish the Principle of Retroaction, to allow cash loans, and for many years it has been more liberal to retiring policyholders than any other company.

In every sense, the Mutual Benefit offers maximum protection.

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Relatively few men realize that insurance can be made to furnish a *double* protection. The first is, of course, protection against your support being removed. The second is protection for the carrying out of the purposes for which you take out insurance. The Mutual Benefit offers several alternative plans by which you can assure your family a guaranteed income and distribution of principal in ways adjusted to your individual needs.

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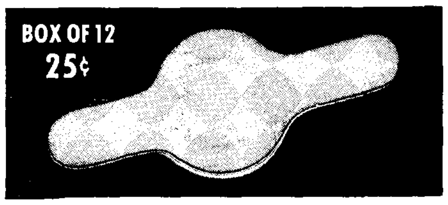


RED CROSS

DRYBAK

CORN PLASTER

(*Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters*)

So You Won't Talk!

Continued from page 9

Not a sign from Mussolini.

Our conversation continued.

"Your name is Spanish, is it not?" he inquired. I said it was.

As he spoke, he would walk from one end to the other of his desk, appearing alternately to the left or to the right of a big lamp which stood in the middle of it. This was disconcerting. "Is it etiquette," I asked myself anxiously, "to follow a dictator around, when one is received in audience by him, or to stand still while he circulates?"

Eventually I decided to go after Mussolini. So he and I paced solemnly to and fro, he just behind the desk, I just in front of it.

Ever since my arrival in Rome some days before I had seen on all sides unmistakable evidence of his triumphant success. Five years ago—three years ago—one got the impression, in visiting Italy, that Fascism was one thing and Italy another. Even then, of course, it was obvious that Fascism had won a crushing victory; but always there was a faint undercurrent among certain elements of the population which seemed to imply that Mussolini and his Fascists were conquering warriors and the rest of the Italians a conquered people.

Now, however, there is nothing of the sort. Italy and Fascism, Fascism and Italy, Mussolini and Italy, Italy and Mussolini—all three are inextricably mixed up with one another. There is no more hint of conquest and conquered; you simply don't know where one leaves off and the other begins.

Why, in the streets of Rome and other Italian cities, people hardly bother any more to give the Fascist salute! A few years ago Fascists went strutting around giving it most aggressively, and on every side hundreds of other Italians would be giving it, either because they wanted to or because they wanted the Fascists to think that they wanted to!

A Young Oldster

But now—what's the use? Why insist on proclaiming, by means of sticking your arm out in front of you, that you are something which everybody knows you are? Wallace Irwin once wrote some verses about a youth who drank so freely while on a spree that his friends had to pilot him home—

"And when they put me in my little bunk, you couldn't tell my jag and me apart!"

That's the way it is with Fascism and Italy nowadays.

On the day I met him, Mussolini was wearing a black morning coat with a touch of gray in it, trousers of black and gray, and a black tie with a gray stripe. He looked very spick-and-span. That, by the way, is not always the case with him. Somebody else, who had also been led into the presence, confided to me, with a note of horror in his voice, that he had found Italy's master wearing a crumpled collar and looking as if he hadn't been shaved for two days!

The Fascist chief is shorter than one supposes. Indeed, he may be classed as a little man—a truth which comes as a violent surprise to those who know him only from photographs. This is doubtless because so many of his pictures show him making a fiery speech from a high platform, or haranguing a multitude from the top of an armored car, holding himself very erect, his arm outstretched in the Fascist salute, always in martial uniform, striking martial attitudes—a habit well calculated to make you add five or six inches, in your imagination, to his stature.

And he is balder than I thought. On the top of his head is an expanse of hairlessness between two thin patches of hair over his ears. These tufts are growing thinner—also grayer.

For Benito Mussolini is not as young as he was. And that fact has in it an element of tragedy. Growing old—he, Mussolini—who has drilled into the Italians the belief that they are a nation overflowing with youthfulness?—whose black-shirted Fascists chant their hymn, "Giovinezza," that clarion call of youth to youth, with all the fervor that comes from young muscles and young hearts, as they parade past the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, where, still straight of limb and clear of eye, their leader proudly stands?

Yes, there is something tragic to Benito Mussolini in the thought that he is in his fifty-second year.

At times he grows sensitive—"He's just like a woman about his age," they told me in Rome. His birthdays, for years now, have passed unchronicled in the press. A foreign correspondent who wanted to write a piece for his paper on how Mussolini meant to celebrate the day on which he was to become fifty years old got only cold looks and warning gestures from the officials whom he approached for information.

"Lay off!" they advised him. "Il Duce wants nothing said about it!"

At other times, though, he shows a philosopher's resignation.

"It's nonsense to talk about being young after you are thirty-five," he confessed recently. And, in the same resigned mood, he remarked:

"Youth is a malady of which one becomes cured a little every day."

In his boundless capacity for work, however, there is no hint of the flight of youth.

Mussolini's energy amazes all who know him. He seems, literally, immune to fatigue. The more there is for him to do, the better he seems to feel. "The function of governing," he remarked once, "is just a matter of working hard. It means remaining at your desk from ten in the morning until midnight."

And, long though his office hours are, he despises limiting his labors to them. Recently, after a particularly exacting spell at his desk in the Palazzo Venezia, he called for his high-powered motorcar, jumped in, whizzed into the country, jumped out, threw off his coat, took his place among a group of peasants harvesting wheat, and toiled as hard as any of them for several hours!

When he attends the maneuvers of the Italian army, he likes nothing better than to walk mile after mile—once, a short time ago, he did it carrying on his back the full equipment of an infantry soldier.

To Make Italy More Powerful

At the Palazzo Venezia there are no regular office hours. Mussolini works there without regard for time.

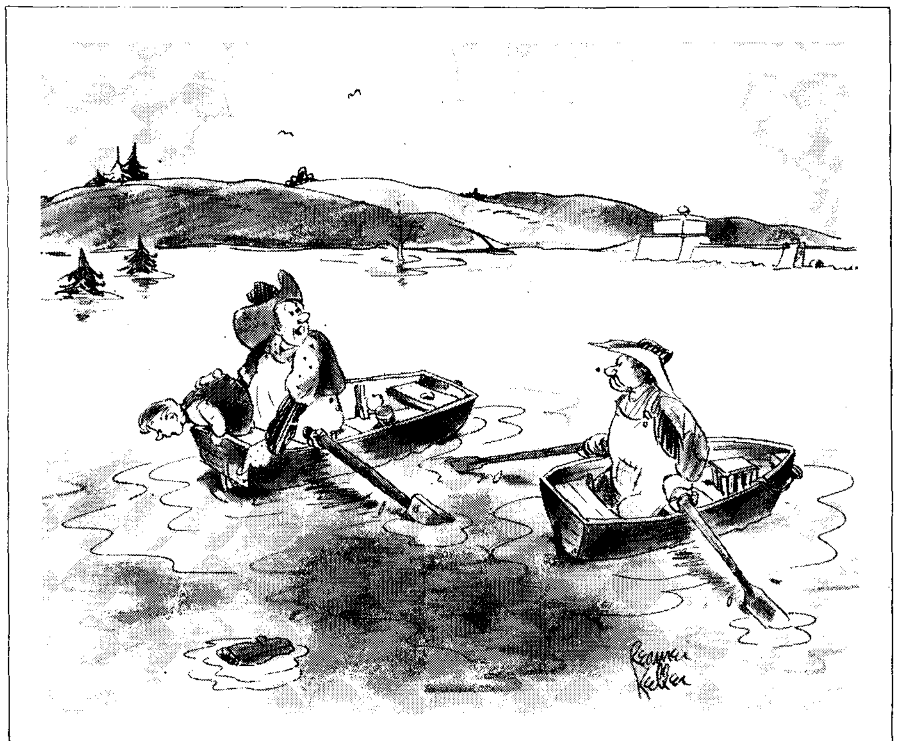
For instance, he received me at half past seven in the evening. Such an hour—hardly likely to become popular for Wall Street conferences—seems to him quite normal for transacting business. Almost every day he stays at his desk until nine or ten at night; sometimes a particularly important session of the Fascist Grand Council keeps him busy until the small hours of the morning. As a rule, though, he manages to get to bed around midnight.

The amount of work which he gets through is incredible. Once he remarked: "In the course of a year I give more than 60,000 audiences and interest myself personally in 1,887,112 things that my secretary lays before me." He was "kidding"—but not as much as one would think!

One of the dictator's favorite forms of recreation is fencing. For many years he has been an ardent fencer. One of the few articles of furniture, beside his big desk, in that great room of his at the Palazzo Venezia, is a case in which he keeps a set of foils.

He loves motoring—at tremendous speed. And he is a proficient swimmer. The sea, by the way, is a passion with him. Whenever he can, he rushes off from his work in Rome toward the shores of the Mediterranean, to Ostia or some other near-by seaport, simply for a look at the salt water—it seems to refresh him and give him new energy.

Another sport which appeals to him is aviation; the Italian autocrat is a



"I'm showing Hardtack where we used to live before the dam wuz built"

REAMER KELLER

NOW YOU CAN SLEEP WHEN YOU HAVE A

COLD

When your head is stuffed up from a cold, Mistol Drops give quick soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you can't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

Mistol Drops

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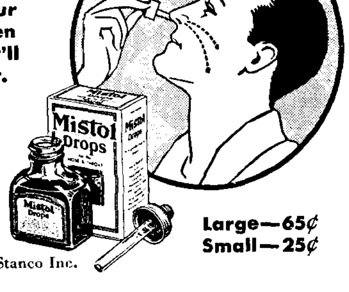

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licensed pilot and a good one. For hunting, however, he has no use. And he is no card-player. "I cannot understand how people can waste their time at cards," he says.

Through Mussolini's entire domestic and foreign policy runs one main object—to make Italy more powerful. Nothing galls him so much as to reflect that, even after twelve years of achievement by him in the way of strengthening his country, there are still two near-by nations on the continent of Europe which are inherently more powerful. France, do what he will, overtops Italy in strength. And Germany?—if Germany, under Hitler, continues to rearm, what of Mussolini's 43,000,000 Italians, in the long run, against Hitler's 65,000,000 Germans?

Thought on these subjects, however, instead of frightening the master of Italy, simply gives him greater confidence and determination. That is why he thunders to his fellow countrymen: "Be military, militaristic, warlike!" That is why he plunges relentlessly forward, throttling all opposition at home, reducing the Italian press to a mere rubber stamp for countersigning his wishes. That is why he tries to make Italy self-supporting. That is why, in his foreign policy, he leans on other nations without actually becoming subservient to them—seems to be Germany's man one day and France's the next—exasperates first one and then another European fellow statesman who cannot understand that it is Italy's game, not theirs, which he is playing.

"I want to make a mark on my era such as a lion makes with its claw!" he told a friend one day. "I want to make a mark like this!"—and he drew his fingernails through the covering on the back of a chair beside him, tearing it from end to end!

Benito Mussolini is one of the key men of the world. On his actions within the next few months the maintenance of peace in Europe largely depends. If he can temper his burning desire to increase Italy's power with prudence in his foreign policy he will be doing his part in keeping the dogs of war on the leash; if, on the other hand, his vision of a powerful Italy blinds him to the dangers of playing a lone hand in defiance of European rivals, then history may saddle upon him part of the responsibility for the next great conflict—if it comes.

They Come to Him

It is impossible nowadays to talk of the general situation in Europe without saying a whole lot about the stern-visaged autocrat of the Palazzo Venezia. "Will Mussolini tie up definitely with France?" "Will he go back to playing off Hitler against the French?" "Will he try to extend Italian influence eastward along the Danube, in defiance alike of the French and the Germans?" These are only a few among dozens of questions involving the master of Italy which arise constantly if you get to discussing what Europe's future is to be.

And there is one thing which—in the midst of his exasperation at the thought that Italy has not yet risen to the heights of power upon which he wishes to see her—must give Benito Mussolini enormous satisfaction. Foreign statesmen who need his aid *come to him;* never does he go to them.

Ever since his triumph twelve years ago a regular procession of expectant high officials from other lands has passed in and out of Rome. Today it is the French Foreign Minister who trots down from the Quai d'Orsay to the Palazzo Venezia, in the hope of lining up the Italian dictator against the despot of Berlin. Yesterday it was Führer Hitler who had to swallow his pride and go to Venice, in order to confer with Duce Mussolini. Day before yesterday Premier Schuschnigg of Austria waited upon him; and, before that, Schuschnigg's ill-fated predecessor, Herr Dollfuss. Mussolini refuses to play the game of international politics except on his home ground. And that, as baseball and other games teach, has its advantages.

Thoughts such as these—inspired by what I had seen and heard since arriving in Italy—coursed through my mind as the man who has remade his country and is still busy reshaping it closer to his heart's desire paced to and fro, behind that big desk in that big room in the Palazzo Venezia.

Suddenly he stopped and faced me.

"How long," he asked abruptly, "do you intend to stay in Rome?"

"As long," I replied—throwing a glance full of meaning at my list of questions, lying on the desk before him—"as necessary."

Eloquent Silence

"Where are you staying?"

I gave him the name of my hotel. Picking up a pencil, he scrawled the name across the sheet of paper.

"You will answer the questions, won't you?"

The beginnings of a twinkle stole into the corners of his eyes. Still, however, he would not commit himself.

Then, all of a sudden, a delightful smile flashed over his stern features. Many compliments I had heard paid to the renowned Mussolini smile. Every one of those compliments is deserved. "It might be possible to resist his orders," declares one who knows him well, "but it would be impossible to resist his smile."

He stretched out his hand.

"Thank you," he said.

"Thank you," said I.

We shook hands cordially.

Then back I started across that vast room, while he turned again to the papers on his desk (including, I hoped, mine). Outside the door, at the far end of the room, the flunky who had ushered me in leaped to attention. Again I got the Fascist salute. Then I was led, through splendid anterooms and down somber stone stairways until I emerged from under the main portals of the Palazzo Venezia into the surge and din of Rome's street traffic.

And those questions? Well, I waited a day. I waited another day. A third day I waited—and a fourth.

Then the news was conveyed to me, in an official manner which admitted of no misinterpretation, that the dictator of Italy was not going to answer the list of questions which I had submitted to him.

"They were indiscreet, I suppose," said I to myself ruefully. And I went over those questions in my mind.

One ran as follows—it was the one which had made Mussolini look up and grunt at me:

"In America we attach much importance to an opposition party and to a free press. Do you consider that, in the United States also, these are incompatible with a strong government?"

And there was this question—the one, by the way, which had got me that scorching Mussolinian eye-flash:

"Many Americans think that a militaristic Italy, such as you are creating, might prove a menace to world peace. Do you think otherwise, and on what do you base your belief?"

Et cetera.

Yes, on thinking the matter over, honesty compels me to acknowledge that—judged by the delicate standards governing international diplomacy and international statesmanship—my questions *were* indiscreet!

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[NO. 1]

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And he was most astute—
When taking ice cubes from his trays,
He wore a diver's suit!
And when he tired of all this mess,
He bought a rubber tray—
And now he gets his ice cubes
In an ultra modern way!

You don't have to be a deep-sea diver to get ice cubes without drenching yourself! You can pop them right out of the ice trays—at the refrigerator—instead of melting them out under the kitchen faucet. That is—you can if your refrigerator is equipped with flexible rubber trays or grids! *Insist* on having this modern convenience in the mechanical refrigerator you buy. Leading makes come so equipped. See your refrigerator dealer today.

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Flexible Rubber Trays & Grids
ice cubes instantly • tray to glass

Another Gold Band

Continued from page 22

Not that he felt in the least old, but he was aware just the same that to a girl in her twenties forty probably seemed impossible.

Well, there were compensations. He had power. And if there were no other way he must fight for what he wanted with such weapons as he had. He never had had very many scruples, and he certainly did not intend to let any hinder him now. If he could get rid of Tommy Harris, remove him from constant contact with Evelyn, he thought he would be a lot further advanced. He believed he had done a good deal towards that end with his bad reports, and his reminding the head office of the old Bannockburn affair. He could, of course, have protested against Tommy's sailing with him again, but he didn't want to be too obvious. He had an idea that Evelyn would distinctly resent such an act, and you had to handle young people with subtlety and discretion. The next voyage, now—he would take good care that Mr. Harris found some other ship. Yes, definitely.

But for this present voyage, anyway, he felt he had accomplished the next best thing. He wasn't able to prevent Tommy and Evelyn from seeing each other, but he had arranged it that Evelyn should see a good deal of Captain Melrose. A certain Mrs. Watson had sailed on the Malcolm Star, a middle-aged, petulant woman possessed of all the diseases in the index, she said, but also coming on board with a letter from the Line's president requesting that she be given every courtesy. It had been little short of an inspiration, Captain Melrose decided, to persuade her that his own private deck was the place for her, away from people, in the fresher air. Yes, he understood that she was ailing and had to have attention. He would provide a special stewardess for her. And he had designated Evelyn Marlowe.

So it was that a mellowness was upon him that afternoon when he ascended to his navigation bridge, and electrified Mr. Harris by his suggestion that he attend the fancy-dress ball. Captain Melrose had a malicious feeling that he might as well enjoy his little triumph to the full. Which Tommy understood when he went below at eight bells and heard the details.

"NOW look here," said Tommy furiously, when he finally cornered Evelyn as she came below for dinner. "Now you look here; I'm not going to stand for this."

"This?" said Evelyn calmly.

"I mean that old fool having you up there on the bridge all to himself."

"I'm attending Mrs. Watson," said Evelyn primly.

Tommy snapped: "You know darned well why the old man fixed up that Mrs. Watson business. So he could have a chance to make love to you. I suppose you're going to the fancy-dress ball with him tonight?"

"Tommy! You know stewardesses aren't allowed."

"Well, it's a masked ball and I'll bet a million . . ."

"All right, then. I *am* going. He wants me to go."

"I'll bop him on the nose!" swore Tommy. "Captain or no captain, he can't make a fool out of me."

"Very interesting," Evelyn observed calmly. "But what would they do to you if you bopped the captain? Now think!"

"I don't give a . . ." and then Tommy stopped and thought. "Ten years, I suppose," he said bitterly. "These laws about mutiny are all wrong. Oh, damn it, anyway! Why didn't you marry me when I wanted you to back in port?"

She looked at him with eyes that were slightly narrowed but tender, and with a slender forefinger she touched the two gold bands on the sleeve of his uniform.

"When they're three, Tommy, you can name your own day. And now I have to go. Be quiet and let me do what I want. You know you're the only one I love."

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him and then turned and ran before he could answer her.

Tommy had no intention of attending the fancy-dress ball held by the passengers that night. He wouldn't have attended for a million dollars; not for two millions if Evelyn was going with Captain Melrose. But he found himself at six bells, eleven o'clock, standing with his back to the rail and glaring at the masked couples swirling by to the strains of the ship's band. He was in uniform himself, for he had to go on watch at eight bells, and what was making him mad was that he hadn't yet identified Evelyn and Captain Melrose.

HE GAVE it up at last and walked aft, where the promenade deck went round the deck house that contained the bar, and there in the shadows he saw them. Not their faces, of course. They were still masked. But he knew Evelyn from the fascinating way she moved her hands, though she was dressed as a geisha; and there was no mistaking that deep, somewhat pompous voice issuing from a russet-clad Robin Hood. As a matter of fact, the Robin Hood had his arms about Evelyn's waist and he was kissing her, or trying to, and she was laughing and turning her face.

"Well!" said Tommy bitterly. "Well!" He might have known it. He ought to bop him. And there was Evelyn letting him paw her over. It was disgusting. "Pardon me," he said icily, and turned away to stalk back along the promenade and climb the companion to his own room. He affected not to hear the hurried, "Tommy! Tommy, please," that came after him. He felt it was a time for dignity.

She caught him halfway up the companion steps, diminutive in her geisha costume, and he roughly shook her hand from his arm.

"I saw you both. It doesn't matter," he stated coldly.

"Tommy, I could shake you! You know there's no one else!" She had her arms about his neck and was kissing him before he could object further, and because he was very much in love he weakened.

"Oh, all right. But you know how it is. You think I'm jealous but it just burns me up to see that old fool . . ."

"Mr. Harris!" said the cold, authoritative voice of Captain Melrose. "I think you'd better be getting ready for your watch."

Tommy broke loose from Evelyn's arms and he stared down the companion where the Robin Hood stood, his mask off now. Tommy's muscles crawled and there were only two things in that moment that prevented him from leaping down and placing just one healthy punch upon that stern, uncompromising jaw. One was the restraining, pleading pressure of Evelyn's hand, and the other was the tradition of the sea. One did not hit a master under any conditions.

"Yes, sir," he said thinly. "I was

(Continued on page 62)

LANDING A TARPON CALLS FOR A TOAST
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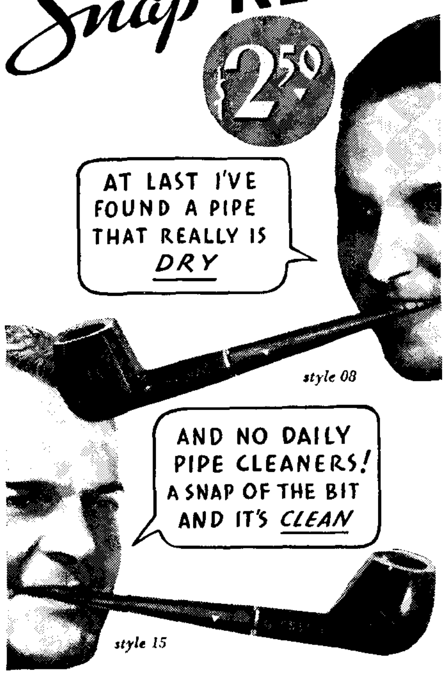

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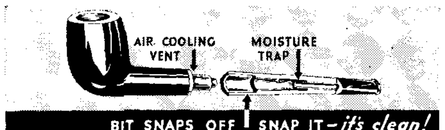

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Another Gold Band

Continued from page 60

just going." And thrusting Evelyn aside he went on up to his room. There was a long pause.

"Evelyn," said Captain Melrose at last. He took her hand. "Evelyn, I'll ask you again. Will you marry me?"

"I can't tell you yet. You must give me time."

There was a short silence.

"So it's Harris after all, eh?" said Captain Melrose then. He restrained his anger with an effort. "All right. Harris is finished."

She caught at him with sudden alarm. "Captain, you wouldn't . . ."

"Do you think I'm a stone image?" he demanded roughly. "Just because I happen to be master of this ship? I'm a man like any other. And when a rival gets in my way I smash him if I can. Harris is finished. We'll see how you'll like him when he's out of a berth and no longer entitled to wear a pretty uniform!"

"Listen, Captain. Don't say such things. You know I admire you immensely. I'll do anything . . ."

"For him," he finished bitterly.

"Listen," she said breathlessly. "You must listen. I do like him. And I like you. I like you both. You've got to give me time. And be fair with him. Don't ruin his career just over me."

He stared at her, frowning, calculating. All was fair in love and war. She wanted Harris all right. He had no illusions about that now. But it might be he could use her emotions to turn her to himself. If she loved Harris enough she wouldn't want to see his career wrecked. His jaw tightened.

"It's up to you," he said at last. "Forget him and I'll have him command his own ship inside two years. I've nothing against him but I want you."

"Yes," she whispered. "I know."

He readjusted his mask and smiled. That was the compensation for age and experience. You could always outgeneral youth.

"You can have to the end of the voyage to make up your mind," he said generously. "I'm not perhaps so bad as you think me, and with you I'm sincere. After all, what can Harris give you? He'll be years getting anywhere with the black marks against him . . . unless I help him."

"Yes," she agreed. "Unless you help him, or something else happens."

"Nothing else is going to happen," he assured her, laughing. "And now let's go back to the dance. It's still very early."

But Captain Melrose was wrong. Something did happen.

IT CAME in the next port and with all the abruptness of disaster. The Malcolm Star was backing out of her slip, the band playing on her promenade deck, a thousand passengers lining her rails and as many other people packed along the wharves to wave handkerchiefs and call goodbys. Tommy Harris was aft with his starboard watch, according to custom, and he was bitter and angry in his commands.

"No sense stowing the hawsers below this time," he snapped at the bosun's mate who stood beside him. "We've only two days' run up the coast and then we'll be needing them again. Coil them down on deck there."

"Aye, aye, sir," agreed the bosun's mate and repeated the orders to the watch. The Malcolm Star was going astern, the pilot intently watching her from the bridge, two tugs handling her for'ard. There were several ferries filled with men, women and children about half a mile away, in the harbor. There were four or five ships anchored a little farther down, towards the sea; and several small pleasure craft were cruising back and forth. But that was all of no great importance. A short time going astern, enough to clear the slip, and then the Malcolm Star would swing, go ahead and steam for open water. The pilot had completed the maneuver so many times before that he could almost manage it in his sleep. It was mainly a question of knowing how to handle the engine; at what precise split second to change the wheel. And the orders were already on his lips when it happened, or rather several things happened almost simultaneously.

DOWN below, the reversing engine jammed. Then a cylinder head blew off with a roar, and a fragment of flying steel caught the engineer at the throttle on the head and knocked him unconscious. A steam pipe burst, filling the whole vast space of whirling machinery with livid steam that could literally strip the flesh from the bones. As the engineer fell at the throttle he must have jarred it over, for the propeller beat quickened and raced and the Malcolm Star went full astern, out of control in a crowded harbor.

"Good Lord!" choked the pilot, his face draining white. He did not know what had occurred, but he did know that there was no answering jangle from the telegraphs when he jammed them back and down. And no answer came from the engine-room speaking tube. He roared for'ard to the mate to let go the anchors, but all was confusion on the fo'c's'le head for a while, and the pilot's words were swept away in the rising clamor from the frightened passengers, the frantic shoutings from the dock, and the questions hurled from the tugs handling the ship. Captain Melrose himself lost his head for a moment, and, in defiance of tradition, turned with a livid oath and dropped down the bridge companion to the main deck, deserting his post in the heat of anxiety but confident the pilot could handle matters up there.

"Stop her!" he roared. "For God's sake, stop her!"

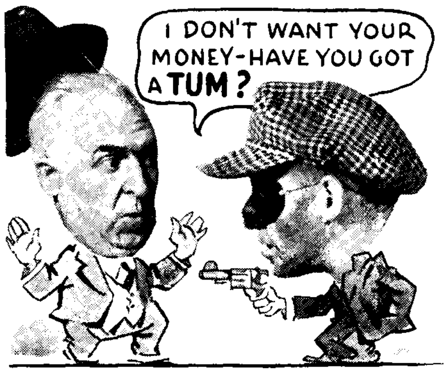
The pilot blew his whistle frantically and shouted through a megaphone at the tugs. But half a dozen tugs could not have checked a big ship with her engine running astern under full power, and there were not half a dozen made fast to the Malcolm Star anyway. There were only two. And there, scarce half a mile away, were the ferries loaded with people, and ships at anchor. Captain Melrose met the white-faced chief engineer at the door of the engine-room and choked in the steam that welled upwards.

"You've got to stop her, Chief!" he said frantically. "What's *happened?* Stop her!"

"I don't know just what's happened!" shouted the chief, almost unnerved. "They must be trying to stop her down below, if anyone's left. But you can't face that steam for a while."

"Damn the steam!" roared Captain Melrose. He was, after all, a sailor. He was thinking of his ship, and the women and children who might die, and those other vessels out there in the harbor. When the inevitable collision came. . . . He shook his fists and raved.

On the poop Tommy Harris did not need anyone to tell him that something was drastically wrong. The Malcolm Star was lurching all over the place and he could hear the captain's frantic oaths



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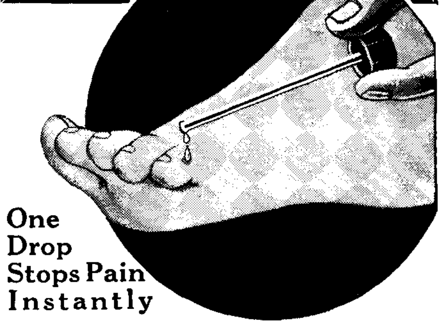

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from where he stood. A pleasure yacht, too close to begin with, was sucked close by the propeller wash and slammed against the ship's stern, careening off to sink at leisure. And women screamed. Ashen-faced, Tommy measured distances and swung back to his open-mouthed watch.

"Fenders, you blasted fools! Jump! They'll help anyway. Get every fender overside! She's going to smash something!"

He hit the main deck running, jerking an order over his shoulder for the senior apprentice to take charge, and all but slammed into Captain Melrose and the chief engineer outside the engine-room door.

"If she's jammed below there's only one way to stop her!" he shouted. "Shall I try . . . ?"

"Get back where you belong, you incompetent fool!" roared Captain Melrose. He was nearly out of his mind. "You couldn't stop a dinghy!"

He swept his second mate aside, stiff-armed the protesting chief engineer and plunged into the scalding inferno of the engine-room. They heard his voice, choking, come back, "If you haven't the guts, I'll try it!" And then he was gone. The chief shouted for help and tied a handkerchief over his face.

"The blasted fool! He can't make it!" And he went in after Captain Melrose.

Tommy Harris hesitated for one hard moment. He was bathed in thick sweat. He was scared stiff. But his mind was cold as ice.

"If I do it," he said tightly, "and I'm wrong, I'm smashed. If I don't, the ship's smashed anyway!" And he turned and ran.

"Jump, you swine!" he choked. The watch stared at him and he leaped for the great towing wire on its drum, cut the eye free and tore off the heavy coils. "Get it over! Over, I say! Make one end fast before you let the other slip! We've got to stop her!" And as he sweated with the men and they threw bight after bight of the massive wire over the stern he thought of that collision with the Bannockburn two years ago. He had had five seconds to decide then, and scarcely that now. And Captain Melrose had called him an "incompetent fool"!

ON THE bridge the panic-stricken pilot was doing all he could. He had taken the wheel himself and the tugs for'ard were trying to pull the Malcolm Star around so she would head approximately toward clear water, where she could run amok at leisure. But a ship is hard to manage going astern, and there was not time anyway to get clear before she crashed into something. The pilot only prayed it would not be the ferries. On the fo'c's'le head the mate had finally got into action and was jerking the stoppers off the anchors. Astern, a blazing-eyed second mate was gripping the rail with white fingers and chanting monotonously: "It ought to work! It ought to work! It nearly always does work when you don't want it to!"

And it did work. Little else could be expected with a vast tangle of steel loose in the suction of the wake. There came an abrupt, hard shuddering all along the Malcolm Star's hull. The propeller beat checked, raced, checked again and then stopped. A muffled thud that shook the ship seemed to lift her out of the water as her tail shaft snapped clean. At almost the same instant the port anchor dropped with a roar, closely followed by the starboard anchor. But the holding ground was bad in that harbor and they dragged considerably before gripping. The tugs straining on their hawsers and the stopping of the propeller really saved the Malcolm Star that day.

Slowly, very slowly as the seconds ached on, the ship came to a stop. There was not the time nor the room to check her completely. She struck one of the anchored freighters midships with the round of her cruiser stern. But the blow was a fairy touch to what it might have been. The fenders overside cushioned the shock a bit, and the straining tugs aided, of course. Plates buckled and screamed. Half of the anchored vessel's midship superstructure was wiped away. She heeled and swung on her cable, swung clear, and the force necessary to swing her finished the Malcolm Star's momentum, while her anchors caught and held. Tommy Harris got up from the scuppers where the shock had flung him, and he wiped the sweat from his face.

"Well," he said uncertainly. "It might have been worse."

And because his knees were shaking beneath him he sat down violently on top of an iron bitt, and with fingers that were not at all steady he lighted a cigarette. If only women wouldn't scream, he thought vaguely, a man could handle things.

"I TAKE it back," said Captain Melrose weakly. "You're a good man, Harris. I'd never have thought of breaking the shaft, myself."

He was lying in a stretcher on the Malcolm Star's main deck, while the hospital attendants waited to carry him ashore, swathed in temporary bandages and terribly scalded. The agent for the Green Star Line in that port stood by, impatiently riffling some cablegrams.

"It's all right, sir," said Tommy uncertainly. "I'd never have had the guts to try to get into that engine-room."

"So we're even," said Captain Melrose with what must have been a smile beneath the lint. "But I guess at that you win."

"Win?" Tommy inquired. The agent snorted and thrust himself forward.

"I don't know what all this back talk's about," he snapped, "but I've got a job to do. I cabled the Line's head office as soon as I knew what was what. The Malcolm Star will be in dry dock a while, getting fixed up, but it's a cinch, so the doc tells me, that Captain Melrose won't be on his feet for several weeks. Sandall, the port captain, cables me that the first mate is to bring the Malcolm Star home and that Mr. Harris is to take the first mate's berth; that is, if Captain Melrose okays it."

Tommy Harris took off his uniform cap and stared intently at the maker's name on the inside of it.

"If Captain Melrose okays it, eh?" he said slowly. "Well, that means . . ."

"That means, Harris, the berth's permanent," Captain Melrose said quietly. "And I hope you'll be good to her. You're a sailor and a man."

He gestured then and they lifted the stretcher and took it ashore. And no one knew what that gesture had cost him. But he was, at the last, a sailor and a man. And his second mate had practically saved his ship.

Tommy stared at the agent and swallowed hard.

"Is that on the level?" he demanded. "I'm first mate of the Malcolm?"

"You are," the agent assured him. "But what . . ."

"Excuse me," said Tommy and burst through the circle of reporters and officials, to discover Evelyn in a corner of the promenade deck, methodically tearing a handkerchief to pieces with the aid of her fingers and her teeth.

"Listen," said Tommy. "Can you sew?"

"Can I sew?"

"Certainly. I've got another gold band that's got to go on this cuff right away! And I want you to remember your promise."

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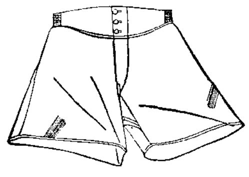

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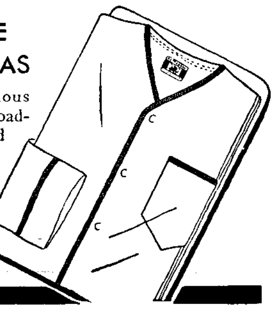

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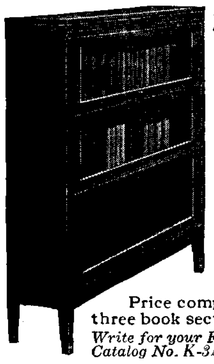

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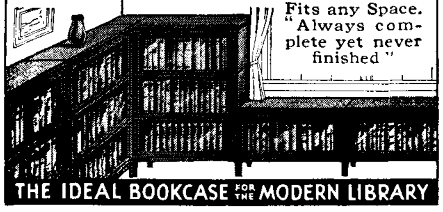

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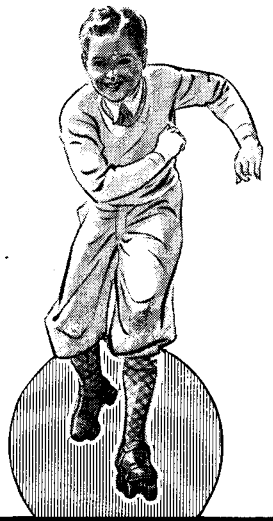

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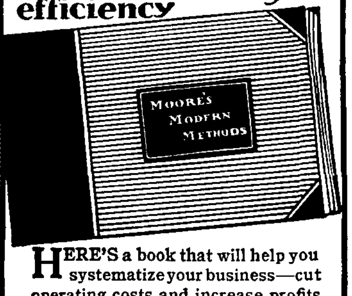

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Out of Character

Continued from page 30

down out of force of habit. The place was full of character men when I got there, big men, little men, but I didn't give a damn because I was through with the theater anyhow. When I came up the steps Kenyon Nicholson, author of the play, was standing at the head of the stairs and when he saw me he gave a start and said, 'Look here a minute' and took me in to see Hopkins. He hadn't heard me say a word and didn't know who I was or if I could act at all but I happened to look like the man he had in mind for the part when he wrote it."

"He couldn't have had you in mind," said Mr. McHugh. "There's only one in the world like you."

"He had me in mind," reiterated Mr. Kibbee, "and Hopkins gave me the part and I started reading it. I read a couple of lines and handed it back to him. 'What's the matter?' said Hopkins. 'Don't you want the part?' I said sure, but I thought he wanted the other candidates to read it, too. 'You go on and finish it,' he said, and I did. 'Come down for rehearsals tomorrow morning,' he said when I finished. 'What salary do you want?' Well, there I was after thirty years and my mind was working fast. I figured the job was worth seventy-five to one hundred dollars but I had heard that Hopkins was generous with salaries, so I figured he'd stand for about $125, so I asked for $150. 'All right,' he said, and that's how I got on Broadway and that's how I got to Hollywood."

When Frank Hit the Big Time

When he had finished Mr. McHugh stood up solemnly, draped himself over the table and adopted an attitude of reminiscence.

"Broadway to me," said Mr. McHugh softly, "was always like a cathedral. It was a place I came for reverence. I came in every year and walked around with the proper awe and never had any hopes of getting a job. I'd go to see a show and say to myself, 'Gee, who couldn't act with all those things to act with?' They had scenery and costumes and time for rehearsal and we never had anything like that in stock."

"We always had furniture supplied by the Eastern Outfitting Company," Mr. Kibbee reminded him proudly. "They got their name on the program."

"But one year," continued Mr. McHugh, "I came down from Hartford, where I'd been playing Poli stock, and got a job at the Yorkville theater in 86th Street, up in the German section of New York. Somebody told me that was the way to do it—get a job in town and then people would know where to find me. They wouldn't have found me in a hundred years if it hadn't been for Robert Armstrong. I'd played with him in Des Moines and when they put him in The Fall Guy he got me the job as understudy. It paid seventy-five dollars and I wouldn't have got more than sixty dollars on the road, so I took it. I thought I'd been acting my head off in stock, playing every afternoon and night and rehearsing next week's show every morning, and here I was sitting in the wings doing nothing. There never was a company as healthy as that one. I tried tripping them as they came off the stage but I got a punch in the nose and stopped it. But we finally went to London, and London's my town. Everybody in the company either got married or divorced or had their appendix out and I played everything. When I came back to New York I got a lot of jobs. Finally I played with Ziegfeld and then I thought I was set. Yeh, I was set. I was so set that I couldn't get a job at all next year. One bird offered me a job in Chicago but he wouldn't guarantee my fare back."

"Never give people the idea you might have been a failure," said Mr. Kibbee helpfully. "Tell us how you got to Hollywood."

"I wired Bob Armstrong and he said come on out," answered Mr. McHugh. "I just wanted some place to sleep. But I no sooner got out there than they wanted somebody for a picture Frank Fay was making and Bob sent me down. Every other character man in town was working or they wouldn't have looked at me. If I'd been a week earlier or a week later I wouldn't have got it."

"You got it," said Mr. Kibbee, "because you told them that black whisky story. That'd get anybody a job."

"It never got me a job anywhere before," said Mr. McHugh.

But they found the movies all right, both gentlemen were agreed on that. You didn't have the pleasure of sitting around junction waiting-rooms all night, but aside from that Hollywood was grand. There was never any trouble about work. Mr. Kibbee was in nineteen pictures his first year, which meant that he practically lived on an endless chain between his home and the studio, but that was better than worrying about meals in Okmulgee, Oklahoma. Mr. McHugh was equally active. Some of the directors were tough and wanted him to work all night; but the way he cured that was to put on his hat at six o'clock and say, "Well, good night, Mr. Ipswich; I'll see you in the morning." As a rule things were pretty soft on the lot. Mr. Kibbee didn't even have to make up. Whenever the scene was ready to be shot he simply walked on and started acting.

"I changed my suit occasionally," offered Mr. Kibbee.

They discussed directors. It seemed to them that Mr. X was only as good as his script. He didn't bring much imagination to his work.

"Yes, sir; that's it," said Mr. McHugh, nodding in assent. "Just as good as his script."

"If as . . ." added Mr. Kibbee, sourly.

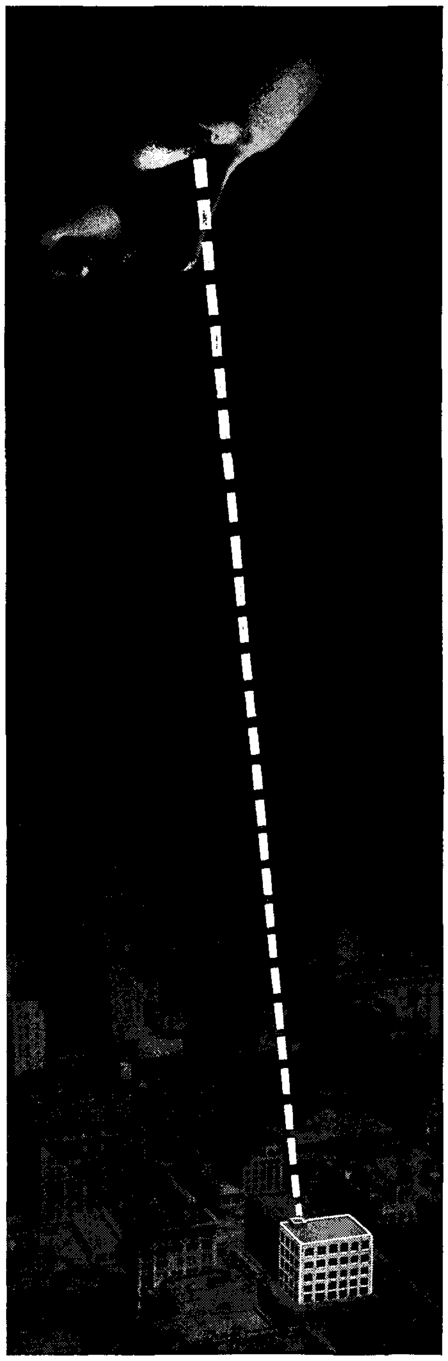
Maybe It's Easier Now

They got talking about other character actors. It seemed that the problems of craftsmanship were of steady interest to them.

"Do you remember that part of It Happened One Night when Clark Gable bluffed the man who is going to give away the girl's identity?" asked Mr. McHugh. "Did Roscoe Karns play that scene!"

Mr. Kibbee admitted that he had seen that bit and approved of it very highly.

"Maybe they have it easier these days," he mused. "The first time I went out to Hollywood, they used to lock the gates when they saw me driving up. I got the impression they were doing without actors entirely. When I finally gave it up I found a guy who was going to finance our trip back to New York if we'd take him along in our car. We called the car Rabbit because its natural gait was a sort of lope. We burned out a bearing in San Bernardino and it cost the guy ten dollars and he left us. We got back to Broadway by pawning Brownie's jewelry and then we moved in on Hugh O'Connell, who lived down in Greenwich Village. He



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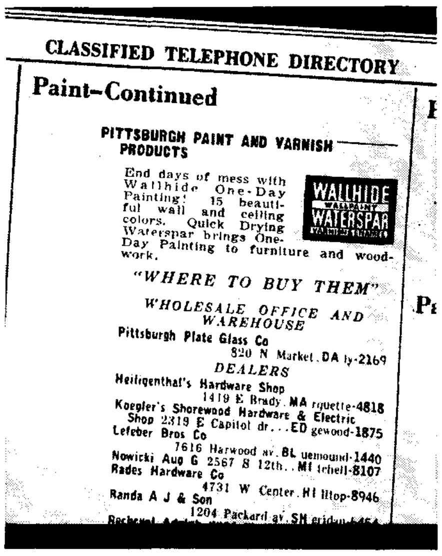

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either had to keep us or send for the department of sanitation wagons to drag us away. We took the Rabbit and parked it around on a side street and snuck away and left it there. They never caught us."

"You aren't the only one Hugh O'Connell kept alive," Mr. McHugh reminded him. "I used to do a little sleeping in that Village flat myself."

They got to talking about their favorite parts.

"One Way Passage was the one I liked best," said Mr. McHugh.

"The Conquerors was mine," said Mr. Kibbee.

"I never saw it," said Mr. McHugh. "I don't think anybody ever saw it. Your best picture was The Dark Horse."

"I thought it was lousy all the time I was doing it," admitted Mr. Kibbee.

"Why shouldn't you?" demanded Mr. McHugh. "You must have been pretty tired of the part by that time. You made the same thing a month before in Hard Struggle."

"But did you see me in Big-Hearted Herbert and Babbitt?" cried Mr. Kibbee.

"Did you see me in Happiness Ahead and Six-Day Bike Race?" cried Mr. McHugh.

"Were we good!" they cried in chorus.

And Baldy Went into Comedy

But Mr. Kibbee became sober almost instantly. It was plain that he didn't want this levity taken too seriously.

"You should have seen me in romantic parts," he said. "Before I lost my hair."

"It was gone a long time before I ever met you," said Mr. McHugh. "I thought you were born that way."

"I was one of the handsomest leading men in the business," continued Mr. Kibbee modestly. "The first time I noticed the bald spot I felt pretty sick about it but I hid it for a long time by plastering the last few strands across the top and being careful never to turn my back on the audience. But they ruined me one night in Fort Wayne. The part called for a fight with the villain and I was going along all right until some guy in the gallery yelled, 'Knock his block off, Baldy.' I did comedy after that."

Mr. McHugh was still concerned about his spaghetti, shoveling it in and humming to himself with his mouth full.

"Well, we're all right now," he said between mouthfuls. "Fame has come to us at last. I was up seeing my wife's folks in Hartford, so I thought I'd go down and shake hands with the theater manager just to show him how democratic us great stars can be. I went up to the ticket-taker in the lobby and said I wanted to see the manager. 'Yes, sir, Mr. McHugh,' said the boy eagerly, 'come right in; the manager has been expecting you.' I says to myself that I am finally being recognized for the great actor which I am and I go up to the manager's office. I open the door and go in and the guy at the desk says: 'H'ye, Frankie; how's the boy?' He's a guy I played Poli stock with in Bridgeport ten years ago."

He continued at his eating. Mr. Kibbee stopped and looked at him.

"What's the point?" he asked.

"The point is that we're so famous even our old friends remember us," said Mr. McHugh.

"Ah, fame," said Mr. Kibbee, burying his face in something which seemed a little foamy.

Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 13

crankiest men in Big Bend, had fallen down the back steps, breaking a leg. He had been a bitter political enemy of Doc Ginder's for years and would not have him in the house. Old Tom explained at length that none of the men in the Suggs family had ever needed a doctor before.

Much to his surprise, Cardwell found Old Tom very tractable. When he had finished Old Tom said: "That's what I call good work. Never hurt a particle. Big-Belly Ginder would have tortured me just to hear me yell."

Suggs had given Cardwell a twenty-dollar bill and had told him to keep the change. Cardwell decided to celebrate a little. He'd go into Dickey's stationery shop and buy the secondhand copy of Pasteur's Life he'd had his eyes on for some time; then he'd go to the Green Tree Inn for lunch. After all, with a few breaks, a man could get a little fun out of life.

It was a perfect spring day. The sky was blue and faraway and there were great banks of motionless white clouds all around the horizon. The sun was pleasantly warm and the streets looked clean and new after the rain of the night before. Cardwell saw kids skating home from school, a sure sign of spring. He parked his car at the curb in front of Dickey's and crossed the sidewalk. Just as he was entering the store somebody called to him. He turned. It was Ben Suggs, Tom's brother.

"Hello, Young Doc," he said. "How are you today?"

"Pretty good."

"I was just talking to Tom on the telephone. He tells me you did a good job setting his leg."

"I tried to."

"Tom's a right hard man to please. Say, do you know anything about women?"

"Very little, I'm afraid." Cardwell smiled.

"Say, I wonder if you'd drop down to the house and see my youngest daughter? She's pretty bad off, though I can see nothing wrong with her."

"How about this afternoon?"

"No. Better make it day after tomorrow."

"All right. What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing. I went against my better judgment and had Doc Ginder to see her but he said she was just lazy and trifling and pretended to be sick so she could stay in bed. He's a no-good doctor, I think. Tom hates the sight of him. Well, I didn't know what to do, so I took her up to Indianapolis when I took my last trip and they examined her and looked at her through one of them what-you-may-call-its. Said there wasn't a thing amiss. Just nervous."

CARDWELL smiled. "Functional nervous disorder, eh?"

"That's right."

"I can't promise you anything. But I'll do my best."

"Well, that's as good as a preacher can do."

Ben took out two cigars and offered Cardwell one. Cardwell took it and they lit up and stood under the stationery shop awning, talking about the new Minute Men organization. Ben Suggs thought it was all rot.

"Just another bunch of sheep for Doc Ginder to herd to the polls, that's all."

Cardwell laughed. The cynicism of

(Continued on page 66)

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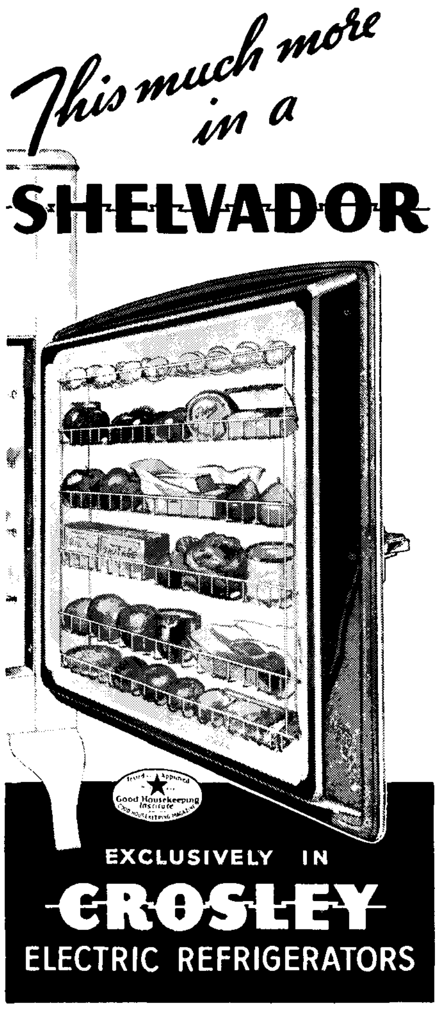

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BUY DIRECT AND SAVE

(Continued from page 65)

Ben's viewpoint amused him. While they were talking a sudden loud squeal of brakes made Cardwell look up. He saw a big touring-car turning the corner of Joyce and Main. It was full of people, men and women. Another touring-car was right behind it. Cardwell looked away, then looked back quickly. His eyes had caught a flash of white in the place where a man's face should have been. The first car was drawing up in front of the Drovers National Bank now. He saw that the man sitting in the front seat of the second car had a handkerchief across his face. He stared, thinking that the man must have been in a fight. Then suddenly he took Ben Suggs by the arm and turned him around.

"Look!" he cried.

The second car had stopped now. Four men were getting out of it. They were carrying machine-guns. They walked calmly out into the middle of the street. One of them fired in the air. There was a panic.

Cardwell saw a number of men jump out of the first car and walk calmly across the sidewalk and into the bank.

"Holy mackerel!" cried Ben. "Old Doc better sound the tocsin for sure now."

Women screamed as the four men began to fire. Kids coming home from school stopped, stared, then started to run. Men bumped into one another, trying frantically to get out of the line of fire.

THINGS blurred for him. He heard the crash of glass and saw splinters flying from the shop fronts. There was a sporadic hail of lead in every direction, blocking all approach to the bank. Through a mist he saw women sitting at the wheels of both cars, and in a jumbled, nightmarish fashion he thought about Lefty's girl, Dublin, and wondered if she was one of the women. There were screams and shouts rising above the sporadic, jarring rat-a-tat-tat of the machine-guns. A huge plate-glass window fell with a tremendous crash and Cardwell saw, as in an impressionistic film, the startled face of the man in the store, who stared stupidly, then disappeared as if jerked by a rope.

"Good God!" cried Cardwell, unable to move.

Ben Suggs and Dickey, the stationer, were both pulling at him, trying to get him inside. In a moment he came to himself and ceased struggling. They got him back into the deep doorway, where he was protected from the flying lead. Bullets had begun to tap at the awning and Cardwell heard their strange sour whine. He turned. Both Suggs and Dickey were as livid as dead men, their lips were blue, their eyes staring.

"Holy mackerel!" Ben stammered. "What . . . what . . . what . . ." He broke off and stood muttering faintly.

The firing continued. They heard the wild, high scream of a police siren, and presently far down the street a squad car turned the corner and came tearing down on the four gunmen. But bullets shattered the windshield and riddled the front tires; Cardwell, holding his breath, saw the car hesitate, then careen wildly, hit the curbing across the street and fall over on its side. Four policemen crawled out and dashed hastily down an alley, bent double. Auto horns began to blast incessantly. The firing let up a little.

Unable to overcome his curiosity, Cardwell peeked around the corner, exposing his eye and part of his hat. He saw the four gunmen make a dash for the cars, just as the others came running out of the bank. They piled in pell-mell; and when the cars roared off, leaping at once into high speed, legs were sticking up in the air and guns were pointing at the sky. Two men on the running-board of the second car yelled like Indians and began to fire indiscriminately. A bullet hit the door of Cardwell's parked car with a tearing crash; another bored a star-eyed hole in the windshield.

Cardwell, Dickey and Ben Suggs threw themselves down flat and did not look up until the noise had died down and they heard the shouts of the citizens, who were running from all directions.

Cardwell got up and dusted himself off. The two older men got up more slowly.

"Well," gasped Dickey, "in all my sixty years . . . I . . ."

"What . . . a . . ." Ben Suggs began, then his knees wavered and he went into the shop and leaned against a counter, fanning himself with his hat.

Cardwell ran over to his car, got out his black leather bag, then he stood looking up and down the street. While he hesitated, a sheriff's car roared past filled with men armed with rifles. Doc Ginder's big roadster stopped with a shriek of brakes, and Cardwell saw him leap out and run across the sidewalk and into the bank.

The street was wrecked. Awnings hung in tatters; splinters as long as a man's arm littered the sidewalk; and there was broken glass everywhere. Cardwell saw the man get up out of the gutter and dust himself off; his face was yellowish white but he was unhurt. A crowd had gathered around something lying in front of the bank and Cardwell dashed across the street, shoved his way through the press, and looked down. A dead bandit was lying face up. Cardwell saw a roll of bills in his limp hand. His hat was off and his curly blond hair was nicely combed. He lay with his feet crossed. Cardwell noticed that he was wearing red-clocked black socks and black and white sport shoes. He didn't look over sixteen years old.

Somebody was pulling at his arm.

"Doc . . . Doc . . ." It was a little boy, whose face was white and scared. "Right side of the shoe-shine stand, Doc . . . come quick."

JUST north of the bank there was a barber shop and at the side of the entrance a tiny compartment, where shoes were shined; between the north wall of the bank and the shoe-shining stand there was a space about six feet wide which ran back to an alley in the rear. Cardwell saw a girl lying on her side with her back to the bank wall. She had on a pair of worn riding-pants and an old flannel shirt. She was unconscious or dead, Cardwell couldn't make out which at first. Something, a bullet, perhaps, had struck her just above the right ear. A thin stream of blood was running down from under her fair hair.

Cardwell saw her hand move. People were peering around the building now, crying: "Look! Look! A girl!"

Cardwell picked her up and carried her across the street, followed by a jostling mob. She opened her eyes, stared at him for a moment, then smiled slightly:

"I guess I got hit . . ." she said. "I guess I didn't run fast enough. . . ."

Doc Ginder came shoving his way through the crowd. He stood with his hands on his hips, glaring at Cardwell.

"Everything's under control, no thanks to you," he said.

"I'm doing my best."

"Doing your best! Here I am with six fainting women and a man with a heart attack, and you pick up this gun moll. She was in that first car. You turn her over to me. She's going to jail."

Cardwell hesitated. He saw a circle of hostile faces.

"She was not," said a man, stepping up. "I saw her running up the sidewalk. She's a hitch-hiker."

"Mind your own business," cried Ginder. "Mel Town told me she got out of the first car and run."

Cardwell had made up his mind.

"She needs medical attention," he said, "and she's going to get it. Anybody that gets in my way is going to get run over."

He got into his car, propped the half-conscious girl up beside him, and stepped on the starter.

"You're going to be sorry for this," Doc Ginder shouted, purple in the face.

"Maybe," said Cardwell.

CARDWELL didn't get his lunch till nearly four o'clock. The house had finally quieted down and now he sat at his work-table, drinking coffee and smoking his first cigarette since the bank robbery. He was a little bit worried, as he could not keep his hands from shaking; otherwise he felt pretty good. In the first place, it was a great relief to discover that the girl had only a very superficial wound in her head. The bullet had merely flicked her in passing. She had been stunned by the impact but there were no symptoms of concussion. She was suffering from shock only. In the second place, he was pleased by Ma Ganson's attitude toward the girl. He had been doubtful, as Ma was very suspicious of women in general and inclined to sniff. But the girl was already "my poor lamb" to Ma.

He turned. Ma Ganson was standing in the doorway, looking at him. He had been so preoccupied that he hadn't heard her heavy-footed approach.

"Well?"

Ma Ganson smiled.

"She's sleeping. Poor lamb! She hasn't got a penny in her pockets and her clothes are just rags, but clean."

"Did she talk?"

"Oh, yes. She's all right. She cried a little because we'd been so nice to her. I'll tell you she's had a hard time of it, that girl."

Cardwell said nothing. He got up and took down a book, then he settled himself beside his work-table.

"I think, Dr. Cardwell," said Ma Ganson, "that we ought to keep her here."

"What!"

"At least till she's thoroughly well."

"We'll see. Did I tell you that Doc Ginder wanted to have her arrested, said she was in one of the bandit cars?"

"Fiddlesticks!"

"You mean 'bunk,' don't you?"

"It's all one. I'd bet my life on that girl. She's pretty and sweet. Her name's Josephine."

"She may be pretty, I didn't notice, but they don't stay very sweet hitch-hiking."

"Don't talk like that, Dr. Cardwell."

He shrugged and returned to his book. Ma Ganson turned to go, saying over her shoulder:

"I'm going to make her some spring vegetable soup for her supper."

Cardwell grunted, but when Ma had gone he smiled and shook his head. That little girl, Josephine, certainly knew how to get around Ma; he had never seen Ma so solicitous.

Cardwell finally became absorbed in his book and for a little while forgot all about Ma, the girl and the sensational bank robbery, an account of which had gone by wire to all the big newspapers in the country. Red Bastian had made the front page twice in a week; he had become national news.

Vaguely Cardwell heard a commotion of some kind on the sidewalk in front of his house, but he finished the paragraph he was reading before he got up to in-

(Continued on page 68)

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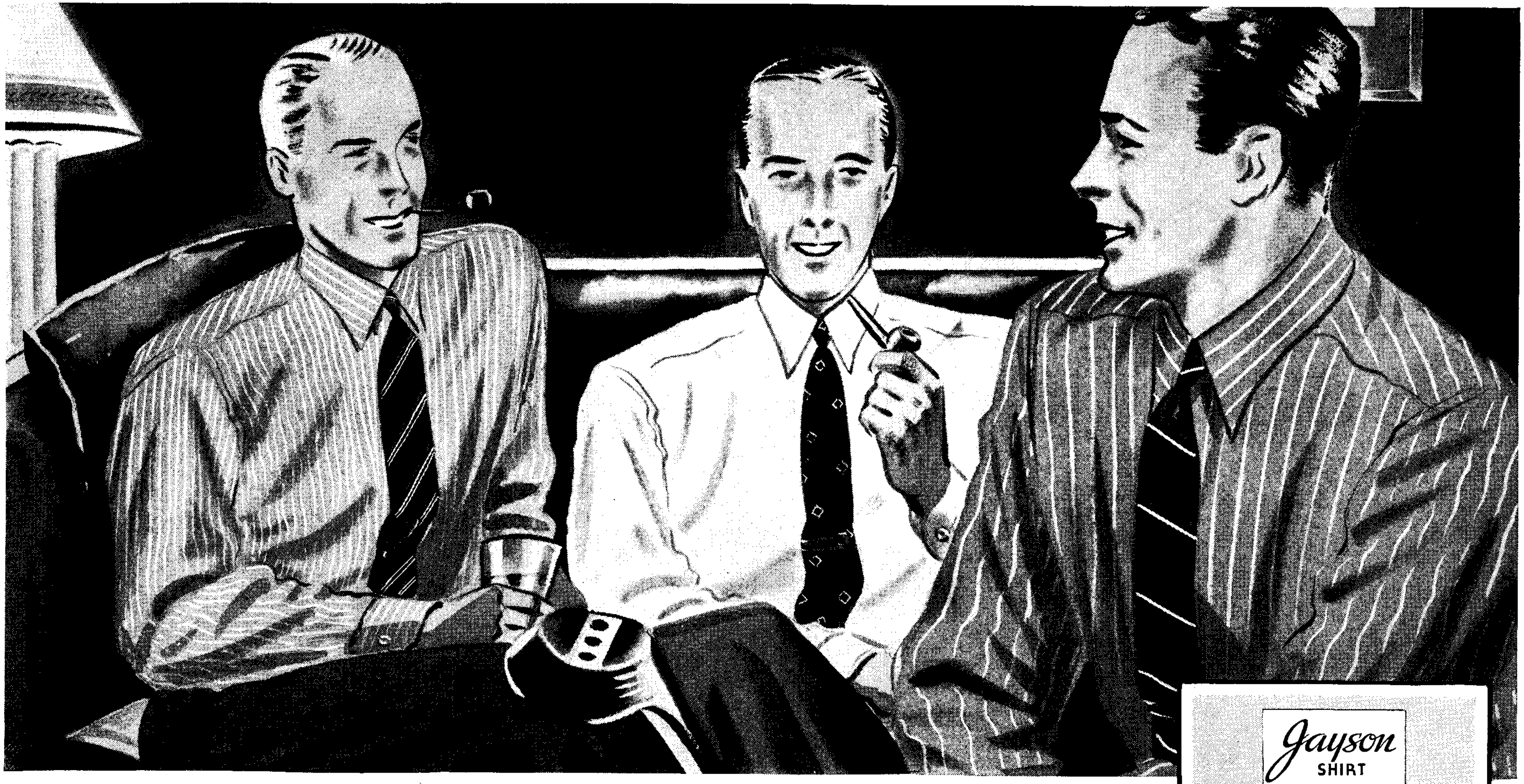

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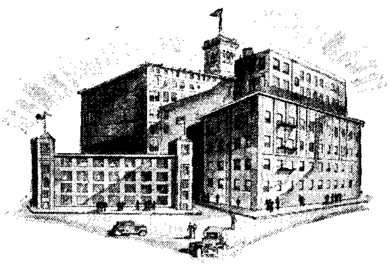

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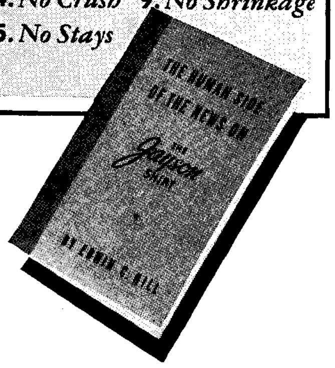
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Dr. Socrates

Continued from page 66

vestigate. As he opened the door he saw Doc Ginder coming up the old brick walk, followed by Ed Wright, one of the city policemen, Mel Town, Professor Talbot, Ben Suggs, and a woman Cardwell did not know. They seemed very excited and they were all talking at once, with the exception of Doc Ginder, who was grim and silent.

They all came up on the porch. Cardwell went out to meet them, instinctively closing the door behind him.

"Well," he said, "did you want to see me?"

"Yes," cried Doc Ginder. "We come down to get that gangster's moll you got down here. Ed, she's right inside. Do your duty."

Ed, the city policeman, looked doubtful. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and averted his eyes from Cardwell's face.

"Now, wait a minute," cried Ben Suggs. "Young Doc, I brought this here lady along with me to testify but they won't listen. She cooks for my brother. Martha, was that girl Young Doc picked up out of the alley in either one of them bandit cars?"

"No, Mr. Suggs, she wasn't. I was right next door. I heard the shooting and turned around and I seen her come running. Then I seen her fall and crawl back into that little alleyway. I near fainted. I said to Bill Prout—Bill's my brother-in-law, or used to be: you see, him and Ellen, my youngest sister, got a divorce . . ."

"GOOD Lord," cried Doc Ginder, "do I have to listen to this half-wit? Ed, do your duty."

"Now, see here, folks. . . ."

"Half-wit, yourself!" cried Martha. "I'm telling what I seen. Mr. Suggs told me to tell what I seen and I'm going to tell it. Where was I? Oh, yes. I says to Bill Prout, I says, 'My land! They've shot that poor young girl. Let's go see if she's dead.' And Bill—he was all white and shaking like all the men I saw today; they say all the women fainted; well, none of the men did; all they did was run—well, Bill says, 'Good Jiminy, Martha. We can't go back there. We'll be killed certain.' Then he drug me into a store and I didn't see nothing else but a lot of scared men." Martha glared in all directions, then she said: "I'll swear to what I just said in court, too. Is that right, Mr. Suggs?"

"That's right, Martha."

Professor Talbot stepped up.

"Dr. Ginder, don't you think you're being a little hasty in this matter? Martha seems to know what she's talking about."

"She works for Tom Suggs, don't she? I wouldn't believe a Suggs under oath, nor one of their servants neither."

Ben Suggs got purple in the face and stamped about, swearing.

"You'll regret them words, Doc Ginder!" he cried.

"Anyway," said Ginder, "Mel saw the whole thing, didn't you, Mel?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said Mel Town, a short, middle-aged little man with a squeaky voice and a pompous manner. "I was right there and I seen it all. This young girl was running all right, just like Martha says. But she was in that first car. As soon as them fellows got out of the second car and began to shoot, she jumps out of the first car and runs up Main Street, holding her hands over her ears. I seen her. I seen her fall, too. And I thought, 'Good riddance.' These molls running around the country dressed up in breeches and carrying on scandalous, the way they do! I'd shoot the whole lot of them if I had my way."

Cardwell looked at Mel Town with contempt, then he held up his hands for silence.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! You're all wasting your breath. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Suggs, for the trouble you're taking, but this young girl you're talking about is a patient of mine. She's suffering from shock. She can't be moved."

Doc Ginder started for the door.

"I'll see about that."

Cardwell quickly jumped in front of him and turned him half around with a hard straight-arm against his shoulder.

"This is my house, Dr. Ginder. You may run this town; but you don't run me."

Everybody, except Ginder, stared at Doctor Cardwell in astonishment. This wasn't the young doctor they'd been hearing all the talk about, surely. A pale, scary, over-refined young fellow who read deep, brain-racking stuff till all hours of the night and very probably took dope. No; somebody had lied. He wasn't living up to his picture at all. He looked pretty formidable, standing there with his eyes glittering and his chin thrust out. And the way he had shifted his weight, shot out his arm and knocked Doc Ginder half around! Well, this was sure *something* to watch.

Doc Ginder stood puffing, with his huge fists doubled up.

"Talbot," he cried, "if that young fool stays in the Minute Men, I'm getting out. He's a menace to this community, that's what he is."

"Minute Men!" said Cardwell, who had begun to tremble. "If you had any nerve you'd be out hunting those hold-up men instead of trying to put a girl in jail."

"You know what I think of your Minute Men, Will Ginder?" Ben cried. "I think you'll herd them to the polls in the fall and that'll be the end of it."

"Well, they won't vote your ticket, anyway."

ED WAS very angry and red-faced now. He felt that his badge had been *insulted, his prestige as a guardian of* the law ignored.

"Now, look here," he cried at the top of his lungs, "I got nothing to do with politics and all that. If I'd've knowed this was going to be a political argument I never would have come along. Now, listen. This here girl is wounded. Young Doc's taking care of her. If he says she can't be moved, she can't; that's law. But, Young Doc, you got to be responsible for her; yes, sir; if you ain't I'll lock you up, and there won't be no political talk about it."

"Fair enough," said Cardwell, wanting to get back in the house. His hands were trembling uncontrollably.

Doc Ginder laughed.

"Look at him shake!"

Cardwell went white; his eyes glittered.

"*Want to step out here in the street* with me?"

"W—h—a—t!"

"That's plain English."

Ed said:

"Now, looky here, gentlemen."

Doc Ginder took off his hat and scratched his big head carefully; then he put his hat back on and stood looking at Cardwell, smiling slightly.

"You meant that, did you?"

"I certainly did."

"H'm. Well, we'll be getting along. Come on, Ed. It's up to Doc Cardwell to look after that girl."

Ben Suggs came up to shake hands with Cardwell.

"Boy," he said, "that's the first time I ever see Doc Ginder back down from a fight in his life. He's doing some thinking, appeared to me. Don't you get it in your head he was scared. I saw him lick a man three times as big as you and the man had a pick handle. You got him thinking, son."

When they had all gone, Cardwell went back into the house and tried to compose himself. He had been under a great strain all day and it had begun to tell on him; if he wasn't careful he'd be right back where he started. He never, never could go through all that suffering again.

HE SAT down and, picking up his book, began to read; but presently his head fell to one side and he was asleep.

Ma Ganson woke him when she came in to light the lights. He felt somewhat refreshed and smiled at her.

"I'm hungry," he said.

"I didn't wake you for supper. You looked so all done in, sleeping there. Dr. Cardwell, would you mind coming upstairs and talking to Josephine? She wants to talk to you. Doctor, you should have seen her eat. My land!"

"Now, don't start stuffing her. What does she want to see *me* about?"

"I don't know."

"Can't it wait till morning?"

"Well, she seemed rather anxious."

"All right."

"That's a good boy. You go talk to her and I'll get you some supper."

He climbed the stairs slowly, wondering what on earth the girl wanted to see him about. When he knocked at the door a cheerful voice called:

"Come in."

He went in. The girl was sitting up in bed with two pillows at her back. She had been reading and a magazine was lying face down on the bed. She had thick, curly light hair which she wore in a long bob. With her face composed, and not as Cardwell had seen her in the slackness of semi-consciousness, she looked older; perhaps twenty-three; and much less helpless. *She had* on one of Ma's old bathrobes and she seemed lost in it. Cardwell sat down beside the bed.

"You mustn't overdo it, you know. I don't think you ought to be reading, and don't let Ma stuff you with food. That's her weakness."

The girl smiled.

"Oh, I'm feeling all right. I'll be on my way in a day or so. I want to thank you for everything. I'm sorry I haven't any money."

"Don't be silly."

He said this so sharply that the girl studied his face. Then she sighed and said:

"I'll be on my way, that is, if I haven't got myself into a lot of trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yes. Dr. Cardwell, I want to thank you for what you did this afternoon. I heard all that squabble out there. My window was open. Still is."

"Oh, well. That's nothing. Just some of the city fathers trying to be officious. One of them, anyway. It doesn't mean anything."

"Yes, it does. That's what I want to see you about."

Cardwell leaned forward and stared closely at the girl.

"You don't mean to say you were in one of those cars?"

"Yes, I was."

(To be continued next week)

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So, at the first sign of a cold, take Sal Hepatica to cleanse your system and to correct acidity—get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today!

* * *

NOTE! Until your cold is completely under control, it is important to take Sal Hepatica (as an alkalinizer) several times a day. For this purpose many physicians recommend an alkalinizing dose of half a teaspoon in a large glass of water.

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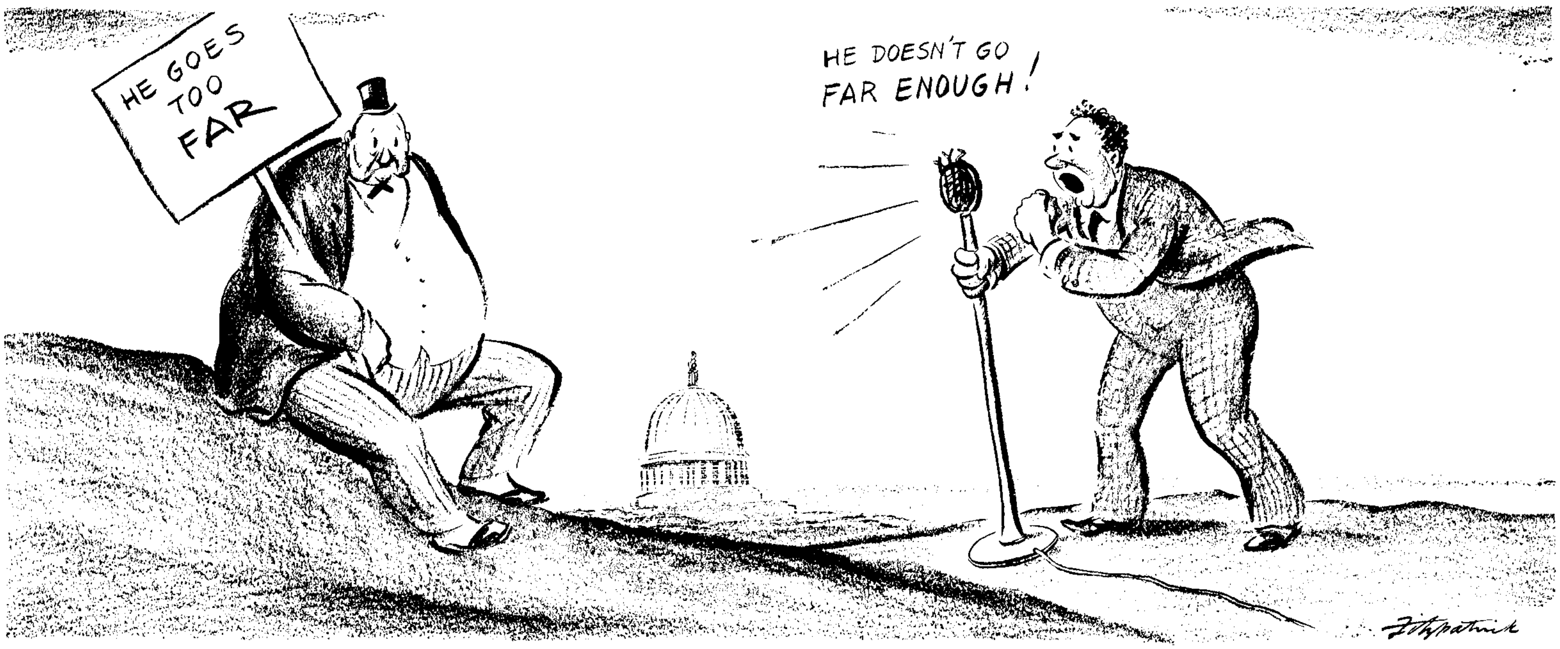

Opposition—Left and Right

THERE is no well-organized, articulate opposition to the Administration in Congress, or in the country, for that matter.

Conservatives who oppose the President's policies do not present an alternative program. Their opposition is negative. Consequently, they elected few candidates last November.

The existing opposition is scattered and not too coherent in policy. President Roosevelt's important recommendations have been turned down just twice. Last year the St. Lawrence River treaty was rejected by the Senate. This year adherence to the World Court was refused. In each case a majority of the senators supported the President. He was not able, however, to muster the two-thirds vote required to ratify treaties.

The opposition to the St. Lawrence waterway was commercial. The Mississippi Valley representatives opposed the waterway on the ground that it would attract trade to Eastern ports and deprive Western cities of business. This is an ancient division of interest which in one form or another goes far back in our history. Every President has had to consider it.

The defeat of the World Court was attributed to the campaign conducted by the Hearst newspapers and by Father Coughlin, the radio priest. As a matter of record, most of the senators who voted against joining the Court live outside the regions in which the Hearst papers have large circulations, although Senator Johnson of California and Senator Lewis of Illinois might fairly be counted Hearst adherents. On most other matters these two senators are friends of the Administration. The bulk of the opposition to the Court came from Western senators. Europe is a long way from the Mississippi River, not to mention the Rocky Mountains. The menace of war seems increasingly remote as you move inland from the seaboard.

It is impossible to build up an opposition to the Administration from votes against the two treaties approved by the President and rejected by the Senate. Too many divergent arguments were used to persuade different senators to overrule the President on these specific issues.

The real opposition to the Administration is radical rather than conservative. It is scattered through both parties. It is emotional. On specific issues it does offer alternatives to the Roosevelt program, but it presents no unified program of its own.

Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma is one source of perpetual opposition. Senator Thomas hates sound money. He is the political heir of the Greenbackers of post-Civil War days. Leader of a one-man crusade in favor of inflation, he is ready at any time to assemble any votes which may be cast in favor of printing-press money. Thomas is a guerrilla chieftain whose aid is available to anyone able to offer a Populist opposition to the President.

Of similar temper are the Farmer-Laborites and all the Non-Partisan Leagues of the Northwest. Their opposition is not clearly stated. They are against the New Deal merely because they say it does not go far enough. Their strength varies with agricultural conditions. The success of the Agricultural Adjustment program has flattened out such opposition as that offered by Milo Reno, the Iowa farm union leader, and his fellows in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

The most widespread opposition is that led by such city leaders as Father Coughlin and Senator Huey Long. Akin to it is the agitation led by Dr. Townsend and last year by Upton Sinclair.

The strategy of these leaders is to make use of whatever prejudices exist. Father Coughlin attacked the bankers. Senator Long denounced a Standard Oil Company. Sinclair was against the capitalists.

Much of the radical agitation in the farm districts has been directed at the repudiation of debts. The Farm Credit Administration, however, reported that the crisis in farm debt refinancing has passed. Farmers are now able to pay their obligations to the Reclamation Bureau. Both private lenders and governmental agencies are able to make crop loans. The mortgage situation has vastly improved. Only a reversal of the present trend toward recovery can strengthen the appeal of the calamity howlers.

On the labor side, union leaders are much more concerned with negotiating favorable contracts than in political agitation of any sort. Organized labor is definitely not a part of the Administration opposition. Those lined up by the city radicals are for the most part outside the organized labor movement. In this country the unions generally have been anti-Socialist. The important leaders, with few exceptions, have been Democrats or Republicans. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, is a former member of the Ohio State Senate and a former delegate to Democratic national conventions.

Actually, the radical opposition is as poorly equipped with campaign issues as are the conservatives. The Administration has so far steered a middle course which deprived both radicals and conservatives of the opportunity to present a clear-cut issue. The conservatives say the Administration went too far and the radicals complain that not enough was done. The argument thus is narrowed to questions of how much. These are matters of judgment rather than of principle.

Up to now opposition of any sort is still looking for an issue. The situation is unprecedented and it can't last forever. As conditions become completely normal we can stage a first-class campaign without an important issue. For the present, however, both sides must await the development of events.

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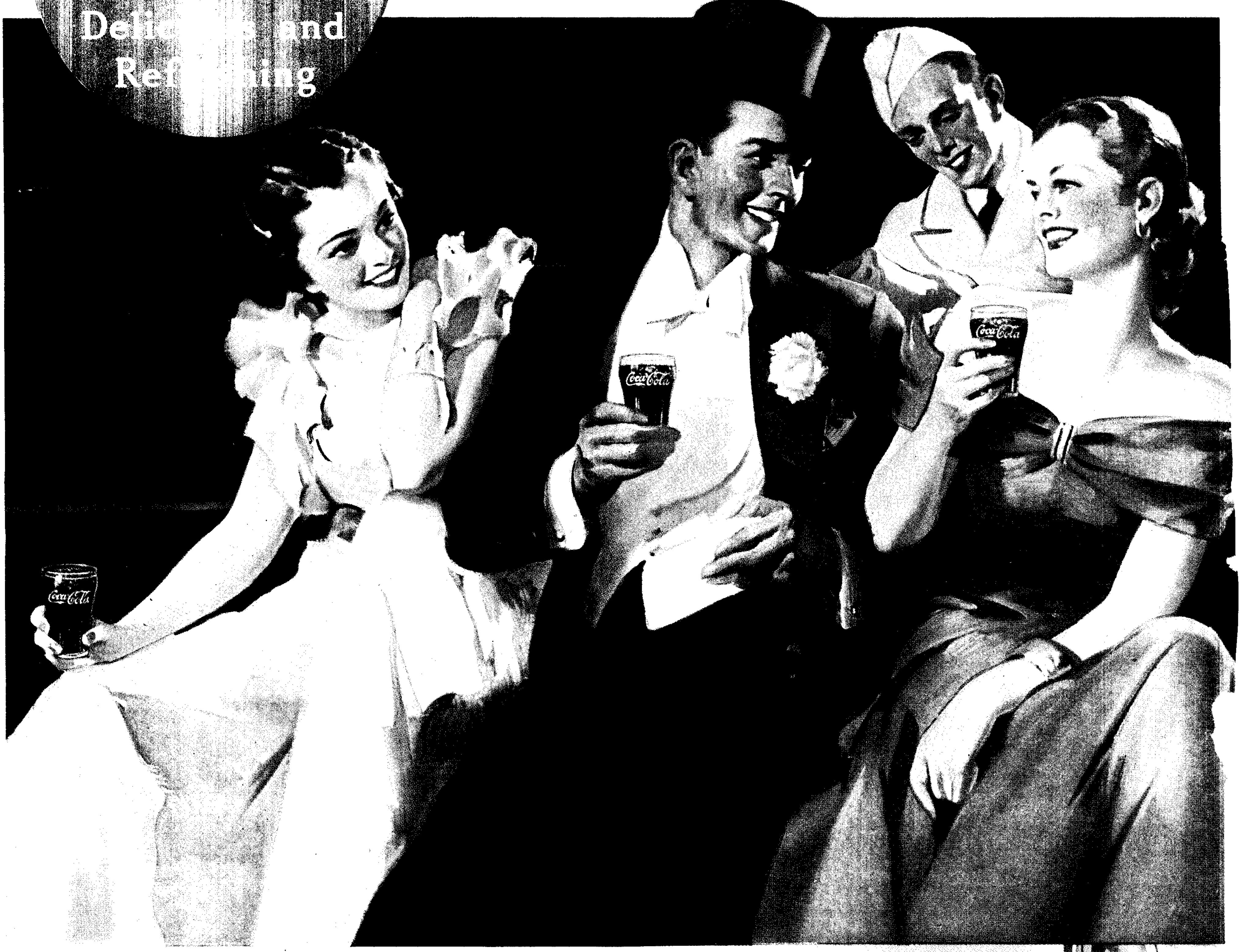

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